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ENCHANTED TRAILS OF
GLACIER PARK

By Agnes C. Laut
THE BLAZED TRAIL OF
THE OLD FRONTIER
ENCHANTED TRAILS OF
GLACIER PARK
THROUGH OUR UNKNOWN
SOUTHWEST



© Roland H. Reed

SIGHTING THE LANDMARK

ENCHANTED TRAILS OF GLACIER PARK

BY AGNES C. LAUT

*Author of "Through Our Unknown Southwest,"
"The Blazed Trail of the Old Frontier," Etc.*



ILLUSTRATED

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CENTRAL

**ENCHANTED TRAILS OF
GLACIER PARK**

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**ENCHANTED TRAILS OF
GLACIER PARK**

PART I

The Two Medicine or White Magic Lakes

WHEN I planned a visit to Glacier National Park, let me confess frankly I was a little skeptical of ever enjoying a fresh thrill from mountain scenery. What could be grander than the majestic masses of ice and rock and forest in the Canadian Rockies? Where on earth could one get in closer contact with game life than in Jasper, where the wild creatures of the forest live to-day as in æons primeval undisturbed by man? In all the world, where could one see such gorgeous scene shifting by the gods as in Grand Canyon?

But to be skeptical of a fresh thrill from mountains is about as foolish as to be skeptical of exaltation from an oratorio, or from the vast phantasmagoria of the midnight stars. The puny microcosm of humanity is too limited ever to grasp to its full the mighty macrocosm of the gods of Frost and Water and Fire. The mountains do not reveal their eerie beauties readily. They dawn on you gradually like a veil opening to grander vistas

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as you advance deeper into their vast mysterious temples. Having camped in every National Park but two, from Jasper on the Athabasca to Grand Canyon on the Colorado, I know how multitudes of people go into the mountains, and never see them. They do not see them because our eyes see only what we train them to see; and in the mountains you need eyes that are both high-power microscopes and long-range telescopes.

The microscope eyes will show little runways in the sand, harking back millions of years, when the first frog, or first beetle, or first water-spider took its first hop from the primeval seas to the primeval land-slime; and you will find these skeleton trails embedded in peaks of shale and sand ten thousand feet high. Makes you think—doesn't it?—when you use your eyes. Sets you wondering did man, too, live in those days when brontosaurs were wandering about with necks as long as a flag pole? If you had suggested that ten years ago, the scientific world would have hooted in derision; but from skeletons dug up in the primeval sands of the Southwest, the scientific world isn't so cocksure, to-day, that the rough scrawled drawings of monsters on old cave walls are not attempted pictures of more than myths—

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perhaps racial memories. Or, to come down closer to our own times, the microscope eyes will detect little pixies of the under-brush tunneling trails in miniature forests of moss and lichen, breaking down the rocks with tiny spear tongues and spear noses no bigger than a needle point. From the heather of the bare upper crags and the frail ghost-flower of the glaciers to the bear-grass and paint-brush and monkey-flowers and star flowers and black-eyed Susans and orchids of the alpine meadows, you will find each belt of the mountains has its own pixie denizens of shrew and mouse and marmot—little people of the unseen world, each busy on his own job, not forgetting a whole family of squirrels and chipmunks from yellow-belly to thirteen stripe, working with such furious haste to lay up in two months food enough for ten—shelling seeds, cutting salads from soft green tips, getting grass for winter beds—that if you interrupt you get one warning: “sk-ur-ur—I have to work fast—I have to work fast—get out of my way—you great big biped. Don’t interrupt me till I shell this pine cone—” then more sk-ur-ur-urs in spits of fire that sound like squirrel swears. The bluebells ring wistful chimes heard only by the water-ouzel under the spray;

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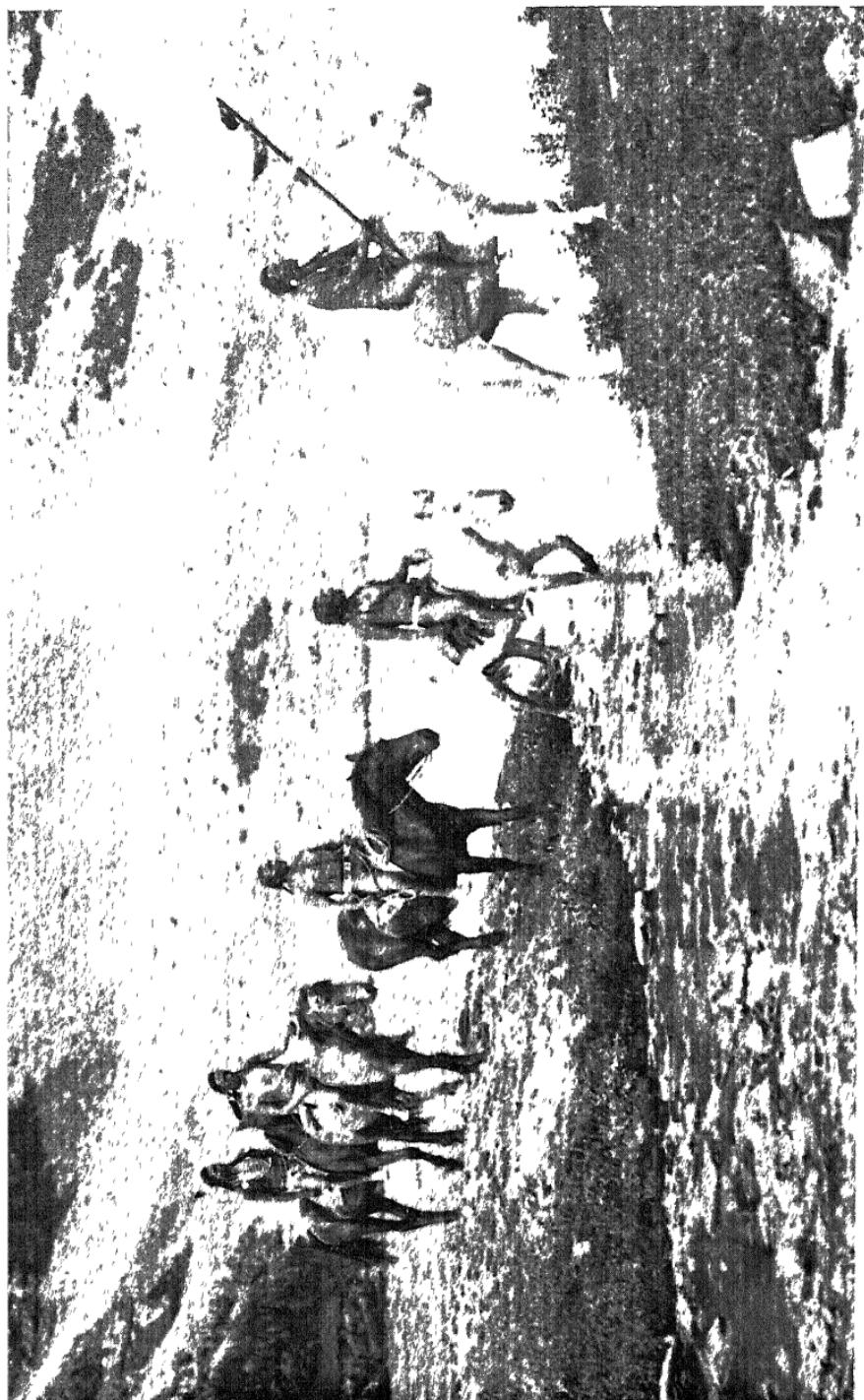
and the columbines nod wisely—they hear—and the forget-me-nots signal “don’t forget me—don’t forget me”—which you won’t if you go into the mountains with seeing eyes and hearing ears. What are the little rascals doing? They are planting the seeds for the forests of a thousand years hence—that’s all—but it’s quite a feat and it ensures wood for dwellings and watersheds for rain.

Or, if you look at the mountains with telescope eyes, look up! I am not going to burden your mind with technical phrases; but here is a mountain going straight up almost ten thousand feet. It is as vertical as a beveled wall. It is a wall laid by some giant sculptor in horizontal belts. Here is a belt of red. Here is a belt of green. Here is a belt of yellow. Adjust your glasses to bring them nearer. These are deep ribbons of sea sands. What hurled them up here halfway to the zenith of the visible firmament? Who did this job? Can you really believe that such a perfect job in majestic masonry happened helter-skelter, just by chance? Did the Dance of Chance produce this marvelous panorama? Or are these mighty mountains, with a beauty crystalline as John’s Apocalypse, records written in rocks of the timeless ages, whose hiero-



SPERRY GLACIER CHALETS

BLACKFOOT INDIANS CROSSING CRACKER LAKE



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glyphics we are just beginning to decipher? Geology says Frost and Water and Fire did it. Glaciers were the first trail-makers. Then came the rivers bursting with irresistible force through the canyons with wild leaps from crag to crag. Then came the shy wild-life creatures, leaving, as the centuries passed, little indurated hard trail marks, which the Indian followed in his hunger-hunt, till the white man came with ax and dynamite and bridge and motor car. Ancient mystics say the Angel of the Frost, and the God of the Voice of Many Waters, and the Power clothed in the Fire of the Sun—were the Divine Architects and Sculptors of the Shining Mountains; and for the life of me, I cannot see any difference in the two explanations. These ribboned rocks were carved in the Glacial Ages. Ice wielded the chisel. Pebbles sand-papered the surface. Waters polished these blocks of adamant that give off light in sparks that are glints of the sun. How long ago? So long ago that the old *Book of Enoch* quoted in our *Epistle of Jude* refers to Him of the Æons as “the Ancient of Days.” Frost chipped with his hammer—you can hear him at night yet, when a great rock-slide comes bouncing over a precipice. The slow-moving Glacier carved. You can see the

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grooves of his plane in any hard rock picked up along the road, scored as by a crystal diamond cutter. Water polished—you can hear the Voice of Many Waters yet, riotously glad at midday when the sun is at full zenith, but hushed to a sibilant awe as the chill of night slacks to the somber silence; and where you see a mountain cirque in a huge amphitheater with tarns and lakes in emerald green, there all three Angels—Frost and Water and Fire—have done their work at the behest of some Divine Designer. Did it happen helter-skelter, by chance? Such pictures don't happen on canvas by chance. They were in some Mind first. Listen to the whisper that rustles through the pines in the night wind. Listen to the jubilant shout of the waters disimprisoned in the morning Sun! Watch the dance—the glad merry dance—of the water sprites in the cataracts at noon; and answer yourself—did such exquisite beauty result from a Dance of Chance?

Why do I say: Many people go to the mountains and never see them, or miss the best that the mountains have to reveal? Because I have gone to the mountains with people who never afterwards recalled anything about them except that here such a big Douglas fir had been blasted by dyna-

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mite; or there the grade of the rails was such and such; or in the hotels the women were dressed thus and thus—"knickerbockers" that ought to have been called for self-evident reasons "snickerbockers," especially if the lady weighed three hundred and donned a size for one hundred.

They got out of the mountains just what they took with them—their own mental limit; just exactly the range of their own inner eye.

Let me give two examples.

A party of tourists had come suddenly to the rim of Grand Canyon. I will not describe what they saw because it can't be described. The vision of fire mist lying there in the great gash left them awed and dumb. Now it takes some awe both in quality and quantity to leave a bull-voiced tourist dumb. Along came a little person commonly called a "flapper." She was flapping her sparrow wings in sheer joy of life. She was dressed and painted in rainbow tints gorgeous as the old fire mist; and nobody was looking at her. She peeked over the rim of the Canyon Wall.

"Golly—some gully!" she commented; and flapped along her happy way, the path of the ego the size of a nickel, which can shut out the universe if you hold it close enough to your eye.

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Then take an experience the second day I was in Glacier Park. The bus drivers in Glacier Park are graduates or undergraduates of western universities, combining an ideal holiday with earnings to help them through college. It may be said they are not unattractive to a certain type of little game-hunter from town, who uses Cupid's darts, assisted by the arts, to bring down unwary young bipeds; but the hairpin twists and turns of switch-back trails round sharp precipice curves demand such undivided concentration by the drivers that I fancy most of them are fairly bullet proof to Cupid's darts assisted by the arts, and another kind of hairpin trail in the tresses of bobbed hair.

There had been a crowd of noisy tourists in the day before, who let everybody know they were there. There was no mistaking that they were there. They told you they were there. They proved they were there. They megaphoned they were there. They let the drivers know they were there. They wanted the buses to stop here, there, everywhere, quite oblivious of the fact that there are very rigid safety rules regulating where the motors may stop, how fast they may not go, and that each stopping point must be made exactly on

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schedule to avoid fast driving to make up lost time, or stops that would stall cars kept a good half-mile behind, to avert accidents and traveling in dust. The drivers had had their own gentle silent diversion handling that crowd; but they had done it with courtesy and with no annoyance to other visitors. One young driver happened to be native-born to the Park. He was a mine of lore on the Blackfeet, the mountains, the game. I sat next to him going out to one lake, but coming back I found my claim check to the front seat jumped by Cupid's darts assisted by the arts.

"This is your seat," said the driver, turning back to me.

"That's all right. I'll sit here," I told him, climbing in behind.

I had an idea from that boy's rigid back that I was going to have some entertainment not on the program.

I watched the by-play. It was exquisite. Here was a son of the wilds, a real movie hero, who knew mountains and loved them with a passion only the Indian legends of his ancestral Blackfeet can express; and here was a gay little sparrow from the canyons of the great city streets about to flutter her wings before a new type. She

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was a perfect copy of a girl on a magazine cover —little curls that shook of a tremor as she laughed, little earrings that shook in unison with the curls, little white teeth that would advertise any good tooth paste on the market, and a little cuddly manner guaranteed to be very effective in the movies on victims past fifty; but this boy was barely past twenty-one. From the boy's grim grip on the wheel and the grimmer look on his face, I inferred the by-play was not moving on very fast to the climax scheduled in the third act; and here we were more than half-way home. The movie business was not panning out as it does in the play. We passed a place where the road builder's gang were dynamiting a stump. The boy turned back over his shoulder to me:

“Yesterday, when I was bringing that bunch out, they blew a tree up here; and that bunch yelled ‘whoop!’ That’s all they saw of the mountains,” he said.

The little bird of the city canyons perked her head on one side and preened an errant curl and looked squarely at him. Evidently she had been using the wrong angle of approach for this particular mountain game. She hadn’t stalked this mountain bear right. Here is what I heard come

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back over her shoulder as the driver let out a burst of speed—

“Say—do you know—I always get the loveliest *kick* out of these mountain lakes”— Did *kick* refer to her vocation in the jazz halls of the city canyons, or what sometimes flows through those canyons? I don’t know; but I’ll wager she didn’t see the same mountains that boy saw.

And if he tried to see with her eyes and she tried to see with his eyes, would it end up as a divorce in a Blackfoot family ended? Mrs. Julia Wades-in-the-Water disagreed with her husband, Mr. Charlie White-Swan; but she did see eye to eye with a Mr. Skunk-Cap Whiteman, who unfortunately already had a wife—Mrs. Mamie Skunk-Cap Whiteman; so she promptly divorced Mr. Charlie White-Swan by the simple Blackfoot rite of throwing the saddle and bridle from her tepee, which interpreted meant—“Get on your horse and ride on—off—from here.” But Mrs. Mamie Skunk-Cap Whiteman did see eye to eye with the discarded Mr. Charlie White-Swan; so the new permutations and combinations worked out this way, which I commend to the cross-word puzzle fans—Mrs. Julia Wades-in-the-Water White-Swan became Mrs. Julia Wades-in-the-

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Water Skunk-Cap Whiteman; and Mrs. Mamie Skunk-Cap Whiteman became Mrs. Mamie White-Swan.

I arrived in Glacier Park at night.

There are now four entrances to Glacier Park; one east, by rail or motor through the main Glacier Park Station; one west, by rail or motor through Belton; one north, by motor only, across the Canadian border by way of either Babb or Waterton; and one south, by motor or rail connecting with the highways to the Yellowstone and the Pacific Coast. The connection by the Canadian border is not yet in good shape for motors; but what is now a wagon or horseback road and not easy for either is being graded and will be open shortly—when one can motor through every National Rocky Mountain Park from Jasper north to Grand Canyon south. In brief, you can reach the very heart of an American Switzerland now, forty-six hours from Chicago, twenty-four from Portland, sixty-nine from New York.

It is a unique advantage to Glacier Park that it is not one of the big parks; only one thousand five hundred square miles, the guide books tell

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you; for by 1928 it will not only be bounded on all four sides by motor highways as good as Riverside Drive, but those highways will criss-cross through the loftiest passes east and west, so that one can literally climb mountains by motor. In spite of its smallness compared to other parks that are as large as some of the eastern states, Glacier Park has nineteen main valleys—seven east, twelve west of the Divide, and two hundred and fifty mountain lakes, as turquoise in coloring as the finest jewels, shot with sapphire blue and diamond fires, when the sun is at its zenith. In a larger park, motor highways and horse trails can never be patrolled and controlled for the safety of visitors as in an area of one thousand five hundred square miles. Every trail is posted with its name and which way to go. Where the trails fork and main highways go off in different directions there are rangers' cabins; and here Park visitors are requested to sign their names and addresses and leave the name of their next stopping place, so if mishap occur and the visitor by car, or horse-back, or shank's mare does not turn up, the ranger at the next point knows by telephone that he is coming and can send out a rescue party. The necessity of always registering at the rangers'

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cabins can not be overemphasized. It would avert pretty nearly every accident that occurs in the mountains. Last year, two young men did register on going in; but they did not register as they passed on afoot. They evidently went off the marked beaten trail; and they have never been heard of from that day to this. They may have essayed a short cut across some glacier, and one slipping into a crevasse have dragged the other in; or they may have tried a swim in the icy, almost bottomless, lakes, and one sinking, the other perished trying to save him. Suffice to say, neither seasoned mountaineer nor green tenderfoot should ever go in without leaving the address of his home and his next stopping point; and he should never diverge from his itinerary without giving notice to the nearest ranger's cabin. It is always the tenderfoot and never the true mountaineer who takes risks; and it is always the tenderfoot who pays the price of his rashness.

A few years ago, only eighteen thousand people visited Glacier yearly. Then the tourist register ran up to thirty-two thousand. This year more than fifty thousand people from outside points came to Glacier; and ten more years, it is a safe

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guess, will put the number of visitors at two hundred thousand. With gypsies awheel driven by speed maniacs, it hardly needs saying that the motor regulations holding speed down to twenty miles an hour for a wide open highway, and twelve miles an hour for curved hairpin trails—are and have to be very strict; but the regulations are enforced so subtly that few passengers are aware how they are kept under surveillance, seen or unseen. The name is left as a range station is passed. The car reaches the next station. It arrives on exactly schedule time, registers and passes on; or it arrives before schedule time. It has exceeded the speed limit. It is politely told to wait for some other car to meet or pass at this point. The telephone from station to station has betrayed its exact speed; and if that speed has exceeded safety at the next station, the car may be held up, the driver fined, or the occupants escorted safely outside the limits of the Park. One could wish as effective regulations to reduce the death toll from reckless driving on peaceful country roads in the east. There are fewer deaths by accident in Glacier Park to-day than on the average motor road in the east.

When Glacier Park is finally girt round and

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criss-crossed by motor roads as fine as Riverside Drive, won't that play hob with the peaceful seclusion of the Park and the passenger traffic of the rails? It will not, and for obvious reasons if you pause to think. Not one person out of a hundred can stand motor drives of 150 to 200 miles a day without physical exhaustion. Young children can not. Frail people can not. People tired from city work, or past their prime, can not. There are not the eating facilities and there are not the resting facilities that train travel affords. Motors can not carry the baggage for rest and change. Motor car and bus and train tickets will be worked out—as they are now worked out on a small scale—to be interchangeable. Here a hop from train to car—there a hop from car back to train, with baggage checkable by train, so if the weather stalls a car, the train can be used. If the train is over-rushed with tourists, the motor can be used. As to destroying the quiet seclusion of the Park, follow a beaten foot-trail where the dense forest veils the road so closely that even the sunlight can penetrate only in beams of gold like a flashlight in the dark. The motors can convey only to the portals

TWO MEDICINE OR WHITE MAGIC LAKES of the mystic temples—never behind the veil of the holy of holies.

I was glad I reached the eastern entrance to Glacier at night. Over the sweltering plains we had seemed to be reaching the mountains for mile after mile; and mile after mile the saw-tooth edge of the white-patched mountain sky line seemed to be receding from us like the sunset, when abruptly there emerged with its thousands of lights the hotel—"The Big Tree Lodge"—as the Blackfeet call it; for the hotel is not in the Park. It is on the outskirts of the Blackfeet Reservation; and behind the lights of "The Big Tree Lodge," 700 feet back from the train, cutting the very star line of the silvered sky were the distant pinnacled spires of the peaks—countless peaks, the peaks of the Rocky Mountain Divide.

Just a word about that "Big Tree Lodge" and the type of architecture of which it is a significant symbol. I understand this type of hotel and chalet all through the park was the inspiration of Mr. Louis Hill. It is a testimonial to his artistic sense of the fitness of things, and his artistic

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inheritance from his father; for nothing could be more unfit at this entrance to a wilderness of forested mountain beauty than an eastern type of architecture. The windows of the New England type would give too much sunlight in these gleaming uplands in summer and too much exposure to the cold in winter. On the other hand, the low-set adobe bungalow of the Spanish Southwest is just as inappropriate for opposite reasons—not enough light from deep casement windows, and not enough facilities to heat summer nights, when a chill comes down from the mountain snows. The Spanish house has a fireplace in every room; but a fireplace is not always a workable heater in a region of terrific winds; and if you want to know the quality of the twisty-twirling gales in the northern uplands ask one of the Blackfeet Indians encamped in front of "The Big Tree Lodge" why he uses from ten to fifteen tepee poles, where a Cree would use only three, and half as many tent pegs for the skirt of the lodge. Or, contemplate on the western side of the Park the giant tamaracks, great firs and tall spruces from three to four feet in diameter, torn, twisted, bent, and laid flat like wheat in a hailstorm. I can't just exactly see motors running through that

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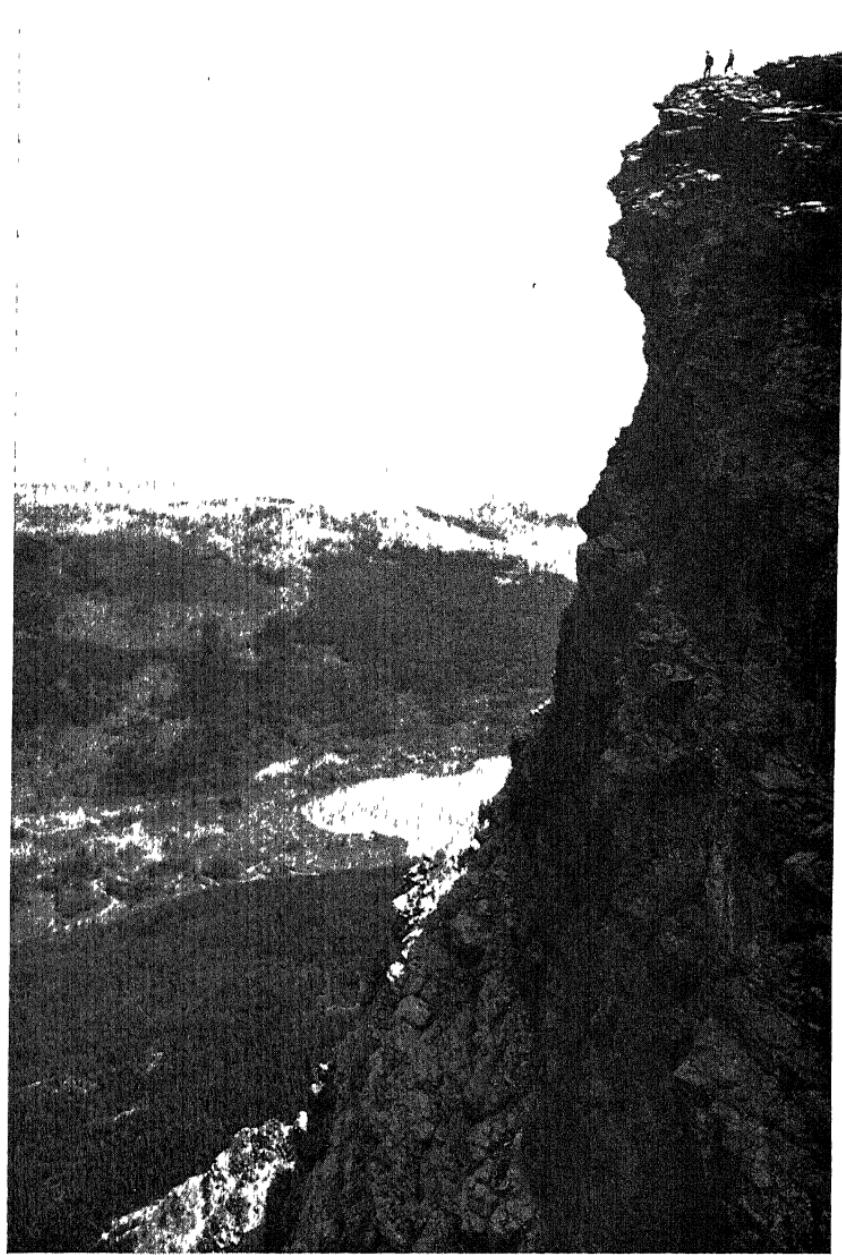
tangle for another century or two. Nature has protected her sanctuary. Those who penetrate these mysteries have to climb, and climb humbly. A fourteen-foot hurdle jump by a deer would be necessary in many places.

Whether Mr. Hill set the style of architecture or not, this woodland and woodsy type is becoming the vogue in the Northwest, both for country and town from Vancouver to Portland, with such modifications as urban conditions compel. You see it in the beamed, unplanned ceilings, the one-board doors, the natural grain of the wood simply oiled and unpainted for wainscoting and plain panels; and some of us wonder how we ever could have admired the tinsel and gold over-decorated walls and ceilings of a generation ago.

The Northwest is developing more than a new type of architecture. It is developing a new type of outdoor art in sculpture, oils, and water colors. I think this began with Remington as an illustrator of action. At least Remington popularized what was already beginning; but the illustrator suffers the limitations of his craft—centerpiece, foreshortened foreground, emphasis and over-emphasis of shadows to bring out the lights in blacks and whites. Remington had passed from

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illustrator to a great artist in oils and water colors, when death cut his career short; but even to-day, Remington's earliest work is priceless. I recall that Remington once illustrated a series of mine on the fur trade, when I first came from the west. We thought such pictures well paid at from \$150 to \$300. Ten years later, I tried to buy one of those pictures for a friend at \$2600. I could not get it. To-day, I could not get it for ten thousand dollars. The same holds good with Charlie Russell's work. Russell calls himself an illustrator; but Russell never did such work in his life as he is doing to-day in oils and water colors. He is the last of the great frontier artists, who grew up in an era that is passing forever; and in ten years, his work, too, will be priceless. The same story could be told of Clark, the deaf and dumb Indian sculptor. The son of a Blackfoot mother, with a Blackfoot grandmother and a Blackfoot great-grandmother, Clark combines in his genius the best of white man and red. He carved in wood from the time he can remember. Then he came east and took training. His wood carvings at first were simple designs of animal and forest and Indian life; and there are people in Glacier Park who remember when Clark



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THE VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF RISING WOLF MOUNTAIN



THE LAST OF THEIR KIND

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thought he was well paid by a few dollars apiece. To-day, his work in wood and clay and bronze commands the prices of a Remington or a Russell. In fact, the Clark and Russell studios are two of the features every visitor to the Park should see. Clark lives on the east side of the Park, Russell on the west. Russell is a finished artist, Clark a beginner; but both are preserving, in an art peculiarly Northwestern, a life that will be a passing memory in ten years.

There was the usual strumming of Indians' tom-toms for the Blackfoot dance on the back piazza as I entered "The Big Tree Lodge," with its great pillars of giant firs and galleries of pines; and an archeologist tired from train travel uttered the nerve-strung town man's complaint against these "senseless Indian gyrations for the benefit of gaping fools." I smiled. He had come west to study from books, prehistoric types and symbols; but he failed to realize—till the next day—that the Indians were there so he could study the types and symbols from a life that is passing forever. When I suggested that he go out to the Indian lodges in the morning and get them to open their skin treasure-chests—parfleches—and tell him how the square stood for

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the earth; and the equilateral triangle for the mountains and the trinity of body, soul, and spirit; and the isosceles triangle for the Tree of Life; and the figure of a woman with arms outstretched for the Cross; and the circle for the Sun; and the seven circles in beads for the seven spheres; and the Swastika Cross pointing to the Sun,—a sacred emblem common to all lands from Thibet and China to Mexico, he cheered up and began to suspect there might be something more to Indian lore than “senseless gyrations” for gaping fools. Later, when I was on the west side of the Park, he wondered how these Blackfeet could have the same symbols as the mystics of the East. When I told him the Blackfeet had the same god of wisdom, Nepo (Nebo), as the Assyrians, and when a Jesuit missionary told him that the Aleuts of Alaska have deposited in the Vatican files a grammar with the same words and idioms as the ancient Peruvians, that archeologist began to look as though he were on the scent of a racial trail going back to the dawn of time. He is. So are all archeologists to-day. That is why it is important for all the arts and literature to-day to preserve every scrap of legend and myth and symbol from the vanishing races. Could we trace

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their family tree, there might be a chance of tracing our own.

Like the archeologist, I had gone to bed, if not grouchy, then confessedly tired. I meant to make up lost sleep by resting till noon. I wakened with sunlight that is pure gold streaming through the window. I jumped up utterly rested and looked at my watch. It was six o'clock and I laughed with the joy of being once more a hundred per cent. alive. The ozone had done it; and by the same token, that is not a purely poetical phrase, as the new wireless science is teaching us every day. I do not think I am astray in saying that most of the ray scientists to-day ascribe the great healing and revitalizing power of clear sunlight to the invisible ultra-violet rays. While these could not have acted directly upon me at night, they certainly must produce an atmosphere of revitalizing ray qualities from the high clear mountain air that can react on the human body and nervous system; and the day will come when sun hospitals, not only to cure the ills of body and mind, but to cure the fatigued before they are ill, will be as common a feature in National Parks as chalets for play.

It was a curious sensation of being *in* the world

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yet walled *away* from the turmoil of the world by the encircling peace of the majestic mountains as I gazed from the rear windows of "The Big Tree Lodge." The clouds had lifted from the brown-grassed foothills as the pall of care had lifted from the mind and now shone opalescent and luminous in an ethereal light on the far ridge of pinnacled peaks. The inky shadows of night had turned to the clear gold of day. I dressed and hurried out. There was the whole glad pageantry of life clothed in the light of the sun, which both the mystics of the East and the Indians of the West say is the vesture of God. There was the sky line of majestic mountains shimmering in the dawn like phantom figures. What are the names of the peaks? Look at the map, or at the arrows on the ledge of "The Big Tree Lodge" for their names. Some commemorate the myths of the Indians like Rising Wolf, the Indian name of Hugh Monroe, a white trader here early as 1815, and Squaw Mountain, where the figure of an Indian woman with pack on back and faithful dog is forever receding over the Divide to the setting sun like the race; and these names mean something; but too many of the other names commemorate white nonentities with no claim to

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the monument of an eternal mountain. But I like the name which the Park Superintendent gave me, when I asked what was that peak rising to the zenith in a celestial spire.

"Has no name," he answered, "and I hope it never will have"; and so do I.

The Park authorities are just now trying to replace these white man names with the old significant names of the Blackfeet.

Out in the open in front of "The Big Tree Lodge" was a small camp of Blackfoot tepees; and on each, strange devices were drawn which I suppose the archeologist would call "senseless gyrations." If he had studied the designs on the tepees, he would have seen the circles of the sun —Sun Worshipers. How came these western tribes to worship the sun as the Atlanteans and the Egyptians and the Babylonians and the gymnosophists of India did—as the builders of Ba'l Bec and Thebes and Arab Petra did? Makes you think —doesn't it? For while the ignorant doubtless worshiped the sun as a god, there is no doubt the wise men—the wizards—and the medicine men—the mystics—worshiped the sun only as the symbol of a god. And here is a family of moon worshipers. Again you are carried back in racial

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thought to the moon worshipers in Ur of Abraham, with their like sign of a crescent moon canoe, to ferry souls up the Milky Way to the Stars, Abode of the Blessed; and if you go into some of the tents of the Blackfeet, you will learn of their always burying their brave with moccasins of beaded stars on the sole of the moose skin, so he can find foothold to pick his steps among the stars over that long trail from sphere to sphere. Here again is an otter sign with the long pointed tail, or a fisher-pekan sign with the bushy, almost fox, tail, or the wolf, or the bear, or the buffalo—totem signs much like the insignia on our own white man seals and rings. It would be interesting to know if the medicine-man signs ever have the mystic third eye, which is so characteristic of Egyptian and Hindoo priest signs. I did not see any among the Blackfeet; and have never seen any among the Cree, the Sioux, the Hopi, the Zuni or Aztec. All North American Indians have the sign of the Swastika Cross pointing to the Sun, as the Egyptians and Chinese and Hindoos had in 4000 B.C.

How did the Blackfeet get their name? There are many beautiful legends. I advise you to read Willard Schultz on this. He lived for twenty

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years the life of a Blackfoot, and his explanation recalls the Cain and Abel story of our own Bible. But the white traders in the era of Ft. Union (about 1830-50) averred that, passing through the black mold of dense forests and coming to the sandy plains, these Indian hunters left a black imprint of their feet, and so were called Blackfeet. Catlin in 1833 said the name arose from the black leggings they wore when hunting. The tribe were being forced south from Great Slave Lake in the far north by the increasing cold, and as they advanced through the mountain growth of devil's club and tramped over sage-brush and cactus spine and lava rocks as sharp as glass, they used the hard parfleche skins for the soles of their moccasins and tough, dark skins, fur side out, to protect the leg—hence their name. Doctor Coues and Henry and Larpeiteur and Father De Smet give similar legends.

Go into the lodges and you will find a race as different from the Cree of the north, or the Hopi of the south, as a white man is from an African. The men are very tall and very handsome, but thick-set and massively muscular. Most of them speak good or broken English. Ask them why they are different from Cree and Hopi. I asked

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Eli Gardapie, whom I spotted at once as a Cree adopted by the Blackfeet when he was a child, and here is his answer:

“Canoe men and fish eaters and wood Indians get stout and soft. Plains Indians are athletes from birth. Next, till the buffalo were killed off, our people here had a diet that was muscle-making, not fat-making. Next, being hunters, the Blackfeet moved camp constantly and so never fell victims to the disease germs of filthy camps, or tuberculosis. Perhaps, too, the fact the Blackfeet would not tolerate a woman who was unfaithful to her husband, kept the blood pure and the tribe unweakened by diseased vicious men.”

The punishment for unfaithfulness was to chop the nose off the wife and leave her marked for life. This custom only applied after marriage, not before.

But the morning had passed before I realized. Think of a region where you do not chase time as a marker for gain and can forget the little pad on your desk with engagements for every hour of the day! Are we, who make slaves of ourselves for time till Time severs the thread of

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life, or the Indians oblivious of time—the wiser? I wish I knew. It is not haste that has made civilization. It is the spiritual quality inside the husk of civilization.

I hurried through luncheon as we town denizens hurry sitting, walking, riding, and scrambled into the motor car for Two Medicine Lakes. Now if you go to the mountains to "do" them as you "do" New York on a sight-seeing tour—never mind the driver; but if you want to get acquainted with the mysteries of the mountains, pick your driver and get a seat next to a boy who knows the lore of forest and pass. I had picked my driver—Don Haggerty—a native of Montana; and we swung away from "The Big Tree Lodge" in a long line of red cars the regulation distance from the cars before and behind. The road swings over the brown foothills along Two Medicine Creek through the edge of the Blackfoot Reserve past Lower Two Medicine Lake—a patch of blue but a great fishing resort, past the ranger's cabin; and you are in Glacier Park proper, to the west where the forests begin. The forests on the left here are a desolation to make the heart weep. Fires in 1918-19 swept up the slope one dry year in a hurricane gale to the

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top of the timber line; but that is a thing of the past—thanks to the Park's policy of placing rangers in lookouts at every twenty or forty miles and signs warning tourists to use care in extinguishing all embers, and to the new system of fighting fire with huge canvas tanks hooked up to high-power gasoline engines, which can pump and spray water from the lower lakes and streams for a distance of over a mile. Also, campers can camp only at stations laid out by the rangers, where the underbrush has been cleared away and the patrol can daily keep surveillance. The wonder is not that this fire did so much damage. The wonder is that with sightseers increasing by thousands every year, fires could have become so nearly a thing of the past in National Parks. The principles of fire prevention are very simple: First, educate the public that these parks are theirs and each visitor must be his own fire patrol. Signs everywhere impress this on the passerby; and the public is now careful. Second—every fire when it begins is small and can be controlled. At the first thin spiral of smoke or mushroom cloud above the trees, the telephones ring; and it is the duty of ranger and tourist to rush to the spot and beat out the flames.

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We passed private cars, horseback parties, hikers on foot—all alike safe on these trails; for the road signs are unmistakable if observed; and walkers, who can make at least twenty miles a day, can find sleeping accommodation at small cost along all the main highways, so that little need be said here about camp equipment. If you go out in a horseback party, the head guide will look out for all camp equipment and food and fishing tackle; and the Park regulations establish the exact fees, so you can't be robbed by thug guides and overcharges. One of the best features of Glacier Park is that all guides are licensed; and only efficient guides are licensed. This is a feature that could be instituted with advantage elsewhere, where the only qualifications for some guides are that they have been ex-teamsters and excellent loafers in stretching time on the trail; and the kind of fir beds they lay for sleepers and the quality of food they provide are of a sort to drive a seeker for rest back from nature to town forever. A well-made camp bed is as comfortable and chill proof as a home mattress; a bad camp bed about as comfortable as sleeping on sharp stumps with ice lumps in the small of your spine.

As for foot hikers by the healthy old route of

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shank's mare, the Park rangers will give the best advice. Slickers for rain can be rented; and they should be snug round the neck so the rain can't trickle down your spine. The hat should be rain proof, and broad-brimmed to throw the drip outside your collar. Light underwear is a mistake; for the chill at night is the chill of ice. Knickerbockers are all right if they are loose; skirts hopeless if they are long. Footwear must be thick of sole, with good support to the ankles —gray elk does not show dust but brown elk does not show stains: and either can be bought from local outfitters at half the price paid in distant cities. I do not like a riding boot for walking. It chafes the knee and leg. The high-legged shoe-pack is the best for both purposes. A few things the foot hiker should always carry—a good stout stick, a good jackknife, a few water-proof matches in case of being benighted in a storm, some few concentrated foods, a tested compass and a good park trail map; not above twenty pounds for the entire weight. If you are going to sleep out, you will need warm blankets and a water-proof canvas; but I do not advise any town man or woman out for rest to sleep on the ground un-roofed till he has been hardened up by two or

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three weeks of life in the open; and most people's holidays do not exceed two or three weeks. Why get toothache in the soles of your feet and the small of your back and the muscles of your neck till you have hardened past this initiation stage into the glad joy of mountain life?

Two Medicine Lakes are not named from medicinal waters but from an old Blackfoot tradition that two great medicine or mystery men came here to camp and settle some tribal disputes. As a matter of fact, there are not Two Medicine Lakes but three. The first you pass as you go in. The second is the great show place on entrance to Glacier Park. The third you can reach by foot trail in tramping across the Divide to the west side, by Dawson Pass; but whether you pass to the west by Dawson Pass or Two Medicine Pass South, your eye will be arrested—I almost said stabbed—by a rocky pinnacle sharp as a Gothic spire, far to the southwest. It is like the Polar Star above this seething sea of mountain crests—you see it from almost every pass. It is the only name to keep in memory—St. Nicholas—not high as Glacier Peaks go, only a little over nine thousand feet; but you will meet it again, motoring along the Roosevelt Highway south, up the Flat-

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head on the west, down through other passes to be named presently—a peak that never has been climbed and never can be climbed because, like the brim of a hat, round its frowning brow runs a precipice ledge that will forever bar human intrusion on its cloudy celestial heights.

Here, then, to the Medicine or Mystery Lakes came the wise men of the Blackfeet to settle early tribal disputes. One can visualize the old scene—the moose-skin tepees, the primeval forest before the fires worked desolation here, the Indians fishing on the margin of the blue tarn, the stillness broken only by the raucous cry of the eagle, or the shrill sentry warning of the osprey hawk nested on the top of some blasted tree, the little “tent pin” gophers erect on hind legs surveying the camp from brush trail, the hoary marmot uttering a lone whistle from a pile of rocks, the shy deer, now in reddish fawn-colored coat, peering furtively from the underbrush, with a bound into the thicket as the single file Indian riders come padding in to the camping ground, the small chip fires—the big log fire is called “fool whiteman fire”—scenting the shadow-filtered atmosphere with an odor of resin, then the shadows of the “medicine-men” dressed in beaded white

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buckskin round the council fire, calming tense nerves by whiffing the peace pipe in a circle toward the setting sun before beginning their deliberations.

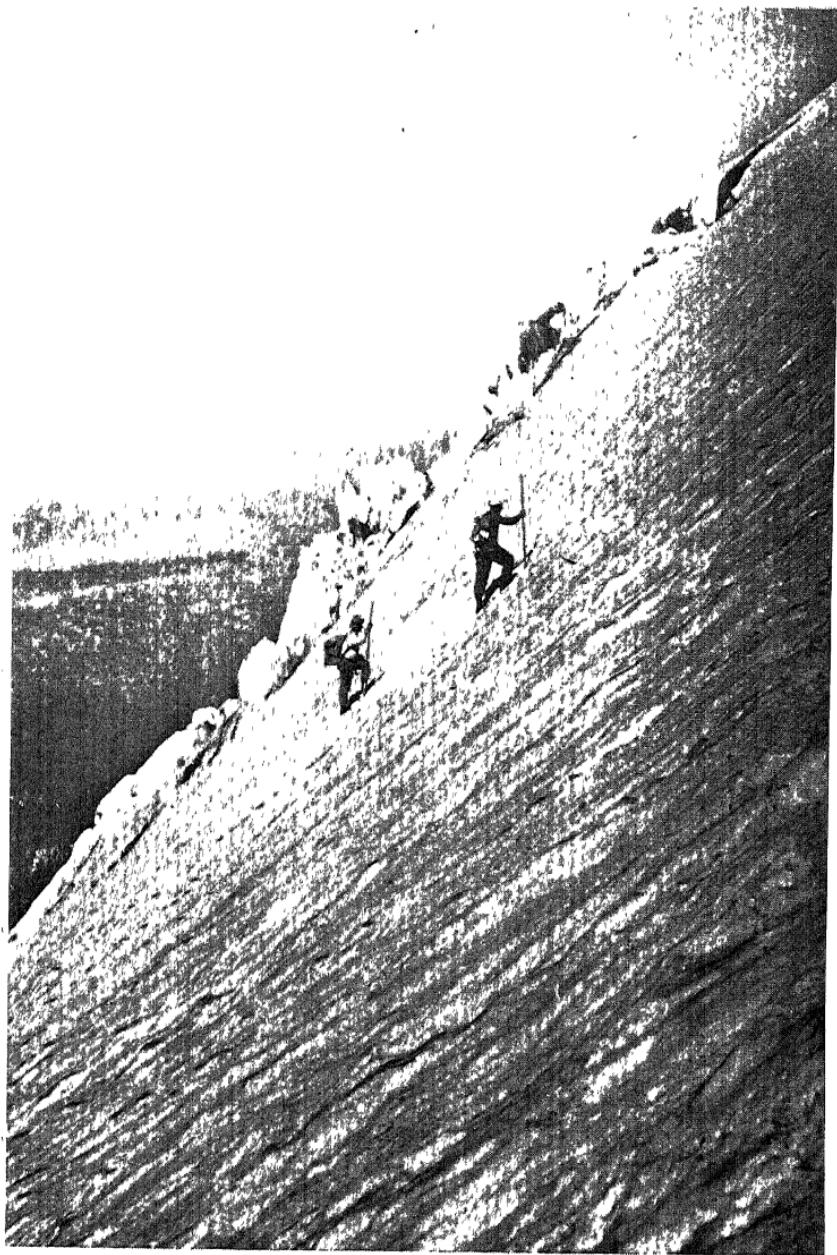
What were they disputing, I wonder? Was it the oncoming white men, the irresistible firearms, the disappearance of the buffalo, of which skeletons have been found as deep in the mountains as these very lakes? Once the Blackfeet ranged from the Canadian border south to the Yellowstone, and held with the Piegan, their confederates, all the passes to the Pacific, of which I'll tell you some old fur trade stories presently. In the '80's, thousands starved to death because they were too proud to acknowledge their plight of destitution; and now the Blackfeet number on the American side of the border only two thousand six hundred people.

You pause at the Trick Falls, where the white waters seem to emerge from the cliffs as if an Indian Moses had struck them, and the short walk limbers out cramped muscles, though I marveled how women in satin slippers and silk stockings could endure the stone bruises on their bulging toes or the mosquitoes where strong shoes and wool golf hose would have meant immunity.

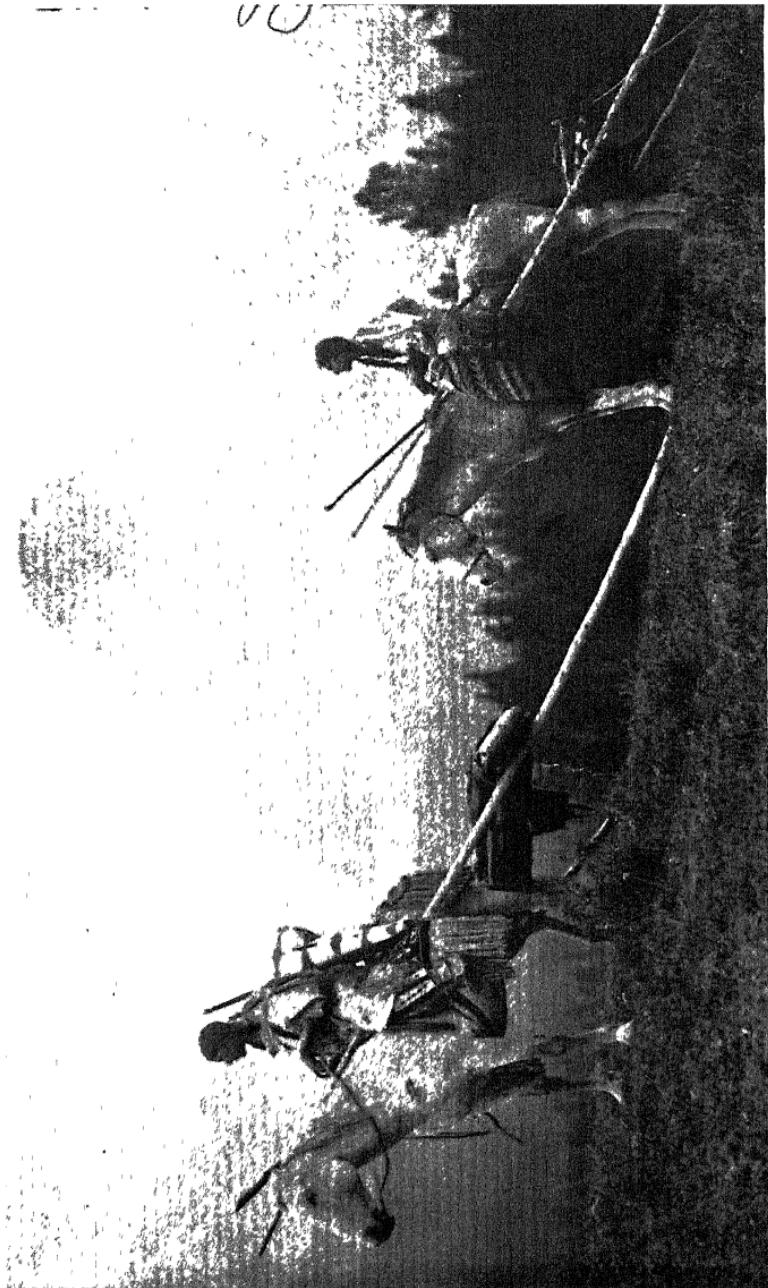
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Then subtly you had become aware of a presence—the tall pines had encircled you from the time you left the first lake. The trail ahead became an aisled passageway shot with bars and beams of gold light. The ferns began to tremble as if in expectation of something beautiful. There was “the voice of many waters.” When the car lunged down and crossed the brook, you no longer saw a ribbony creek. There were laughing blue and white waters bubbling over a pebbly bottom in a great hurry, lipping and babbling in a vocal white-fret of lace. If you know mountains you will know the signs—these waters came through stones, the stones of a moraine jumble of rocks damming up an approaching stream in some deep alpine tarn.

Then the car emerges from the aisled pines and spruces and there bursts on you in all its beauty the real Two Medicine Lake—the upper tarn—a sapphire blue set amid buff and green and yellow and red mountains sheer as a wall, sharp as a spire. I am not going to name the mountains. You will find them in any guide book; but I beg of you to take out your field glasses and study those moving spots of white far up on ledges that look as narrow as a knife.



CLIMBING BLACKFOOT GLACIER



BLACKFOOT TRAVOIS WOMEN

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“Snow, by gum, snow!” cried the bull-voiced tourist; but if he had used his brains and a field glass, he would have seen that the spots of white were not snow patches but mountain goats driven up the precipice by the ravening timber wolf and now stealing shyly out to drink at those sparkles of water, which are trickles of upper falls, or to browse on heather and moss and lichen that would feed no other four-footed creature but the mountain goat and sheep. Look again, and look hard; for it is four o’clock and the filtered shadows are falling in a curtain of blue haze and in an hour these lofty majestic spires will fold them in panoplies of dusky indigo pricked by diamond stars in a hazy network. The long shadows are already etching across the lake; so that you see a perfect replica of each peak in the water below as in the heavens above, and know why the Indians called these Medicine or Mystery Lakes. Their curtains are falling and closing like the shadow of a mysterious death. Look quickly. There is much to see if you have eyes. There is an old pine gripping the rocks with guy-rope roots, that has fought life against frost and hurricane for—how long? You can’t count the whorls of annual growth; for the pine branches have all been torn

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from the trunk by the winter gales except one last top spar still waving a flag of triumph to the demons of winter storms. It stands like a beleaguered thing, the last of the surviving warriors of a forest washed out when these mountains were seas. And then at its foot is something more tender—a poor little dwarfed groundling evergreen, flattened, beaten, crouched hanging to the naked rock with taut finger-roots. Will the rocks toss it down to a watery death, or will it burst and hurl the rocks down—where a long slide of shale shows what happens in the wild storms of winter, when Thor's hammer deals redoubled blows on the monuments of an eternity? There is a lisping and whispering of the waters as the day thaw slacks, that is almost eerie if you know what they are saying.

The archeologist is rushing to get quarters in the Chalet. The geologist is getting out his burlap bag and hammer. A fisherman is paddling in from the lake with a great string of trout on a willow and the usual wonder yarn of "the big fellow that got away." And thanks be to the gods of these Mystery Lakes, they can never be fished out. First, the Government keeps them stocked with the finest mountain trout in the

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world. Next, the jumble of moraine rocks at the entrance to the river keeps the fish not only in the lakes but protected from marauder fish which would devour the eggs and the young. There are falls in all these upper tarns, which can never be ascended by any cannibal fish. Then the ooze of forest humus and glacial silt supplies an ideal feeding-ground for the midge and fly and insect to support the trout; and last and most important of all—the season is so short—two months at times, four at most—that the white man “fish hog” can never exhaust the lakes. The regulations set less than twelve fish as the most a fisherman may catch in a day; and fish less than six inches long must be thrown back at once.

A great many people summer at the Chalet here; and a more secluded spot could not be found on earth. This, too, is a tree lodge, with all the comforts of a home; and though it were visited by a thousand tourists a day—which it isn’t—the surrounding forests are so dense and the mountain trails to the passes so good, that by taking a lunch and only sleeping in the Chalet at night, one can be in forest as deep and undisturbed as Rackham’s eerie drawings of “Alice in Wonderland”; and it is a wonderland, every foot of it. It seems impos-

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sible to believe you are only fifteen miles away from a railroad to the great cities. Where forests are deep and the compass of the sun is shut out, the warning is unnecessary that you should keep on the plain, well-cut posted trail. Bears and wolves are numerous here, so numerous that if you go scouting in the underbrush and neither osprey hawk nor squirrel gives you warning, you may hear the snorting grunt of a bruin not ten feet away; but wild animals do not frequent man-smelling trails, and don't molest you unless you molest them. All the same, paste these two warnings in your hat—(1) Keep on the trail; for the Park does not allow you to carry firearms. (2) If you hear an osprey hawk, or a squirrel scolding furiously—hop for the trail; for these two sentries of the wilds are the best danger signals in the world; and their eyesight is sharper than yours. The next day I met a young hiker who had ignored the first warning. She heard a "woof" and didn't stay. It was a brown bear. Once, in Jasper, I ignored the second warning because I was limbering up axle joints after a nine-mile walk, all down grade and very steep. I didn't hear the "woof" but I later met the gentleman.

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He was dressed in black fur and asking for the bacon in our camp.

Just pause here to consider the age in which we live.

When Alexander Ross—the fur trader—came into these mountains and this very region by way of the west, working east to the plains, just a hundred years ago, it sometimes took him a week to make twelve miles; if there were snow to be shoveled—a story I'll tell presently—perhaps a month. By horseback or shank's mare, you can come out in a half day. We have covered these twelve to fifteen miles by motor in less than two hours. Within a short time, when “landing” stations are charted amid the hundreds of lakes, it will be possible to cross the entire Divide by seaplane with the safety of a rocking-chair in half an hour. I may say this is not a vague prediction. It has been and is being done, and one of the most exhilarating “climbs” I ever made was by aeroplane; but for safety's sake use a water-plane. These spiked peaks may be good landing places for eagles. They are not for aeroplanes, which have to taxi to a stop; but the seaplane could choose a “landing place” in two hundred and fifty lakes.

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At the lake, there is a rush of sightseers to ensconce themselves in the little launch that will carry them two or three miles to the head of the lake, where another short walk will reveal more waterfalls; and all the time you are advancing up the sapphire lake the mountain walls seem to be folding, folding round you—barring out the cares of the world, accepting you in sacred initiation to their celestial temples.

I did not go up to the Second Falls this time. I wanted to be alone to listen. Again the typical lady with the tight satin slippers and silk stockings and narrow skirt, which wasn't slit but would be presently—trotted off up the darkening wood trail to "do" the Falls. I was left alone. There was the sharp crash of rock from some upper ledge, where, in the eternal battle between groundling juniper and adamant rock, the little finger-roots had dislodged their enemy and sent a great stone bounding down. There was the jump at some water-gnat of a trout, which would have paled the largest fisherman lie. The thrush came out of shy hermitage and uttered his threnody to dying day. The vesper sparrow from somewhere back in the tangle of criss-crossed sunbeams and incense-steaming resinous pines twit-

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tered his plaintive ditty to the night breeze playing the harp in the needles of the pines. A wood-pecker came out in his red cap and hammered the cinnamon barks for a juicy worm salad. There was a riffle of wind that set the waves whispering. The hum of a night-hawk's wings cut the air with the zoom of a far aeroplane, and then came down very cautiously, the merrymaker of these northern woods—he is always cautious coming down, but quick as a streak of light going up; a Douglas squirrel—that wingless flyer, that arrow, that dart of red life, that sentry on watch for all danger, that friend of man and gay little scold of householders among the pines. I suspect he was out for a salad of chocolate cones and green needle-tips. He popped up and looked at me and cracked a nut and sat up on his hind legs and asked me plainly as a squirrel could speak—“What are you doing here? Don’t you know there are big brown bears and timber wolves that say ‘woof’?” Then a scolding “skur-ur-ur—spit-fire—spit-fire—here comes a skirted biped with black satin for paws—how can she crack nuts with those paws”; and the lady with the black satin pumps slumped back into the launch—

“I’ve had enough—I haven’t a toe those rocks

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on the road didn't aim at and hit! And mosquitoes?—say!—” she was slapping from knee to ankle—“I'm like that unbowed head in what-do-you-call-that-fellow's poems—all bloody from head to heel. I'm just positively rising in welts and bumps all over the size of a bun—oh, pest, take that!”—and she dealt a welt that would have flattened a man, let alone a mosquito—“Gracious, my feet feel—” What I asked myself, and what I am sure that squirrel asked himself was—

Did she see the mountains?

Whether she saw the luminous floods of color among the upper peaks, or felt the hush of the flushed alpine glow in the sunset, or heard the rivers now lowering their jubilate of noonday to the last faint notes of a music divine—the mountains were working their White Magic on her just the same. They were obliterating sense of lethargy. If a few little needle-stings did puncture her periphery, the ozone was expelling fatigue poisons, cleaning out sluggish lungs and clearing a tired brain.

PART II

The Panorama of the White Magic Gods

THE advantage of climbing mountains by motor is that if you do not exceed a hundred miles a day, you don't come back so exhausted that you have to waste time resting.

"Yes, but," interjects the skeptic wag, "how about your gears on the hairpin curves from three hundred to a thousand feet above abysses that seem bottomless? What if a tree in some of these jubilate hurricanes crashed across your trail?"

To which I answer—the Park regulations look to gears and tires and engine power and oil-supply stations at regular intervals, and if you observe the regulations you are safe; if you don't, you must take the risks. As to worn gears and axles, it is much easier to rest and mend motor joints than tired human joints out for a holiday. I met one frail tourist who had attempted to "foot it" on a first climb of eight thousand to nine thousand feet. She had collapsed and was going home in a Pullman berth. If she had done her climb-

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ing riding, till the ozone expelled the fatigue poisons, and then begun her walking tour one mile the first day, two the second and gradually up to twelve, till she could come in as fresh as she went out, the chances are the collapse would never have occurred. Now the psychology of nervous dread will probably hold her down to the dead-line of timidity in mountains for the rest of her life. I know; for once I had a rather comical accident on ice at the tip of a dangerous precipice. Though the mishap occurred so unexpectedly that I had no time for fright and was utterly unconscious of fear, I found when winter came round and I was back in the east, I would shy at a patch of ice the size of a dinner plate; and unless I take hold of myself I do it to this day, though many years have passed since I sat down on a piece of ice which I thought was solid till it flew from under me, taking stones in a crash down a canyon seven-thousand feet deep. Only the grace of God and a good alpenstock wedged in rocks at one end and under my armpit at the other, kept me from accompanying that rock slide and dragging the old Swiss guide with me; and to this day, I hate ice under foot and always shall.

After the ride to the Two Medicine or White

PANORAMA OF THE WHITE MAGIC GODS

Magic Lakes, I was sitting in "The Big Tree Lodge" trying to formulate in what the elusive beauty of the mountains consists. There must be a principle beneath it, as the curve of grace and the curve of beauty—Hogarth's lines—explain the beauty of the human form. Is it, as Ruskin says, the subtle combination of three factors—boundless space, a riot of color, seclusion walled from the world in a sort of sacred arcanum? You see the peaks of the far sky line and wonder what lies on the other side; and the wonder lures you as a rainbow lures a child. You ascend and look over—more luminous and vaster vistas to entice you on to time's limits. Then—color! Is there any combination of colors these mountains can't defy and harmonize into a melody of vision that is the meeting place between the rays of eye and ear? Here are the alpine tarns, emerald jewels with diamond lights, where the wind whips the little waves to a vocal fretwork at midday; blue as a sapphire in morning light; purple as agate as the afternoon shadows deepen; and silver mirrors to cloud and moon and star by night. Or, consider the flowers! A paint-brush fiery as flame beside a tiger-lily yellow-red, or the fire flower purpling to lavender, or the bluebell and gentian deep as

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pansy violet. Any combination of those colors in a fabric would scream at the eye; but in the shifting lights of the uplands, all harmonize without a note of discord. Then, there is the third factor in mountain beauty—walled from the world by peaks majestic as celestial spires with, as Ruskin says, every pine giving the first suggestion of a Gothic cathedral. There is not a trick of the decorative arts in color, from oriental rug to cathedral spire, of which man has not caught some first hint from the color combinations in forested mountains. Men of old worshiped in high places and the Druids met and communed with their gods under groves; but a voice was at my elbow. It was the wife of the archeologist who had seen nothing but “senseless . . . gyrations for . . . gaping fools” in Indian dances.

“Look at him—come and look!” she laughed, “He is the shyest, most nervous man on earth; and there he is dancing with—”

The archeologist was the spare professional type of perhaps one hundred twenty-five pounds' weight, and he was dancing with a Blackfoot woman who easily weighed three hundred, dancing with the abandon of a boy out of school, to the “tai-i-i-i, tai-i-i-i” of the Indian chant that

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keeps time to the beat of the tom-tom—a “tai-i-i-i—tai-i-i-i” that has been an Indian chant from the time the fur trader’s first canoe paddled up the streams and rapids from Atlantic to Pacific. It was a sort of two-step, round and round in a ring-a-round-a-rosy with a little three-step thrown in, when the partners take one whirl in the center of the dancing circle.

The Indians old and young were dressed in beaded white buckskins with eagle plume head-dresses on the older men and little feather rosettes on the shy children—one little pair could not have been more than four years old; and from the musicians beating the tom-toms to the smallest child, you had only to scan the faces to see that the dance is to the red man what poetry is to the white. It is his valve of emotional rhythmic expression. These dances could not by the remotest construction be called sex dances. They are symbolic of the winds, the trees, the leaves, the corn, the grass waving in a breeze or lashed to frenzy in a storm. In some dances, the women circle around alone; in others, the men. In one, the men invite the women partners; in another, the women pick the men as partners; and each relinquishes his partner with as pompous an “I thank you” as ever a

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Chesterfield bowed to his lady in a London drawing-room.

It is in the single dances you can trace the symbolism—the fire dance, or the storm dance, or the corn dance. I watched Eli Gardapie, who can't be a day under sixty-nine or seventy, rise and execute a graceful step that might have been an old mazurka. What was it? The elk at play, or the pines in the wind? This was followed by the grass dance of Lone Fish Wolf, who is perhaps the best dancer on the Blackfoot Reserve—in which you could see as he plucked the tall invisible stems and the storm came on, the man was not consciously acting. He was unaware of onlookers. He had forgotten self. He was carried away in a frenzy in which he lived the defiant passions of the deep grasses fighting for their lives through centuries of hurricane. When the tom-toms ceased, he came back to the world of reality pouring sweat at every pore. Then next pranced to the center of the floor a little chap not four years old, with bells on his feet like the carefree laughter of childhood. That little chap was so shy that if you spoke to him he would duck behind his father's legs; but in the dance he was unconscious of all but the rhythm of the tom-toms. Once, when his father

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pushed him out to ask a little white girl with gold curls to dance with him, he was so shy when the dance was over, he shot off the floor to hide in his mother's skirts.

Instead of grease paints such as the Crees of the North use, the Blackfeet apply powdered earth, white, yellow, red flame tints with a lavishness to pale our modern beauty parlors, and the male, like the birds, wears the gorgeous plumage. The Blackfeet, like all horse Indians, have small feet; and I wondered how some of the moccasined ladies fared with their white partners in mountaineering shoe-packs. Anyway, moccasined small feet have no tight-boot corns.

The archeologist's wife laughed. So did I. The mountains were working their White Magic on the professor's snapping nerves.

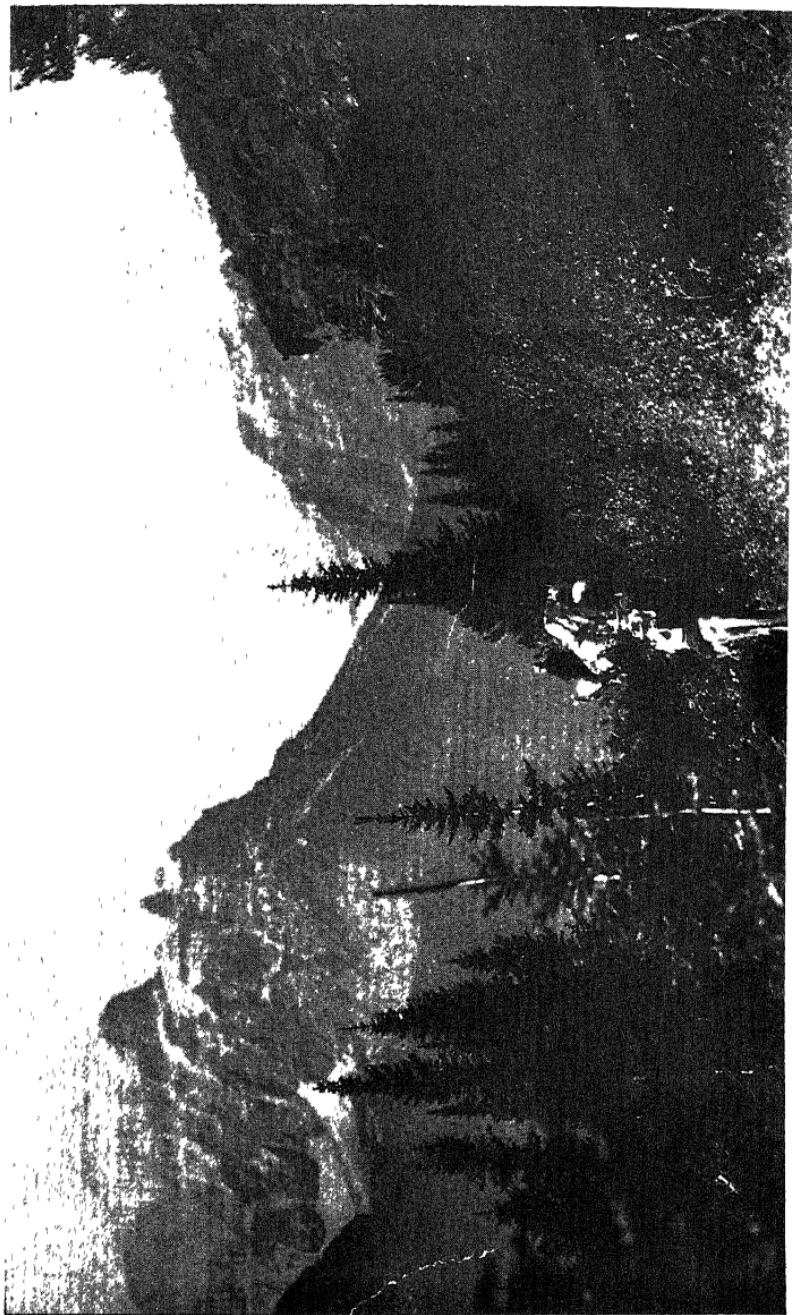
Eli came across and began discussing with me the future of the Blackfeet. If you will read *Larpenteur*, you will find that in a terrible massacre at Ft. Union about the middle of the last century, of the Deschamps and Gardapie Cree families from Manitoba, only some infant children escaped. They escaped by adoption into the Blackfoot tribe. Eli says he is a cousin of one of those families. He can't remember. His earliest recol-

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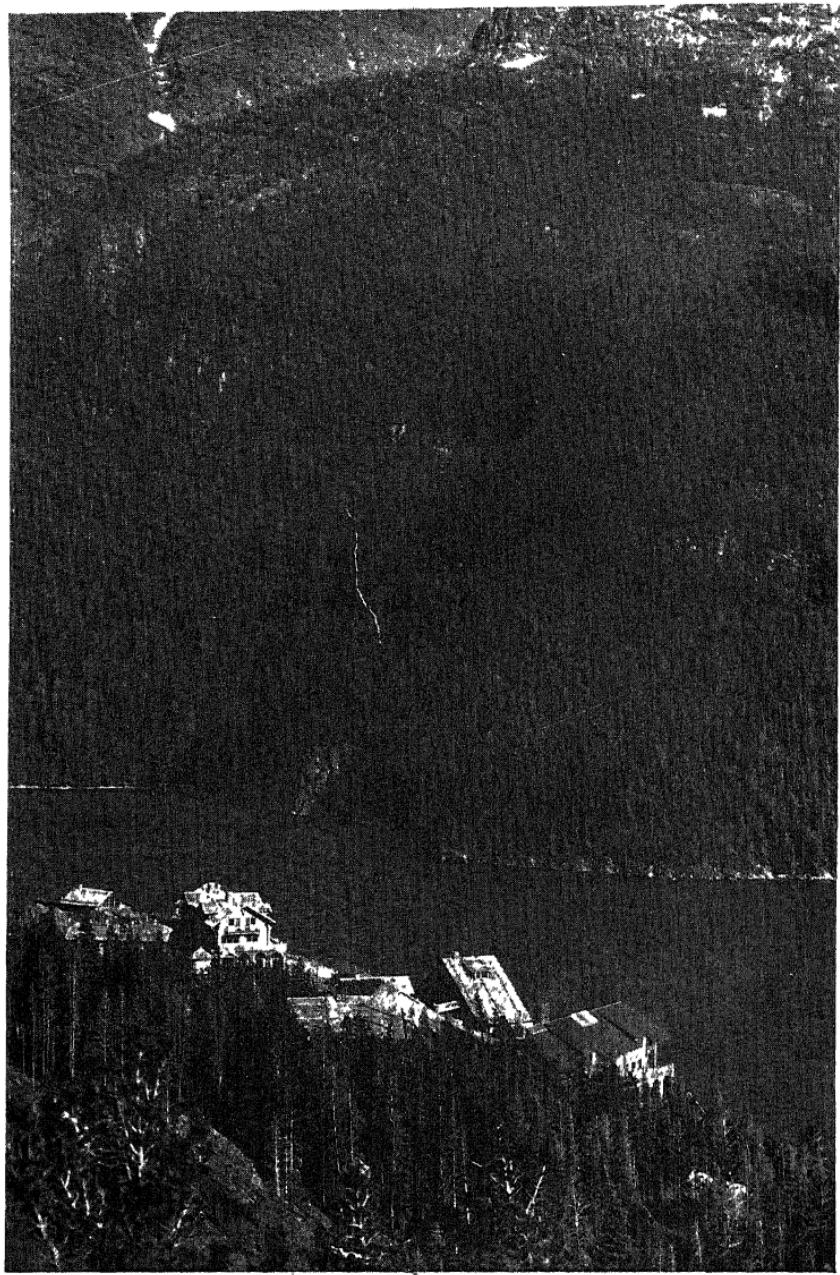
lection is hunting buffalo in Turtle Mountains; but I think if you follow up the old Oblate mission records, you will infer that Eli was himself one of those rescued children. "In Canada, it is different," he said. "There, the Indians can always retreat to good hunting grounds farther north as the white settlers cut off the lands; but here—our lands are gone. What can we raise on these bleak arid hills? It was the passing of the buffalo which extinguished our race; and there is no future for us but to be educated and absorbed gradually in the white race."

Another Indian joined me. "Once our hunting lands extended as far south as the Yellowstone. Treaty money was to compensate for what the white man took; but we have never got that treaty money. Instead, each of us has had assigned four hundred acres and it is so dry we cannot raise enough to live securely; so the Indians have sold the land to white ranchers or leased it at ten cents an acre, all except eighty acres, which we are not allowed to sell—"

It is a long sad story, and the suit is now before the Claims Commission. I think any fair person will acknowledge that the Indian is in the right in his claim. The treaty was made but authorities



ON THE TRAIL AT THE FOOT OF GOAT MOUNTAIN



GOING-TO-THE-SUN CHALET

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tell me the Senate failed to ratify it. In that case, is the land not the Indians' yet? The Indians do not want money for that land. They want stock and an assignment of new areas which will support stock.

But to educate these wild children of the free plains to white man ways is no easy task. Get their confidence, never abuse it, and they will trust you as they would a god; but try to coerce them into thinking as you do—and—well, a foolish man teacher tried forcible coercion on an eighteen-year-old Blackfoot belle when she refused to obey; and she felled him senseless with one blow of a shelf torn from the schoolroom wall. Yet to a former woman teacher that Blackfoot Amazon had been as docile as a lamb; but when mauled by a man she had been taught to strike and she struck. That was the Indian point of view.

At best and worst, the Blackfoot is always an upstanding, proud, self-respecting human. Those who know the fish-eating tribes of the far north or the Pacific coast, know what that statement means. The Blackfeet are worth preserving as specimens of the human race. Some of these other tribes are not; and nature is extinguishing them with their own vices. This does not mean

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the Blackfoot is an idealized hero. He is not. He was a scalper and horse raider like all plains Indians; but then, wasn't the white man a gun-killer and a land pirate, too?

Bright and early next morning, the motors sounded the winding tally-ho for the trip to Going-to-the-Sun and those beautiful sapphire solitaires known as St. Mary Lakes. Again the clear sunlight was champagne to lungs and nerves and quickened heart, throwing off fatigue poisons with no aftermath of the depression from artificial stimulants. Instead of dipping down to the stream bed of Two Medicine River, the motor highway climbs by the easy switchbacks of a corkscrew trail up to the high gray-brown mesas of the Blackfoot Reserve. The forking of one road east leads to Browning, the center of the Reserve, and the forking of another trail west takes you in to the Cut Bank Chalets. Both points are worth a visit—the Reserve for study of Indian life, the Cut Bank Chalets through a light timber forest for some of the best fishing streams and easiest foot trails through Cut Bank Pass down back to Two Medicine, or through Dawson Pass over to the western side of the Divide, where again you will see St. Nicholas pinnacle, an island in a sea

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of clouds, or a Polar Star above the billowing ocean of peaks. The last foot trip is only for experienced trail finders and climbers, steady of head and foot as a mountain goat. When you go over to the motor highways on the west side, you will see why. There is a strip here of game trails, not man roads; and Mount Despair marks the sensations of some prospectors or hunters in the old mining days. Don't monkey with new trails on peaks steep as a wall. I'll give you some examples of *why* presently.

There isn't a great deal to see as far as the Cut Bank Trail. A jack-rabbit goes loping over the gray-brown coteaus in such high jumps that you mistake him for a young fawn. Then you see why he lopes in such panic speed. It isn't fear of the motor. The poor rabbit is so sure he can fool man's vision by sitting stock-still in the middle of the road with his big gleaming, betraying eyes shut that the bodies of rabbits mangled by passing cars lie all along the road; and while the hawk and the eagle now sailing over the forests to the left can spot his squat form that is the color of the road, he can fool them by a quick bound to the hiding of underbrush; but there is one hunter he can never fool—eye or nose—and that is the coyote,

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gaunt always with hunger; and presently you see the tawny wolf-like form skulking over the same mesa the leaping rabbit has plunged, to stalk and catch him on the other side.

And this brings up one of the most puzzling things in all the economy of outdoor life—the cruel Balance of Nature. Why does the rabbit and all the family of hares multiply in such terrific profusion that they must be exterminated about every seven years either by parasite pests of skin and intestines, or by such predatory foes as the coyote, the timber wolf, the cougar, the hawk, the eagle? The animal lover might say, “To provide abundance of easily taken food and fur for man”; but the same animal lover often puts the ban on meat as food and fur as clothing; so there you are up against that sphinx “Why?” again. I suppose there is no place in America where varied bird and fish life are so plentiful as in Glacier Park; for the simple reason that bordering the Blackfoot Reserve, the predatory foes are hunted down. The Cruel Balance of Nature was the one “why” that Solomon with all his wisdom could never answer, as a free paraphrase of an old Arab legend narrates—

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Now Solomon held court for mankind
Out in the open day;
But by light of the moon at midnight
He judged both fairy and fay.

He turned his ring as a flashlight,
And in trooped the midnight throng
To complain and obtain his judgment
For all who had suffered wrong.

One night there crept to his throne steps
An Otter as black as night,
With complaint of the Mountain Ibex
Who had murdered his babies bright.

The Ibex had danced in the moonlight,
And stamped small Oters to death,
And Solomon twisted his signet
And the Ibex pranced in out of breath.

“And why,” asked Solomon sternly,
“Have you done this wicked wrong?”
“Because, O my Lord,” panted the Ibex,
“The Woodpecker pounded his gong.

“And my feet had to dance to his playing
As your soldiers march to your drum—”
So Solomon twisted his signet
‘Twixt his right forefinger and thumb.

And in flew the Woodpecker thrumming
His war-drum with wild whirl and beat.
“Was it Thou who sounded the war-cry
And started these dancing feet?”

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Asked the King with a frown that frightened
The poor little trembling bird.

“My Lord,” said the Woodpecker panting,
“Red Lizard was out with his sword.”

The King flashed his ring in the darkness.
In glided the Lizard Red.
“Wherefore that naked sword, Friend?”
Asked Solomon shaking his head.

“My Lord,” squeaked the Lizard, wriggling,
“The Tortoise wears coat of mail
And he snaps at my pretty red coat
Unless I stab at his tail.”

The King gave a sigh and summoned
The Tortoise to answer then—
The creatures were all like his subjects
Who armed them to fight other men.

Because other men had armor,
They thought they must arm them, too—
Exactly as Lizard and Tortoise
Bethought them they must do.

“Yea, Lord,” snapped the Tortoise tersely,
“I put on my coat of mail;
For the King-Crab was out with a pike lance
A-trailing from snout and tail.”

Then Solomon sent for the King-Crab—
“At last we have traced the guilt.”
But the King-Crab said that the Crayfish
Was out with a bayonet hilt.

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So Solomon lost his temper
And stamped for the Crayfish to come—
And the Crayfish waddled in boldly,
Thumping his own war-drum.

“To be sure, O King, I’m a fighter
Though I’m only a spineless thing—
For the Otter was out for my children—
And the murder goes round in a ring”

And Solomon stamped till all trembled
And belied his peaceful fame—
“Ye are all alike!” he thundered,
“Ye are all alike to blame—

“The Otter would eat the Crayfish,
The Crayfish would snare the Crab,
And the Crab would spear the Tortoise,
And the Tortoise, the Lizard stab.

“And the Lizard affrighted the War-Bird,
And the War-Bird sounded his gong,
And when the Ibex pranced to his beating,
On the Otter came back the wrong—

“I’ll render no judgment to ye—
Off to your dens of night,
For to-morrow I have to pass judgment
On humans in self-same plight.”

The distance from “The Big Tree Lodge” to the Cut Bank Fork is, roughly, about sixteen miles. Then you begin to swerve directly away from the Blackfoot Reserve to the border of the Park at

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Lower Lake St. Mary, in all a ride from the starting point of thirty-two miles. Many people will see here nothing but the brown rolling coteaus of the foothills and an endless succession of gravel banks. Yet the rolling foothills are the deposits of glaciers that go back before recorded time and the pebbles of the gravel banks were the sandpaper that polished and cut the celestial peaks to the beauty of St. John's Apocalypse.

Sticking up where the most unseeing eyes must read is the sign "The Divide." Here the streams behind go to the Gulf of Mexico and the streams ahead to Hudson Bay. On the Cut Bank Ridge you are six thousand feet above sea-level—much higher than cloud line at sea-level, much higher than the aeroplane flies in exhibition pranks. It isn't necessary to tell you to brace up. The high clear air has done that for you, and though the trail begins corkscrewing down about two thousand feet, it is now plunging through forests as erect as a pole, where fire has never run; and you are so high that you can see over the forest top to the peaks known as the "Shining Mountains" since white man first glimpsed them some time between 1737 and 1741. Then, La Verendrye first reached the streams of the Upper Missouri; and

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every mile of the way you can read the record of the rocks—the first highway caused by the glaciers, the next by the streams, the next by the game footmarks, and the fourth by man following the game. And here the labyrinths of mountain ranges begin to lift, not as a bare backbone dividing the continent east and west by a long wall north and south, but as a backbone with huge sharp ribs running out east and west; and it is between these ribbed spires, nineteen of them, east and west, that you are permitted entrance and will find the real mountains.

Use your eyes now and the brains behind your eyes; for nature tells no secrets to sluggards. You are plunging down hairpin curves through forests. Here, sheer closeness to the trail edge opens a vista. There, the Park rangers have felled a few trees to open one. These forests are as different from the west side as the Arctics are from the Tropics. Birch-pole ghosts stand amid the lodge pines and blue spruce and trembling aspens and shrubs of every variety found in a millionaire's garden; and they are all free, here, in your garden. In the bright sunlight, the waters tumbling over the gravel beds below may not look milky; but on a cloudy day, you will see that

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they are milky—the sign of approach to glaciers from the fine silt, just as leaping, pure blue-crystal waters are the sign of snowfields or naked hard rock. If the car spins along with a modulated hum, you will see deer jump back into the dark thicket; but you will see more deer on a trail up the west side, farther from the hunting grounds of Blackfoot Reserve. Buntings, warblers, finches, chickadees, bobolinks, have been hopping up all along the road, making the air tinkle for twenty miles. Bluebells ring as you pass. Brown-eyed Susans stare. Little monkey-flowers laugh. Indian paint-brush flaunts. The windflower tosses out her tresses like the Undines of the cataract spray—“Here I am! I may not be as rainbow tinted as the mermaid in the cataract, where the water-ouzel sings; but the lark sings above me with a silver piccolo from a golden throat; and when my tresses blow you always know winter’s past, spring’s here—the snow is out of the passes and summer is setting the glaciers booming in waterfalls. Without me to herald the spring, what would that water-ouzel do for her spray? I tell when the waters are to be released from their ice prisons. You couldn’t dig out a single trail if I didn’t come first.”

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Everybody has livened up. Everybody is talking. The ozone has gone to heads and hearts; but has a single soul noticed a little tragedy in the middle of the road? Where windflowers poked a purple helmet up at the edge of the receding snows, there was a thrumming and stamping among the trees. The rabbit was calling his mate; so was the mountain grouse—commonly called “the fool hen.” Now her little family of twelve to twenty-two have hatched out and, to avoid drowning, the little ruffled mother leads them to the trickle of mountain sprays rather than to deep pools, where they can peck the pollen of the blooming flowers and snitch a dry berry left clinging to some winter stem and pilfer the new seedlings not yet hard but good green salads for baby digestion; and the proud little dad takes his stand on guard with a strut of new fatherhood, every feather of his ruffled neck up and his tail erect as a vain pigeon. Alas and alas, in a Park where hunting is prohibited he does not fear man; and when he saw the big car preceding ours, he had stepped right out in the middle of the road to flag the car and protect his babies; and when we came, there lay his mangled little body, a martyr to the machine age. I tried to

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console myself that such temerity would have had its head snapped off by a fox anyway; but it added to the little tragedy of the picture when we came back that night to see some brown downy babies scurrying across the same place in the road to learn why their guardian lay so still and didn't answer the love clucks and cheeps that called him back to the wood nest.

If you are not interested in bird life, skip the next paragraph; for of all feathered denizens in these mountain wilds, I find the water-ouzel, nestled beneath the cataract spray, and the common grouse, the most interesting. Both are utterly fearless of man—the water-thrush because man can never get at him beneath the cataract spray; the little grouse for reasons that I don't know. It cannot be that he is a "fool," as the hunters call him,—he shows proof of too much wisdom in eating the pollen sweets of the bee when he is a baby, and berries for roughage when he is a chicklet, and flies for protein when he is a growing youngster. Perhaps it is because, like the rabbit, his families are so large that that Cruel Balance of Nature exposes him through temerity to the destruction of all weaklings, all rashness, all vain bravado, all taking of chances. Anyway, he is

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the most friendly little feathered creature in the mountains. Be it summer heat or midwinter 40° below, he changes his brown coat for white or buff and chirps cheerfully through snow or blow, frost or storm. When the pack-trains first come through the mountains in spring, he will flush up so suddenly from the road with a boom of wing as to send a shy horse off the trail. When afraid—which is too rarely for his own good—he will flop into the brushwood not ten feet away and “freeze”—squat low to the bark so exactly his own shade that you will pass him within touch when up he goes with a yell of bravado into the deep hiding of the evergreens. Like the wandering gypsy, he follows the zone of the seasons on the mountain slopes as the heat waxes or wanes. Winter finds him deep in the canyons living on pine and fir needles, safe from fox and coyote till spring; and if he can't keep his toes warm with his feathers, he burrows a hole in the snow like the Eskimo and wraps up in a white eider-down blanket. You will find the different varieties of grouse in any book on birds; but you will find each variety is as friendly as a pet canary if you win its confidence by gentle approach and dead-still observation. It has the curiosity of a

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crow, the bravado of a pirate, and the vanity of a peacock. Come on the mother hatching, and she will not leave her nest till you almost knock her off with a stick. In winter, the male wears a white or whitish coat like the protecting snows; in spring, a brown like the cinnamon pines where he lodges and strums his wings and courts his lady; in summer, a buff like the fading leaves of the thicket. Color is his screen of safety—rashness his betrayal. When heat drives his predatory foes into the thicket of the forest, up he goes to the inaccessible narrow ledges of the mountain-sheep and goats. What is his function in the life of the mountains? Like the squirrel—a seed sower for the fixed plants; but more than that—a destroyer of the insects that prey on forest life, egg pests, midge, gnat, and caterpillar cocoon.

But out from the aisled pines the big car has at last lunged down, not at the bottom of the slope where you would expect to find a lake, but still four thousand feet above sea-level. This is Lower St. Mary Lake you first glimpse—a beautiful blue sheet but paled and outshone by its sister, Upper St. Mary; for the car pauses at the usual

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ranger station, just where the two lakes join. Why are all the beautiful lakes high up—the most exquisite the highest up? Is it the cussedness of nature that all the most beautiful things are most hidden and hardest to attain?

The time has come when you have to pry into the secrets of the Panorama of the White Magic Gods, or you won't in the least understand the wonderful moving picture of the ages passing before your eyes. I know of no place on earth where you can trace back, step by step, layer by layer, to the beginnings of time as you can in Glacier Park. Examine these two lakes sharply—a jam of stones and gravel at the outlet of the lower lake, where the passing glaciers of a hundred peaks dropped their bowlders. That dammed the first waters back, and the Lower Lake was formed; but the dammed waters of a thousand leaping torrents must have boiled against the obstructions in a whirling pot, tossing the bowlders in a seethe that smoothed them slippery as cannon balls; and down they, too, dropped, creating a second dam or ford or shallow; and behind this formed the second or Upper St. Mary Lake. And if you climb the trails above this higher lake,

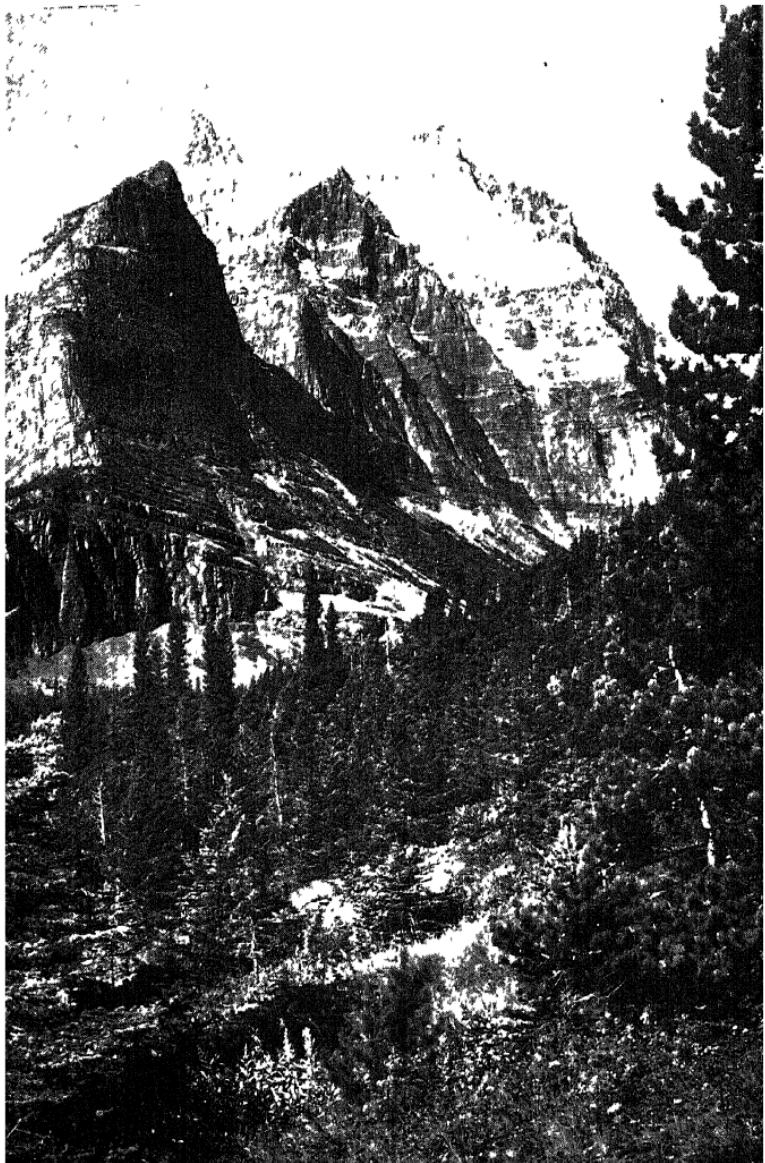
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you will find hundreds of other upper lakes, gems of sapphire and emerald amid the peaks' crown of opal snows.

Step by step, there is the record of the Angel of the Waters and the Angel of the Ice—Angel of the Hoar Frost the old *Book of Enoch* calls it; for every icy glacier was once a snowfield, and every snowfield was once a falling snow-flake; and the snowflakes are the flowers in bloom of “the Waters above the Firmament” shadowed in myriad stars to drape the nakedness of the newly created mountains in mantles of spotless white till, like Adam, the forests have grown their fig leaves; and the little bird and the wind are the sowers of the mountain’s forest coat. Again, if you use your eyes, you can trace back the years of the snowfall, and the centuries of the years, and the æons of countless centuries. The Angel of the Winds has sent his ragged cohorts of storms in demon battle over these emerging mountains; and each season reveals its layer of summer dust and thaw congealed by the winter into timeless ice. Both the rock layers and the ice layers are known as moraines. In certain glaciers, you can literally go step by step on time’s stairway of yearly snowfalls, back and back and back—once on Moraine



THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE NEAR QUARTZ CREEK PASS



GOING-TO-THE-SUN MOUNTAIN

PANORAMA OF THE WHITE MAGIC GODS

Lake in Canada, I counted layers of yearly snow-fall back to the days preceding Columbus; but once more, let me warn, let me re-warn, let me re-emphasize the warning—*Never go on ice without a guide, and never go on dangerous glacial slopes unless two men are on the rope besides yourself!*

Never ignore this warning.

When I slipped on the ice above the ledge that separates the Asulkan from the Great Glacier in Canada, if my alpenstock had not been wedged I would have gone down and carried my old guide with me; for he was below my feet, hunting a foothold to which I could step from his shoulder. If there had been a man roped behind me, his weight would have kept my weight from dislodging the guide below.

Now I am only an amateur, and an amateurish amateur. I never climb mountains for records. I climb them for view. That day I was out to see seracs, where the ice pitches in fantastic caverns over a precipice; but let me give the experience of two or three of the best mountain climbers in America. The first year I was out climbing in the Canadian Rockies, Phil Abbott lost his life. It is a tragedy almost forgotten; but as I was in the

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mountains when his body was brought out, it made a deep impression. Yet I was foolish enough to do a few years later exactly what Abbott's death had taught me one must never do. Abbott was out with a party of the best climbers that ever scaled the worst peaks of the Canadian Rockies; and when I say "worst," I mean peaks that are death traps. They came to an impassable rock wall on the face of Lefroy. Abbott could go up a wall like a human fly. He asked the men behind to unrope. He would scramble up alone, then lower the rope and haul them up one by one. He had reached the very top of the walled ledge. A great rock which he thought fast fixed protruded. He threw his arms round it to give himself one last pull up by hand-hoist. The boulder was not fast fixed. It gave. He crashed down, holding it in a death vice. It battered the falling form to a crushed mass. Rock and body shot past his affrighted friends to the depths of a canyon hundreds of feet below. I don't remember how far the lifeless body rolled; but I know it took an experienced mountaineer ten days to reach it and bring the corpse out.

- Or take another case. A party had paused on the upper snows to lunch. They were unroped.

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One dared the other to race to a given point. To be sure, the snow sagged in one spot; and sagging snow may mean a natural hollow; or it may mean a hidden crevasse. The little light man hopped the sag safely. The heavy man, who was one of the best mountain climbers in the world, went through the snow bridge into an ice crevasse hundreds of feet deep, above subterranean roaring waters. When his companions looked over the edge they saw him, wedged feet down, senseless, far beneath the top. The unmarried man—I think it was Sir Norman Collie of the British Alpine Society—was lowered by ropes. The victim was unconscious and could render no help. His rescuers roped him under his right arm-pit; he was wedged so tightly they thought they would pull his arm out before they got him up. Marvelous to credit, beyond bruises and strain he was uninjured; but what if the crevasse had not narrowed where it deepened? His body would have been swept away by the roaring river and battered to a pulp.

There is not a glacial region in America that has not the same record of the results of rashness. A man in Glacier Park lost his life because he wandered over a glacier alone, where he fell in

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and wedged, and froze to death before he was missed from the registration list in the hands of the rangers. There was never a better man on ice in America than Muir of California. No man knew glaciers better or traversed more of them; yet Muir came within an ace of losing his life in the high Sierras of California. He had gone up a steep slope by creeping on all fours and shuffling on his back with pegged boots over the most slippery slants. It had been polished to glass by the thaw; but still the battlements crested above lured the hardy mountaineer on and up. Having surmounted the worst, why not go on? It was coming on towards night. He must go quickly; and for once in his life the rashness of the tenderfoot eclipsed the caution of the mountaineer. A gully up seemed possible. Then it dawned on him that he was doing a foolish thing, and trepidation shook his iron nerve. He was twelve thousand eight hundred feet up, when, with arms outspread and face to rock, and feet on a ledge so narrow it gave only toe-hold, he realized that if he moved hand or foot he was doomed. He did not know how he ever got out of his predicament. He ascribed it to his Guardian Angel, or the grace of God.

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If men like Muir were cautious, with nerves of iron, hearts strong as force-pumps, and feet sure of the rocks as mountain-goat, need caution be impressed on amateurs? So, to the warning of “never go on ice without a guide, or on a true glacier without two roped guides,” add three other precautions: *Have your boots square pegged*, not round pegged. Round pegs slip. *Carry an ice ax to cut steps and give grip*; and if you find yourself, even with guides, in a tight fix where you have to glissade down to the edges of yawning crevasses to get down at all, where you cut steps for foothold, *cut them in and down coal-scuttle V fashion, so you cannot pull out when you pay out the rope for the guide to slide down to find a fresh foothold for you.* Cut the slope of the letter V, not the slope of a slant A.

I give these warnings because you are now in a true glacial region; and the danger is nil if you observe the most uncommon of all things in life —common sense.

When you leave the car at St. Mary’s Chalet and come out of the wood trail in full view of the two lakes, it is as if the best you have guessed of the mountains were only a faint curtain hint of what now unrolls beneath your gaze in a pan-

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orama of enchantment. There lies the Lower Lake—blue as the sky above—of course you will stay here—what a haven of rest; then you glance up toward the Narrows and you forget the Lower Lake. You forget every lake you have ever seen before in all your life. Is it a mirror of the sky, or a sapphire solitaire? It is giving off diamond flashes, where the midday sun strikes the riffling whitecaps; but close ashore are the purple shades and the emerald glints and the peacock blues. Then you look farther up this jeweled pendant curve of waters, the shape of a crescent, and you no more try to articulate your emotions than the first time you saw Grand Canyon. Only, this is a water canyon with all the life of “the voice of many waters,” where the Angel of the Frost and the Angel of the Waters and the Angel of the Fire seem still to glint and hint their eternal presence of a creation that is never finished. Belt-ing the sky line in peaks that are celestial walls and pinnacles and spires, are the encircling tem-pled mountains with their glaciers pea green and turquoise blue in the far luminous basins of golden light. Just now you must go up to the lake for eight or ten miles by launch; but very soon the scenic highway across the Divide will

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send you climbing these majestic passes in your own car; and as you advance up and up and up the Narrows into the purple and blue filtered shadows, you know why the Hebrews hung a veil with the colors of the rainbow in front of their altar to hide their Holy of Holies from profane eyes. That same rainbow veil of luminous light is hanging before your eyes now, especially if mists lie in the upper alpine hollows shot by mid-day sun. The Hebrew seers had embroidered in their veil the gorgeous flowers of the tropics edged with gold. Nature has embroidered in this veil also, edged with the gold of the sun, the alpine fir on the ledge far above; and as the rainbow-colored mist shifts to the wind in a blown wreath, these trembling evergreens on the dizzy heights point the same direction of the wind. Then, as the Narrows bring you into the very lap of the enfolding peaks—Goat Mountain, Going-to-the-Sun, Citadel, and all the rest round to Red Eagle on the south—you see the same record of the rocks, the laminated belts of yellow and red and buff and blue and green and gray, which mark the layers of prehistoric seas, ere ever the firmament above was separated from the firmament below, or the first rays of the sun penetrated

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the drench of vapor rising from a primeval world.

What hurled these belted, ribboned pinnacles up from the sea to the zenith of mid-heaven? Was it the God of the Volcanic Fires, or the God of the Watery Chaos? Twenty years ago, geology would have answered unhesitatingly—Volcanic action; but those upper sands now laminated by terrific pressure into rock are revealing so many oceanic marks that science is no longer postulating so positively. Perhaps both Fire and Water; and that is its unique beauty. Whether the earth is solid, or only a crust over volcanic fires that are forever creating and destroying to re-create sublimer worlds, science is fairly unanimous that what happened here was similar to what happens to a big rubber ball when you press it in at one point; it bulges up at another—or bursts. When it pressed in far out in the Pacific or Indian Ocean, where a Lemuria sank beneath the engulfing waves, or far out in the Atlantic Ocean, where an Atlantis gradually sank for twenty-five thousand years, till it took its final plunge eleven thousand years before Plato was born, the beds of these American seas rose gradually into the peaks we see to-day; and when the pressure was

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greatest from the west, these peaks moved and tilted thirteen to fifteen miles east of the continental backbone. That is what is meant by the Lewis Overthrust, when the mountains moved and threw this section of the Divide more than ten miles off the meridian of the rest of the Divide.

Then something very terrible and colossal began in earth history. It was the meeting place between astronomy and geology. Once in every so many thousand years, the earth takes a new tilt to her axis, or the sun a new tilt to its appointed path amid the spheres. According to both astronomy and oriental myth, when that happens there is a volcanic catastrophe where the earth's crust is brittle and sharp; and in that volcanic cataclysm a Lemuria or an Atlantis may have sunk; but when earth changes the angle of her axis, changes also the earth climate. Snow began falling, falling, falling for centuries, burying a tropic Alaska in ice, the British Isles, Central Europe, to the very summits of Switzerland. This was one of the great Glacial Ages. We find the prehistoric bodies of elephants from the tropics furred from cold up under the tundras of Alaska to-day, and saber-toothed tigers of tropical jun-

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gles in the California sands. It was when the ice began to move out and melt that an English Channel was scooped into a watery strait, and a Mediterranean Lake into an inland sea, and our own Mississippi Valley raised into silt plains, and the Mongolian Desert hoisted into an arid sand wilderness, where had once dwelt populous marine if not human life, and the Sahara into an upland wilderness of volcanic ash and sand. This is what planed these peaks vertical as a wall on the east, and left them rolling mountain slopes heavily forested on the west.

How long ago? And I answer reverently—God only knows. The seas may go back eighty million years; for our record of Creation goes back only to where sentient life began. The last glacial action may go back twenty-five thousand years; and for those who revel in pessimistic thrills it may be added, the next astronomic tilt is predicted anywhere from two hundred to two thousand years. We are on our way to it now; but the records of the rocks prove—and mythology confirms it—that God never hastens. It was all the work of timeless æons; so jumpy nerves may sleep soundly for another two thousand years.

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The first frog will not need to take another flying flop from water to mud slime for some time; and perhaps the little "flapper" who got "a kick out of these lovely lakes" was harking back to a kick that was ancestral from jazz over the joy of a new flapping floor on real solid land.

But the launch has moored below a lofty crag where perches the Chalet "Going-to-the-Sun," an eagle nest one hundred feet above the lake level. Why "Going-to-the-Sun"? Look to the end of the Narrows! There is the snowy mountain, luminous in light, with an opal glacier on its crags, which you will see better from the foot trail farther up. As Enoch taught men how to live, how to build houses, how to cultivate the soil and tame wild nature to his will and have dominion over all things, and then "was not, for God took him," without the dark portals of death closing on him; as Hiawatha came to teach the tribes and then passed in his canoe to the Happy Spheres of Heaven, so the Blackfeet believe a Great Spirit came to teach them; and when his work was done, he, too, passed unscathed by death over the Shining Mountain, "Going-to-the-Sun."

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Myths? Perhaps; but what are myths but shadows of facts cast on the clouds—clouds of those nameless unseen waves which science now says encircle our earth in an invisible, fiery, electric firmament?

PART III

Along the Roof of America

WHEN Hill and Strathcona and Mount Stephen and Van Horn were racing across the continent to get the last golden spikes driven that would link East and West with steel rails, they were great cronies and used to foregather in St. Paul and Montreal and New York. Once, when they had been talking far into the night and cracking the dry jokes of which Mr. Hill and Sir William Van Horn were past masters, some one ventured the prediction that the day might come when the Backbone of the continent would become a great mountain playground for the world. The prophecy seemed ridiculously far-fetched. There were fewer than 15,000 people north and 100,000 people south of the boundary between the Great Lakes and the Pacific. There were no National Parks. There were no National Forests.

“Yes,” said Van Horn, “but the trouble with mountain scenery in America is, it lacks human interest—human appeal—background—history.” Then, with one of his dry smiles: “Now

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if we could get some of your famous friends from the east to come out here and break their precious necks in the mountains, we might create human interest—”

The point of this joke is—not one of the group seemed conscious that he was making history. Though Van Horn was himself an artist, and the other three patrons of the arts, not one knew that the transcontinental railroads they were building crossed at right angles the Oldest and the Longest Trail in human history. The story of that trail is daily being pieced together by the records of the archeologist's spade, the papyrus of Egypt, the tablets of Babylonia, and the palmetto leaf manuscripts of China and India.

Let us get down to the evidence visible right at hand.

The Blackfeet call the Divide “the Backbone of the World.” If the spurs running out at right angles from that Backbone were equal in number east and west with the mountain passes where the vertebræ form little depressions in the upper alpine meadows, you could check off every valley and say, “Here and here, such races settled and built up their distinctive culture cut off from their neighbors by the precipice ridges.” But the

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ridges east and west don't run off from the Backbone with that regularity. Instead, they thrust out fan-wise, like the fingers of a Cosmic Hand, and where the knuckles bulge tower the peaks, some recumbent monster walls, others saw-teeth, others pinnacles, a few—sharp as spires; and between the peaks are the passes.

Now go back to the Longest and Oldest Trail in all history.

Whether you read the *Jesuit Relations*, or such voyageur records as *Radisson's Journals*, in which is given the Labrador Indians' account of the origin of their tribe—Mountain Indians—you will find the same old tradition—that some climatic catastrophe drove the parent stock from the far Northwest south and southeast to the Iroquois Confederacy of New York, and the Sioux Confederacy of the Plains, and the Blackfeet Confederacy of the Mountains, and the other well-known Indian groups. You get the very same traditions of the Aztecs, who drove the Toltecs out of Mexico—wherever the Toltecs came from, which is an Atlantis myth.

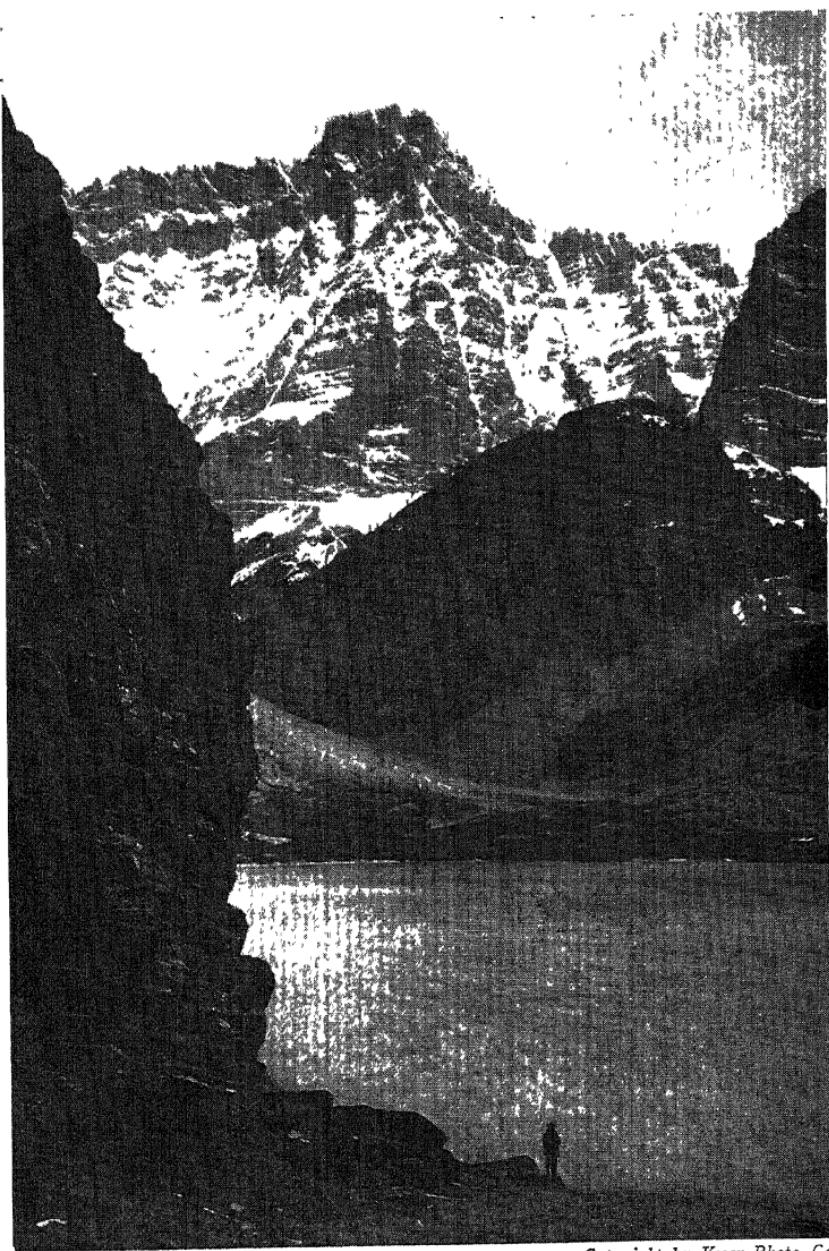
The best account I know of the origin of the American Indian, the Cave Dwellers, the Cliff Dwellers, and the Prehistoric Mound Builders

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is to be found in General Miles' *Memoirs*, 1897 Edition. When you consider that General Miles wrote his views before cocksure anthropologists acknowledged that man had been contemporaneous with the Glacial Age and the brontosaurian monsters—General Miles' conclusions are startling. He drew them from lifelong, loving contact with every Indian tribe in the United States; and he reënforced them with facts from Professor Putnam's *Peabody Reports*, and Schoolcraft and Catlin. Since that time, Winchell's great *Geology of Minnesota* has come out; also the U. S. *Hydrographic Surveys* of a sunken Atlantis in mid-ocean, Spence's *Atlantis*, and reports of California and New Mexico archeologists. They are recasting the entire fabric of former theories, and are getting both archeology and anthropology on a basis of scientific data.

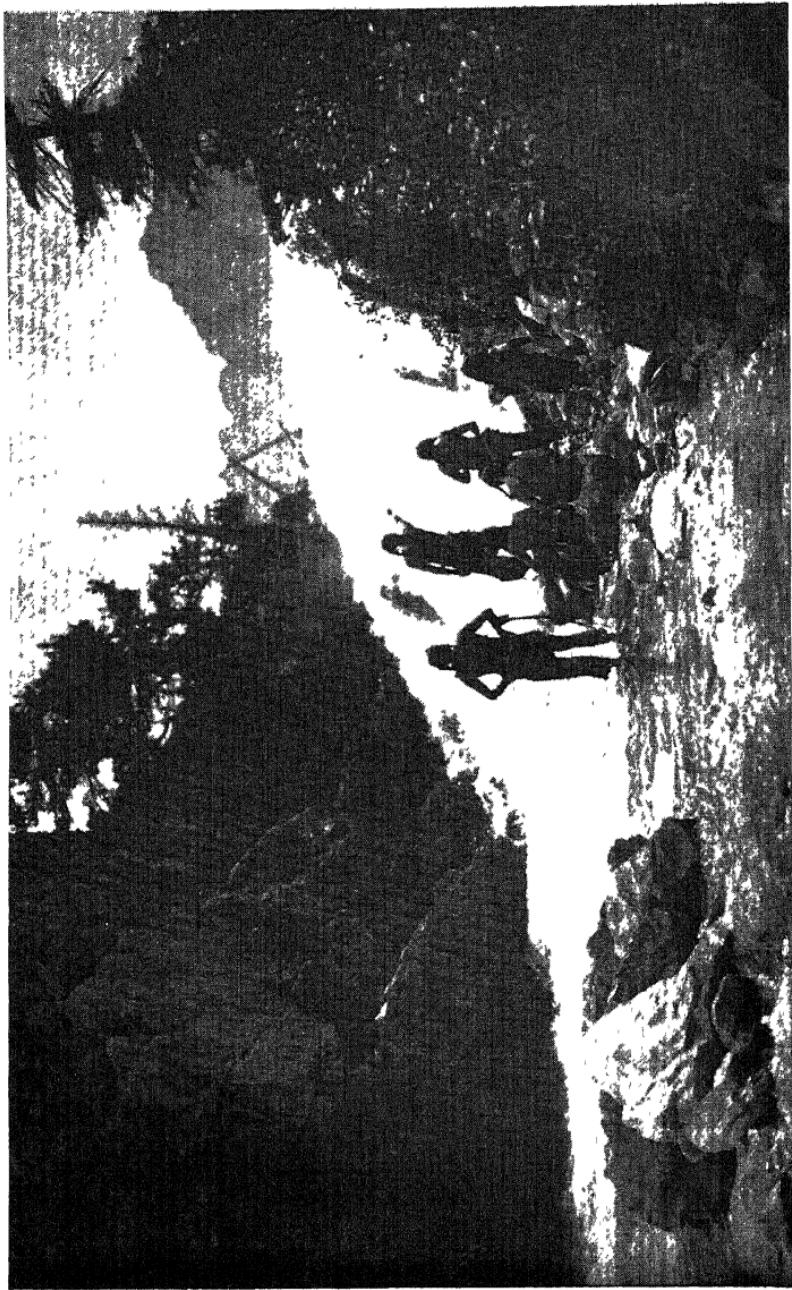
Now you can measure the length of the trail down the foothills of the Rockies for yourself. It is one of the very longest in all history, twice as long as Noah's from Ararat to the Plains of Shinar, or Abraham's from Ur to the Holy Land.

Indians say that long before the white man came to the "Shining Mountains" with pack-horse and dog-train, this Old Trail from north to



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AT THE HEAD OF BLUE LAKE



MCDERMOTT FALLS IN GLACIER PARK

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south had been worn ankle-deep by the red men wanderers; and before the red men found it, it had been threaded and charted by the buffalo drifting south before the glacial storms of an Arctic cold that caused to grow on these ponderous bovines the shag of fur on their fore-quarters.

But where did these tribes of Great Slave Lake, drifting south and southeast, come from?

There, tradition itself has no answer. The answer goes back beyond time. The Blackfeet were Sun Worshipers like the Egyptians and the Babylonians and the Hindoos. I should not be afraid to pick out typical prayers to the Sun by all four races, copy them, shuffle the slips and then defy the best archeologist on earth to pick out which was which. Their picture-language had many of the same symbols. I have given examples of this: the circle, the sacred triangle, the sacred square, the cross. All used picture-writing. To all, mineral, stone, tree, water, and mountain had their own shadow spirits, which we moderns would perhaps describe as their wireless waves. They believed all animal and human life had its soul-shadow or angel, and when people dreamed or fainted that soul-shadow went off walking

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and wandering outside the body. From birds, all read divinations of the future, which isn't so remarkable when you stop to think that we can forecast seasons by the early or late flight of the birds. Every slain animal and human left a "haunt."

Their myths are even more striking. Take the Fall of Man. The Old Hermetics of Egypt—I quote one of the very latest translations, read the recent translation of Prof. Scott of Cambridge—held that Anthropos, the first radiant human being clothed in Light, broke a hole in the floor of the lowest sphere of Heaven, looked down through the opening and was so enchanted by the glorious beauty in color and form of Mother Earth, that he plunged down and clothed himself in matter, in a Coat of Skin; and that was the Fall of Man.

The Blackfoot legend of the Dusky Evening and Glorious Morning Star, is almost the same, more humanized. Longfellow has given the Cree-Chippeway version of it in *Hiawatha*. A Feather Woman—"mystic"—was sleeping on the prairie and awakened to see the beautiful Morning Star. She took him for her lover and husband; and

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when the tribe would have cast her out dishonored, Morning Star, with a spider-web shot with diamond dew, wafted her up to the sphere of the Sun and the Moon. The spider was the wisest of the "little people" living in brush and moss. Her child was called "the Star" and the mother was given a sacred root-digger and permission to take of all fruit of the spheres but the Turnip, whose roots went down to earth; but the more she looked at that Turnip, the more she wanted to dig it up and see what was under its roots. Up she pulled it, finally, with the help of a crane, and then through a hole in the floor of the sky she saw the glad green earth again, radiant and more friendly to her lonely human soul than an ethereal crystal paradise, and the rest of the story does not need telling. Down she fell to earth with her little "Star Son," who became a great medicine- or mystery-man. That is their version of the Fall of Man.

There you get an idea of the age of the Oldest and Longest Trail in human history. It runs from—where? From wherever both the Aleuts and Peruvians came from; for, according to Vatican records, both sprang from the same root races.

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So, was Van Horn right? Does American mountain scenery "lack human interest—human appeal—background—history"?

If you still think so, come down a pace nearer our own times. As the Blackfeet moved south down the Long Trail, the Cold Maker—which is the Blackfoot name for climate—also the Old Man—was busy on that Trail. First he came like a saber-toothed tiger in a winding-sheet of winter storms—then in twenty-five thousand years or so he whirled away and there danced forth from the Snow Tepee, a glorious Youth with a gold plume like the tassel of corn tossed in the wind, all clad in garments of golden green, whom races of men called Spring; and as the ice melted out of these east and west valleys between the blind walls, and left leaping, sky-blue torrents and emerald lakes and deep pastures and forests giving shelter from rain and cold—into these havens of food and roof wandered the drift of game and man hunters. From Athabasca to Aztec Land, all along the Oldest and Longest Trail of human history, you will find curious "fairy rings" of stones which superstition said were circles of serpent worship and hunters said marked old camp sites and buffalo wallows,

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but which the Blackfeet will tell you plainly were the “pounds” of game hunters, or traps in the days before man had firearms, when buffalo and deer were decoyed into blind vales or over embankments, to be slain for food. Many of these “fairy rings” lie outside Two Medicine and St. Mary’s Glaciers. And if you know the foothills well, you know that everywhere are “porcupine hills.” You would think these Indians in prehistoric days ate, drank and dreamed of porcupines. To be sure, they needed porcupines to decorate their buckskin, wind-proof shirts; but look again. On the crest of the Porcupine Hills are lodge-pole pines like porcupine quills stuck erect; and in the long trek over the long, long trail, clans and families and tribes paused to cut lodge-pole pines for their tepees. Where the blue spruce and deep fir of the valleys receding into the forested mountains seemed to offer shelter from winter storms, up between these forested ridges the pilgrims of twenty-five thousand years ago or more wandered to take possession of a hunting ground for themselves.

North of the present American boundary there settled between these protecting ridges, Stonies and Sarcees and Kootenays and Assiniboines. South

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of the boundary as far as the Yellowstone, along the boundary and as far north as the South Saskatchewan, settled the Bloods and the Piegan and the Blackfeet—a Confederacy of not less than sixty thousand in their prime, of whom the strongest were the Blackfeet, with forty thousand people between the Missouri and the Yellowstone. East in the north were the Plains Cree and Assiniboines; east in the south, the Plains Sioux and Crows; and when the white fur trader from the Atlantic coast came pushing his canoe westward along another trail, the trail of the little beaver—selling the Plains tribes firearms, these Confederacies of the Foothills, holding the best game preserves in the world and almost impregnable in their mountain passes, had to fight to hold their ground; but when Gray discovered the Columbia, and white men traders with more firearms began climbing up over the backs of the Mountains, then, indeed, the Blackfeet saw the handwriting on the wall—the doom of their race between two advancing tides; and raid and counter-raid began the last sad page of a century crime.

The Blackfoot had to fight or be exterminated. He fought with his back to the wall; he fought triumphant till the advancing tide of hungry set-

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tlemen devoured his hunting ground and exterminated the buffalo. That is the last page of the story of the Longest and Oldest Trail in history; and it happened in our day. I am going to give some of the last page of that story, for it isn't all tragedy. There was give and take, loss and gain, to the clashing races. There is no use idealizing the Indian age as one of halcyon happiness. It wasn't. Sewing with a bone bodkin, killing a buffalo with a stone-pointed arrow, fighting a grizzly with a stone skull-cracker—may sound very picturesque if you don't happen to be doing it. Neither pen nor brush can exaggerate the joy and beauty of camp-fire peace with the incense of balsam resin going up to the passing sun; but against that Arcadian picture must be set up the scalping raid, the gaunt famine, the desolate cold in winters when food failed. The Jesuits may have had subconscious, unconscious motives in painting the pagan life of the Indian in dark colors; but a half pagan Radisson, who was more at home in a tepee than under a roof, or a word-painter like Willard Schultz, who lived and loved the Indian life for thirty years and preferred it to white man life, or an Indian-lover like Père De Smet, had no such motive in portraying the dark side of Indian life.

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Read their records! Hunting—yes—marvelous hunting in a game preserve where fish and fowl, buffalo and deer abounded; but side by side with that superabundance of food stalked the gaunt specter of periodic famine, and the gaunter demon specter of the human man-hunter out for scalps. Why many of the Plains tribes literally stewed in filth and dined on vermin, in a land of game plenty where the Blackfeet “tabooed” even fish as a soft food till modern days, and regarded the bear as unclean food, I do not know, unless it was as Eli Gardapie said, that, being hunters and fighters the tribe had to keep itself at top notch, or be wiped out.

I have told you how the Blackfeet gave a name to the beautiful glen of the Two Medicine Lakes through holding their mystic Medicine Lodges there. The next valley north between the east and west spires of the mountains is known as the Cut Bank, which divides the streams flowing south from the streams flowing north. Then come the beautiful, mystic White Magic Lakes, Upper and Lower St. Mary, named after Father De Smet's St. Mary Missions farther south, right where a Blackfoot legend pointed to the Indian prophet Going-to-the-Sun through the luminous curtain

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of Light that drapes each sunset. Alexander Henry is the first I know to have recorded the legend of "Going-to-the-Sun." Going up the Athabasca and Columbia and Saskatchewan, De Smet must often have passed near these St. Mary Lakes. He followed the Flathead trail on the west side of the Divide. The White Magic or Mystic Medicine Men had a way of keeping tribal records by pictures drawn on the skin tepees, and little red sticks of deer bone or wood to tally the solar years. (Pebbles on string, usually colored blue like the sky, recorded count of the moons.) To see whether our Rocky Mountains are destitute of human interest, I am going to quote a few of the pictograph stories dated by the sticks and pebbles about 1845, which Wissler of the Museum of Natural History gives; but if you want even earlier records you can get them in Catlin, about 1833. Chittenden says Catlin was not always reliable, so let us take the Indian's own account of his life.

"Crow (raiders) escaped by letting themselves down from a rock (precipice) with a rope. . . ."

"Spent winters on Maria's." (This was the famous Pass and River, which John F. Stevens discovered and opened for Hill's Great Northern, and which Meriwether Lewis first named.)

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“Fight with Snake Indians (from west side), . . . Piegan killed (in raid). . . .”

“Camped on Cut Bank” (where the movement of buffalo could be seen from north to south and south to north). . . .

“Fight with Kootenay . . . and Sioux . . . many killed. . . .”

“Summer camp Sweet Grass Hills” (Canada, where the grass used in Magic Lodge was gathered for sacrifice and incense to the Sun.) “Fights with the Flatheads” (from west), “Returned to Two Medicine River” (for winter). Then follow the violent deaths of seven Blackfeet leaders at the hands of raiding Flatheads from the west and Crows from the east. The buffalo are recorded as in the Maria’s this year, which doubtless explains the invasion of the Blackfeet hunting ground by Crows and Sioux and Flatheads; but always after the raids the cryptic signs pointing to the stronghold retreat. “Camped Two Medicine River.” The seasons were marked on the tally sticks as “geese moons” (April); “frog moon” (May); “summer moon” (June); “thunder moon” (July); “big-sun-moon” (August); “berry moon” (September); and so on through the year. We smile at the curious Indian names, Heavy

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Breast, White Dog, Star Boy, Feather Woman; but are they any more curious than our own white man names: Broadfoot, Whiteside, Bird, Lake, Seaman, Short, Long, Beaverbrook, Grace, Rose, and Myrtle? They had their Fox Lodges. We have our Elks. They have their Mad Dog Vigilantes. We have our Black Shirt and White Shirt and Red Shirt Vigilantes.

We have now checked off three of these ribs running out from the Backbone of the World—Two Medicine perhaps the most mystic; Cut Bank the most historic, for it was here a clan of the Long Trail paused and multiplied to a race of forty thousand, and it was here the streams going north and south divided; the Upper and Lower St. Mary Lakes, where the teachers of the Blackfeet, pagan and Christian, have enshrined their beliefs in names of mountains sculptured from eternity; and now, still climbing mountains by motor north over the same Oldest and Longest Trail, the road swings out from the push of mountain and foothill back easterly into the Blackfoot Reserve till you come to a little packing-box shop marked “Babb Post Office.” There the Long North Trail goes on up across the border into Canada, and on south to Mexico and Peru, but your

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mountain-climbing road crosses St. Mary River, and strikes off almost due west up the glad shouting blue rush of glacial and snow waters known as Swift Current, right into the jumping-off place at Many Glacier for horseback and foot trips up to the Backbone of the World. Peaks are round you in a circle, seven you can count as you go in, precipices walled to the east beveled by the ice, pinnacled at the summit with the passes going over the sky line in saw-tooth edges, and the shouting river trail leading you up past foaming waterfalls in sheets to a chain of these lakes blue as the sky above. If you love birds and have time here, stop at the Falls just as you cross the Bridge. Right under the spray, in a nest soft and green as plush moss, you will find the little water-bird, who is the winged fairy of the cataract, the ouzel or water-thrush, who dives, ducks, swims, who boasts the wildest torrent, singing sheer gladness till his throat almost bursts. Fair weather or foul, sunshine or storm, it is all alike to him. His business is being glad. Why not? What enemy can invade his nest? I'd give a day to find out how in the world he coaxes his downy babies to take their first hip-hop, timid, scared "fly," in the face of that spray; but of all bird lovers, I don't know one

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who ever witnessed that first flight of the water-ouzel. In fact, it takes vision as sharp as a ferret to follow the full-grown ouzel's darts and dives through the spray; and how the little chap—with hardly the sign of a tail for a rudder—balances himself in that tornado of mist and water, I don't know; and yet, has any one ever found a drowned water-baby below the falls? I am sure the ouzels have fairies for guardian angels.

There is no mistaking the Backbone of the World, here called the Garden Wall, with one main pass to the north and two to the south, which mark well; for Piegan is named to mark the Blackfoot's most terrific fights to stop the invasion of Snake and Kootenay and Flathead from the west, where snows blocked the trail fifteen feet deep for all but two months of the year. It is up the Logan Pass that the motor road will cross the Divide in a hairpin trail fifty miles long from east to west, one of the highest motor highways in the world.

The run from "The Big Tree Lodge" to Many Glacier is over sixty miles; and another Big Tree Lodge stands so close to the mountain lake that you can toss a biscuit from the piazza to the fish. People do not travel sixty miles unless they love

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mountains; and, praise be Heaven, this "Big Tree Lodge" is packed to the roof with mountain-lovers, where, less than a hundred years ago, Pie-gans fought like tigers to repel the invaders from the west, and poor Alexander Ross, working from the Pacific across to the plains for buffalo meat, at times prayed, at times swore, at times bribed his men with rum to shovel the passes clear for his horses, and at times let them dance wild, Red River jigs to keep them from mutiny till he could get across to the plains for food.

Take a good look as you advance up the Swift Current River. Where stands a government dam now once stood a beaver dam, creating these Sherburne Lake swamps; so Ross could make his fur-brigade pay their way in beaver pelts. The Lake here is the same dazzling blue as at Going-to-the-Sun, encircled by peaks with the same belts and bands of gold and red and green and purple and buff sea sands; but here in addition mystic, eerie, unearthly, hanging between heaven and earth ghosts in their winding-sheet of snows and mist, all decked in jewels of chrysoprase and pale tourmalines, are the glaciers, skeletons on the wave of time from the æons of that "Ancient of Days" who sculptured these rocks.

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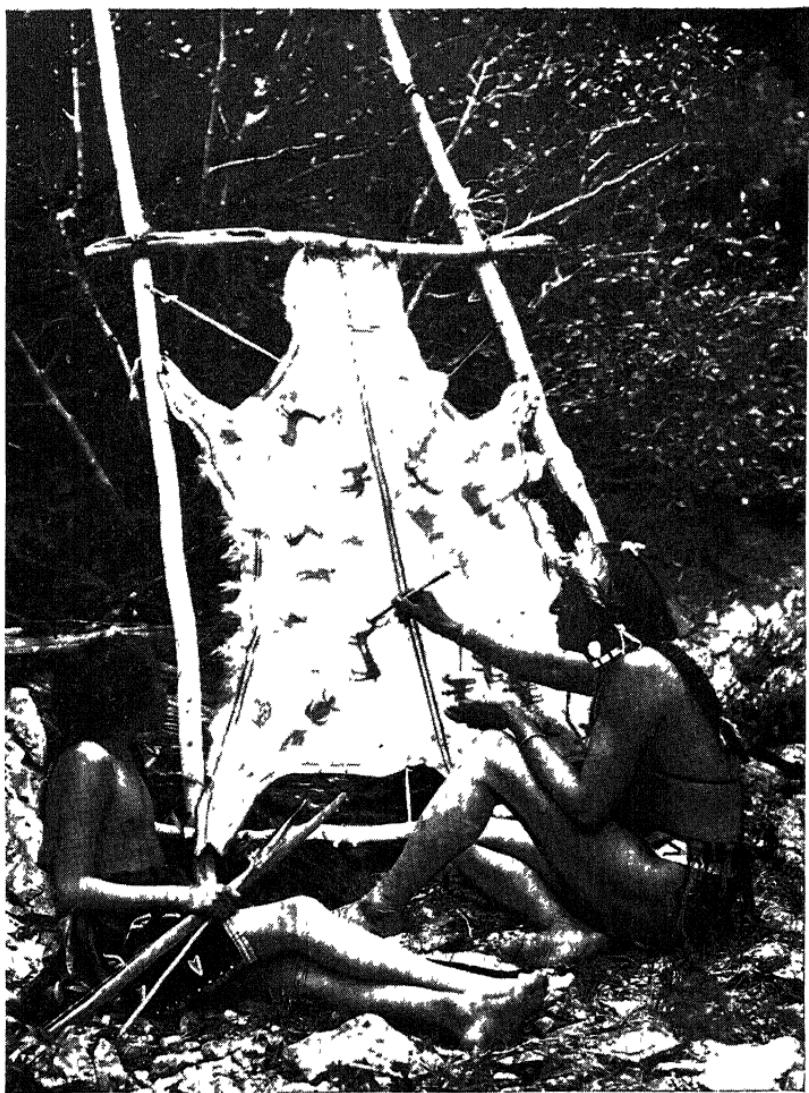
Be practical; be brutally practical! Jerk yourself up from poetry to prosaic fact! Put the facts in terms of geology, archeology, ethnology! Shake yourself! Come down to earth. You can't get away from it! The thing gets you here as nowhere else in the Park. These are the water waves of a time-less sea before time began, when the frog piped his pæan to Pan that he was going to make his first flying leap to land. At Many Glacier you have reached the threshold to the Roof of America. That brings up the question—Why Climb? For climb you must—horseback or “hoof it.” The motor highway can go through the passes; but it can't climb the peaks. Then why take risks climbing?

Don't take risks. If it tires your heart, don't do it; but if you are sure-footed and have a sound heart, there is no place where you can reach the Roof of America with shorter, easier, safer climbs than at Many Glacier. I shall not enumerate these climbs. I think by actual count there are at Many Glacier twenty-seven peaks, lakes, and glaciers to be reached by climbs in many cases of not more than three miles and in few cases exceeding twenty miles; and right on the Roof of

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America are the Granite Park chalets, to rest in coming over east or going over west.

Shades of poor old Alexander Ross! Was it here he swore? Was it here he prayed? Was it here he "doled" out the rum and handed out the fiddles to Pierre, the Iroquois voyageur and trapper, and John Grey, the mountaineer; and Cadiac, the drummer? "Turbulent blackguards, d— rascals, troublemakers," he calls them. Ross for ten years harked back and forth between the headwaters of the Missouri and the Yellowstone, where, he complains, when his scoundrel brigade became snow-bound in the passes they often grew so mutinous they would strip "the poor Piegan" guarding these passes naked, leaving "not so much as a piece of fat" for them to eat getting back to the plains, when Ross would "pay treble for the trash" to hold the Piegan's good-will. It is not always possible to tell from his descriptions which of the mountain passes eastward he was traversing, especially in his written private reports to the Hudson's Bay Company. Undoubtedly, like Père De Smet, he used Hell Gate frequently;—but when he records distinctly that one year he passed from the Coeur d'Alene round the north end of Flathead Lake past the Columbia Falls and so east



RECORDING THE TRIBAL HISTORY



A MOUNTAIN GOAT IN GLACIER PARK

ALONG THE ROOF OF AMERICA

over the Divide to the Plains, we know he must have used one of the very passes to-day traversed by visitors to Glacier Park. Let me quote the words of one of his old manuscripts, dated 1824: "John Grey, a turbulent Iroquois, came to my lodge as spokesman to inform me he and ten others had resolved to turn back. I asked him *why*? He said this delay would lose the spring hunt. Anyway, the Iroquois had not engaged to dig snow and make roads. I told him I was surprised to hear a good, quiet, honest fellow like he was utter such cowardly words. (God forgive me for the lie!) I said by going back they would lose the whole year's hunt. A change in the weather any day now might allow us to begin hunting. It was dangerous for us to separate. John answered he was no slave to work in this way. I told him he was a freeman of good character and to be careful to keep his character good. (God forgive me! In my heart, I thought otherwise. I saw him in his true colors, a turbulent blackguard, a d— rascal, a low troublemaker.) He said, 'Fair words are all very well; but back I am going to go.' I thought a moment. Then I said, 'You are no stronger than other men. Stopped you will be. I will stop you!' He said he would like to see the

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man who could stop him. I said: 'I can.' Old Pierre interrupted by coming in and John went off cursing the Company, the brigade, the country, the day he came to it. If his party deserts, this trip will fail. So another day ends." "I feel very anxious at our long delay here," writes Ross at the end of the month. "The people grumble much. That sly, deep dog of an Iroquois, Laurent, deserted camp to-day before I knew. A more headstrong, ill-designing set of rascals than form this camp, God never permitted together in the fur trade."

The nights were spent in gambling, the days in grumbling; and old Cadiac, a half-breed, had made himself an Indian drum or tom-tom of buffalo skin stretched on bare hoops. John Grey, the rebel, had uncased his fiddle and was filing away all night to the Red River jig and native dances of Indian pow-wow. Ross proposed the camp should give a concert. A concert meant that a dram of liquor would go the rounds. Two or three lodges were thrown into one. Vanished into thin air the mutinous mood of the rebels. Hither came Cadiac with the tom-tom-tom of the Indian drum. Hither John Grey, the Iroquois, scraping his fiddle-strings with the glee of a troubadour! Hither

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half-breeds with concertinas, and shaggy hunters with Jews'-harps, and a French Canadian with a fife!

Ross records April 15th: "This day we passed the defile of the mountain after a most laborious journey for man and beast. Long before daylight we were on the road, in order to profit by the hardness of the crust before the thaw. From the bottom to the top of the mountains is about one and a half miles. On the one side is the source of the Flathead River, on the other of the Missouri. The latter creek runs south-southeast through the mountain till it joins a branch of the Missouri beyond Grand Prairie. For twelve miles, the road had been made through five feet of snow, but the wind had filled it up again. The last eight miles we had to force our way through snow gullies, swimming the horses through in plunges. At four P. M. we encamped on the other side of the defile without accident. Distance to-day eighteen miles, though only a mile and a half as the crow flies. This delay has cost loss of one month. We encamp to make lodge poles for the rest of the journey."

And that was only a hundred years ago; and as I climbed into the car to come back from Many Glaciers, there joined me a young girl not twenty-

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one who had crossed that identical trail from west to east, bare-headed, shod in elk sandals, with two other girl companions and one guide. Makes you gasp—doesn't it—when you think of the age of that Long Trail and how lightly and swiftly and easily we trip over it to-day? In another hundred years, shall we climb the radio Roof of America and look down through that "hole in the floor of Heaven," where poor Feather Woman fell from Morning Star? It wouldn't be any more wonderful than our progress since Ross's day, just a century ago.

The climbing of one mountain is much like the climbing of another; and yet every climb has its own hardships and its own thrills. The same of the passes traversed. In answer to the question—Why climb?—I am going to let that young girl answer in her own words. I judge it was her first climb. Some climbers see geology and rocks. Others see vegetation and flowers. Others, animal and bird life. Others go drunk on a sensation of having conquered the difficult. Others become enchanted with a riot of color. I confess I see animal and bird life more keenly than I do trees and flowers; but it is Light, not the sense of conquest, that gives you the supreme joy.

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The girl had ferret eyes for animal and bird life; and, like all lovers of animals and birds, she drew them to her. Or perhaps she saw them, where others would pass them by.

“I never enjoyed a trip more than our passage over the Granite Park Chalets. When the sun set, the sea of mist lay below in lakes of fire and the peaks came up through the clouds in purple islands. Then we saw the rosy alpine afterglow on the ice and snow of the glaciers. I don’t think I’ll ever forget one evening about five o’clock. The guide had been teaching us to recognize goat and sheep signs. I was getting a drink kneeling beside a little stream trickling out on the trail, when I was sure from the little jet horns I saw that a goat was moving across a snow patch on the mountain across from us. When I saw the bits of woolly fur stuck in the shag brush along the trail, I was sure some little nanny with her baby away up here to escape the timber wolves could not be far away. I heard a sort of deep sigh and nearly jumped out of my skin, though I ought to have known no bear would be up so high above the timber line in berry season, and there in moss as soft as green plush, not ten feet from me stood three mountain-goats—young kids, I think. They didn’t seem to

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mind me in the least. They must know they can't be molested here. One had just let out a sort of grunting sigh as it lay down. I kneeled there as still as death and they just lay as tranquil as sheep. A fat rock marmot came waddling out and sat up on his hind legs and whistled. I jumped. Those goats didn't. I think an eagle must have been watching for little nannies. It kept circling and circling but it didn't cry. I never saw such wings. They were like broad, unbroken fans. The guide said it must be a young bird or the wings would be frayed; and an old bird would be scolding. We saw every bird I can think of coming up the west side—thrushes and warblers and rose finches and then, as we got higher, grouse and those funny 'fool hens.' We could have picked them up by their heads—and their babies—I never saw home chicks tamer—just wee balls of brown down picking at flowers like bees for honey. In the paint-brush there were humming-birds; but it wasn't till we got up to the Pass that we saw the goat so near. I don't know how high we were but Logan Pass is not much under eight thousand feet. One of the girls hallooed to see what the goat would do. I never saw such four-legged mountain-eers. They didn't scramble away in confusion.

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They just faded from the moss into the shag brush. I went over to examine the footprints. I think they must have a pad between their hoofs to protect their feet on the rocks; but the hoof marks are like little knife cuts. I couldn't help wondering whatever the little chaps do when hurricanes rock these passes in storm; for you can see where the wind twists the scrub juniper into snarled ropes. And then with a glass, we could look across to the glacier levels. You know how you can count back the ages and ages and ages of the earth by the colored belts across the precipices?"

I nodded.

"Well, it was plainer on the ice. You could count the layers of the year's snowfall back and back and back till it made your head spin."

"Aren't you tired?" I asked. She had just finished her foot trip, eaten dinner at Many Glaciers and jumped into our car to go back to the main line "Big Tree Lodge."

"Tired? How could I be? We've been out in all ten days. At first, I blew like a wheezy whale going up the first thousand feet; but after the second day it didn't bother me and we took it slow —camped where we wanted to, rested when we wanted to, and just ambled along like the old

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pack-horses. I prefer walking to horseback. It keeps you limber. Don't you think you really weigh less when you get up above five thousand feet? I don't mean you drop weight, though I guess you do. I mean it isn't as hard to carry weight. You aren't conscious of weight. I'm sure I couldn't hike twelve miles at sea-level without fag, and here I'm sure I could do twenty-five. But I want to tell you about the cinnamon bear we met down at timber line—”

In the young town girl's recital, have I answered the question—Why climb?—Why motor? Why fly? Why do anything that takes the dead weight of fatigue from body and mind, and gives tireless pace to feet, and carefree joy to every pulse of heart and nerve, and wings to the very soul? She had been up on the Roof of America, and, like the Morning Stars of the old earth's youth, sang with the joy of life.

And that is—Why climb? !

PART IV

An Enchanted World

TAKE a look at the map of Glacier Park; for, leaving the east side for the western slope, you are now going into an enchanted world; and with practical folks it is necessary to keep your feet on the ground in an enchanted world.

You will observe that, roughly, the Park is very much the shape of a square. We have already run up the road belting the east side. Now we are going across to the west side on the Backbone of the World. It is a world so utterly different it might be in another sphere. Not long after these words appear it will be possible to motor direct from the east side to the west, along what is called the Great Roosevelt Highway between Maria's River east and the Middle Fork of the Flathead west; and along that Highway you will get thrills—or what the little girl called a “kick,” out of it, though your head be of hemlock and your nerves of iron. You will follow a highway the width of your car—in places a thousand feet

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above a stream blue as the sky above and white with waves fretted as the clouds floating in that sky. You will see on the vertical, almost bare mountain wall, a biscuit-toss across the river, an old Indian trail which Père De Smet describes, where one slip of footgrip on the shelving rock would drop rider and horse plumb as a stone falling sheer through atmosphere as far as Lucifer—Son of the Morning—took a head-dive on a historic occasion. If you like thrills, you will get them without hunting. They'll come right to you. You'll take a good grip of your car wheel and wonder where it was you left your last will; and all the time, like the Polar Star, you will see just across the way that old St. Nicholas Peak, with his head in the clouds—where, believe me, your own head will also be—which is named after the great missionary's first convert among the Blackfeet.

Pause historically here just a moment; but first blow your horn, lest somebody coming round that sharp curve shouldn't blow his. How did it happen that Maria's Pass, which you are now traversing, was not discovered till John Frank Stevens found it in our own day? Meriwether Lewis located the river and named it after the girlhood

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friend of his youth. Why was the pass not found for almost a century? Back there on the east side as you entered the Park, you saw the pink spire of the Lewis monolith. Here at the Summit, you see the beautiful bronze statue of the rail engineer. One marks the explorer. The other commemorates the builder. Why almost a century between them?

And that sends you harking back to what we have already traced. Where did the North American Indian come from? The Blackfeet held this pass against the Flatheads and Nez Percés coming east to the buffalo plains. They not only held it but they invested it with such superstitious terror that no white man would essay it. When Stevens got a Flathead guide, the man flunked and would not go on. Stevens had to go on alone in the teeth of a December blizzard. That is why a monument marks his achievement; and, by the way, the Flatheads west of this pass were not the tribes who flattened the heads of their babies with boards above the moss-bag cradle. Those Flatheads were over west on the Columbia; but the old traders got the tribes confused and misnamed them. Nor did all the Nez Percés pierce their noses and wear an iron ring like a gentleman bo-

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vine about to charge. The Flatheads and the Nez Percés were the most peaceful, friendly Indians on the American continent; but the old traders first met a Nez Percé, who did have an "ear" ring in his nose—hence the name; and an "ear" ring through the nose may be as decorative to one eye as a pendant from the ear is to another. The Flatheads and Nez Percés were friendly, peaceful Indians because, until the coming of the white man's firearms, they were as secure in their mountain fastnesses as the eagle in its eerie nest. Fish in the rivers, which to this day are the best trout pools in America; game in the forest, which to this day hops right in front of your car; wood for tepees; bark like iron plates for roof and food-bowl and basket and fuel—why should the Flatheads and Nez Percés have followed raid and murder as a race-vocation in the struggle for existence? They did not. They were peace-loving peoples from the time the white man first found them till the white man outrage goaded them to the last Chief Joseph War of 1877. It was through this territory that the fur trader trail ran from the Columbia north to the Athabasca and the Saskatchewan from 1814 to 1841; and I do not think there was a single act hostile to the

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white traveler along this trail in all that era. You can read of the trip up this trail in Ross and Ross Cox and De Smet and a dozen others; and in all you get the same impression of an enchanted world like Rackham's drawings of sprites and dryads and naiads, which you will presently imagine you see for yourself; and I am not quite sure it is all fancy, either.

Just now you cannot follow through the Pass by motor highway; but you will be able to before long; and when you do, add to your car equipment a good hefty sharp ax or saw—no, not for the wild animals; but the storms burst through this Pass with the blast of a hurricane. The superstitious trappers and Indians heard in the screaming winds of this Pass, the ghost and demon voices of the dead. You are in the sunlight one moment. Old St. Nicholas may look like a temple spire for Olympic gods; or the clouds may belt him half way up, giving him the appearance of a Mexican hat. You turn a sharp bend and the clouds are in cohorts, in boiling, seething, surging waves, bursting through from somewhere to nowhere; for remember you are above cloud line. You are in an ocean tempest of clouds ragged, torn, tossing, black as ink, dark blue as an angry sea, and omi-

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nous in their roar as a tornado; and you are in the midst of the sea. (Bet on your thrills—right there. The “kick” is coming in wallops like cannon-thunder.) No, you need not get nervous. Don’t park your car where you will get the blast down and out. Park quartering to the wind if you can; or best of all, so the wind packs you against the in-side of the trail; and then—just sit still and enjoy it. You are quite safe and can watch what these gods of mountain and wind do when they get to fighting with thunderbolts for cannon balls and Douglas fir for arrows. The Douglas fir may be three feet in diameter or it may be six. It does not matter. It is hurled like a light scantling. It doesn’t bend; but like all non-bendables, it breaks or lifts from the roots; but if it breaks and falls across your road, you can’t just roll it out of your way, nor lift it gently—no, not if you had a steam derrick and ten teams of horses. You will need your ax and that saw to cross-cut a narrow passage through a tree trunk you could not jump with a horse or your own shanks; for you can’t turn and go back on this narrow trail. (That’s where the thrills come in. I happen to know; for our good Park ranger had to do that very thing with a tree not a foot in diameter but about fifty in length;

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and he only had a little hatchet; and if George Washington's cherry tree had had as tough a hide, George would never have cut it down.)

But if you will park your car quartering to the wind and don't park it where a big tree slants down slope, you will see one of the most magnificent panoramas of the mountains. The pines are great pipe-organs played upon by the storm and every separate needle is a castanet. Who is dancing to the wild music—the dryads? The poplars and the shivering aspens clap their hands. You'll want to clap your own applause before the scene shifts. The foam bells of the waterfalls ring and the rapids trill a rhapsody chant learned from the *Æons of Creation*; and the cataracts boom the diapason of a cathedral organ. Then the blast is past. The sun comes out. The silky clouds are again draping old St. Nicholas' hat like a Mexican sombrero. There is a rush of chanting singers as the waters of the cloudburst break over the precipice; and you see the rainbow mists in the wind-tossed tresses of the naiads. Who said we lived commonplace lives in a commonplace world? There is a smoke of fragrant incense from the rain-drenched forests. The wind is crooning a lullaby now and the swift waters below are whis-

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pering and babbling and singing a song of abandon to sheer gladness. Do it again, old Pass! These thrills will never jade!

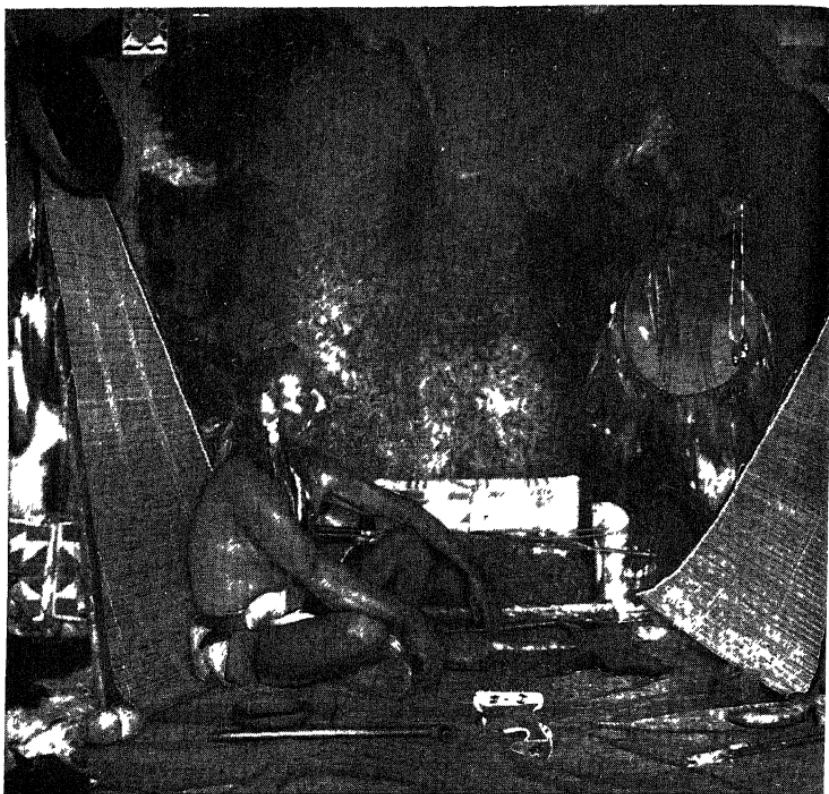
But till the Roosevelt Highway is entirely opened, you will have to go to the west side by train; or by motor up the Columbia or from the Pacific Highway.

I said you were going into a different and enchanted world. The east side is a steep wall rising vertically from lake and river bed. The west side billows in great timbered slopes, resembling in the distance dense plush-green moss. The undulating slopes on the west shut off the stupendous peaks till you go up the lakes or over the passes. You thought the trees on the east side were fairly large forests; but those trees are pygmies to these huge timbers—fir, spruce, pine, cedar, tamarack, of girth round and broad as a center table, with plated bark in warrior armor, and thickets below which neither foot-traveler nor horse can penetrate. Flowers and underbrush and moss are a tangle damp and dank and eerie from west coast rains. Here is a region which all the hot winds of a blazing sun can never scorch dry with their fiery dragon tongues; and when the trees open to vistas, you will see the same towering peaks as on the east,



LOOKING NORTHWEST FROM THE SUMMIT OF CASTLE MOUNTAIN

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YELLOW PLUME IN HIS TEPEE

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only wreathed in mists and alpine snow-storms, which powder to white marble all signs of shelving rock and decay, and edge with softest ermine every harsh outline.

Belton is the entrance to the west side of the Park. I like it. I like its quietness. You can hear the stillness at night. There is the far rush of the rivers—the soul of the sea in the pines. The engirding green hills fold you in the calm of intimate friends with whom you don't need to talk, for they understand. Belton is Park headquarters. If you want to get ideas in wood decorations for your own house, you might do worse than stop and study the paneling, the beamed effects of natural grain in wood used by the Park builders. At Belton, too, come out the tourists who have gone in on the east side and who motor, or ride, or foot it through the passes back to rail. They are a happy if chastened lot and have had their fill of joy as they come trooping to the Belton Chalet to change back into town togs. Bones may creak. They do creak; but voices are joyous. I didn't hear one grouch such as you heard from the tired new incomers at the east entrance; but here is what I did overhear one night as I sat on the upper piazza screened from observation, watching riders

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and motorists disembark from cayuse "hurricane decks" and accident-proof cars.

Said the stout lady to the two rangers—(I'm quite hefty myself and can guess how she felt—she had been on horseback for three days for the first time in her life and I applaud her spirit and trust she knows I am not laughing *at* her but *with* her; we were all tenderfeet once)—"If you will each take hold of a leg and kind of lift me up, and then *shove* the horse out from under me—I think I can get off."

They did!

And she did; and if she thinks I am unkind to relate this, I'll give her one on me openly and unblushingly.

I had done just exactly what I have insisted so often should never be done—because I had climbed the mountain so frequently that I knew its trails as the lines in the palm of my hand, I had taken a short cut and gone off the trail, and, as usual, found the short cut is always in the end the long way round. Just below the summit, my friend and I came to a flat rock wall. It was not more than ten or twelve feet high, but not being flies, it might as well have been a hundred feet for all we could climb it. Having taken the short cut up

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the steep slope, we were both too winded to go round the wall; but in sight of the summit, we were determined to top it. Two fallen trees lay dry from the top of the rock shelf to our standing space. One had fallen head down with branches sloping down. The other had toppled over with head up. It was erect enough to make a rough ladder and the dead boughs seemed sufficiently strong not to give under pressure of my weight and pegged boots; so I started up. Just as I reached the top, the dead branches dwindling in size gave with a sharp ping, with results to garments that later sent me home to the Chalet by the back door. (I regret there were not back stairs.) If the main tree trunk had not been strong, or I had not been wearing tough horsehide gloves, I might have broken another fool tourist's neck; for the lower half of me shot into mid-air and dangled till, monkey fashion, I got up a rung and reached the top of the rock shelf. When I looked back, my friend was not essaying the same tree. She was crawling up the other one with shoves and pushes of her boots on the branches and with the grunts of a pack-pony when his girths are cinched; but always, I noticed when she told the story, she forgot part two about "shinnying up her own tree."

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Anyway, we reached the top, but so late we had to come down by another short cut to avoid that rock face; and we lost ourselves a second time in the brûlé, or wind burn, and got in with the complexion of chimney-sweeps and garments that could not be given away to a ragpicker.

And if the lady tourist still feels that I am telling tales out of school, it was while sitting screened on the upper piazza that I heard the man tourist below indulging in confessionalists to his fellows. I know he won't mind; for I am going to quote Irvin Cobb presently, and to quote Cobb in a joke on himself is to invite the thunderbolts of a Jove on your head. Said the man tourist, who had just dismounted from a three days' ride and applied first aid to the injured in the privacy of his bathroom: "Oh, my ——! Fellows, I wouldn't have let those women know *how I* was feeling for a thousand dollars. I was all—in! I was ready to fall off my horse the third day; and when that beast of a horse saw the Chalet, he knew it was home and began to trot. Say—I just began to pray—give you my word, the harder that d—beast trotted, the harder I prayed. I could have groaned. Talk of martyr-belts of tacks! That blame saddle had bayonets for a cushion! All I

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could do was hang on. I thought I would die, but with those women along I'd die in my boots before I'd peep. I just steered that blamed hard-bitted brute straight for a little tree that would stop him. I just fell off that horse and hugged that tree—and—oh, Momma, the little pillows of my little cradle when I was a boy—”

And that reminds me—as the inimitable Cobb would say—when he first reached the west side of the Park last summer and was formally introduced to his horse, all he remarked was—“Call *that thing* on its back a saddle? I call it a *chafing dish!*” But the “chafing dish” reduced Mr. Cobb’s weight thirty pounds in thirty days; so I infer that all tenderfeet go through the same painful but delightful process of initiation; and if it is only your inner feelings that are hurt, you get off light.

Belton is the entrance to the west side of the Park. Apgar is the post-office for the Lake dwellers; and that is where the real scenery begins. It is also where what my New England dwellers describe as “a little feeling” begins. Long before Glacier was a National Park, private squatters had title to holdings here; and I can understand the Park authorities’ fervent wish that there

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were no private holdings in the whole area. It hasn't produced friction in Glacier Park, but it has elsewhere. It is hard to regulate private holdings and keep roughs and bootleggers and speculators out. These features have not touched Glacier Park; but I can appreciate the Park people's feeling of apprehension, for these features have given trouble—serious trouble—in other parks. At the same time, being a private holder, myself, in another park, I am rather glad there are available private holdings! The parks are the people's playgrounds; and when in the parks there are lakes numbering all the way from two hundred and fifty to four thousand, I can't just see all the good sites grabbed for another century or two. I can't see that men like Clark, the sculptor, and Charlie Russell, the frontier artist, and Irvin Cobb, the national delight-maker, don't add as much to the parks as they take from them; and I like to know that every year more and more art and literary colonies are seeking rest and holiday in these parks, where they can live the simple life and not be skinned alive financially for their own celebrity. In Taos and Santa Fé of the southwest, such colonies now dwell all the year round; and I venture to say that in ten more years, the atmosphere

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these artists bring about them will more than compensate for any nuisances created by private holdings elsewhere. When these private holdings were bought from first settlers, they cost as little as fifty cents to five dollars an acre. When the artistic colonies came in, the land went up to twenty dollars a front foot; and visitors to all the parks want something more than a physical atmosphere. They want a mental atmosphere. They want an atmosphere where they can live inexpensively, peacefully, and unconventionally. It is not the private holders who give the most trouble to the parks. It is the type of visitor who thinks because he is "away out west" he can do things he would never do at home. Sometimes he is the bull-voiced chap, who after all is only a noise nuisance and passes quickly on; for he is what the guides call "a cheap skate." He is trying to live up to what he thinks is the Wild West. It is his first visit away from home; and he wants you to know he is there. You do. You wish he wasn't. It is the suddenly rich chap who comes out to paint the west red. He does. You wish he didn't; for he isn't half as bad a bold wild man as the part he clumsily essays. It's the "kid" girl or boy, who has never kicked entirely free of all conventional

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bonds before. They do here and sometimes they kick too high; and to "keep 'em guessing" is perilous on the edges of all unchaperoned precipices. It's the "kicker" who gets hurt, not the precipice; but worst of all is the middle-aged old bird-of-prey, respectable on the surface at home: the less we say about him, the better. Physically, man, woman, child, old or young—is safe if one keeps on the trail. Spiritually, also, I think that holds good; for in this high tonic stimulating atmosphere, the reaction on soft jaded town nerves is about as dangerous as a champagne junket on age fifteen. To the wise, that is enough said. To the unwise, it doesn't matter how much you say. They are bound and determined to learn to climb by first falling and falling hard.

You can go to the head of Lake McDonald to the beautiful Lewis Chalet by motor launch, by private boat, by motor car up the highway now running to Avalanche Creek and, next year, go over the passes of the Divide to the east side. I went by all routes many times. Personally, I like a private boat or a private car; for I like to get my own impressions first-hand without having them dinned into my ears by people round me; but that

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is a matter of taste. Man is a sociable animal. In the wilds, I am a slightly unsociable one.

What first strikes you is the different coloring of these mountain lakes. Lake McDonald is a large body of water and is very deep; and its green is a purple peacock's tail green, and its blue an ocean blue. By this time, you have learned what the different tints of the waters denote—clear water, snowy peaks; silty waters with a metal gleam, glaciers. McDonald has both tints; so you know to what you are advancing—snow-capped peaks and lower glaciers; but whatever the tint of the mountain lake it reflects a replica of the peaks fringing the shores. It is Psyche's mirror of beauty always. It mirrors the very soul of mountain majesty and at night is seeded by a million stars and cleft by a silver sickle moon, cold and sharp as a Turk's scimitar. The waters lisp and lip and laugh and whisper the secrets of lovers to the pebbled shore at night, or toss in whitecaps of gladness to the sun at noon.

Here, while they have not the hurricane winds of the plains, or of the Pass, the wind can still do some pretty boisterous acrobatic tricks. Owing to the moisture of the west slope, both rainfall and

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snowfall are extraordinarily heavy. That is the reason for the marvelous verdure in this enchanted world. Usually, the slopes shed rain and thaw of snow without damage; but last year came a terrifically heavy snowfall—much heavier than farther north, where the cold causes a light dusty snow that packs in bad drifts but does not break the proud unbending pines and firs. Here the snow is a heavy thick moist blanket. It weights the evergreens in mushroom helmets, the branches in marble billows, the underbrush in four to five feet of white shroud. In April, came a roaring warm Chinook wind from the Pacific. Under the weight of tons and tons of heavy wet snow, the unbending big pines and firs and spruces keeled over uprooted and crashed as the avalanches on the slopes crashed down to the canyons. It was a battle royal of Titanic forces; and the winds won. Along the road on the east shore of McDonald Lake you can see monster trees, whose whorls of a year's growth take you back through the centuries to the days before Columbus came—lying upturned, criss-crossed, entangled twenty and thirty feet deep. Should this underbrush be cleared away? You say "Yes"; but do you stop to consider what it would cost?

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Loggers can take these trees out as needed at a small fee; but is that fast enough? Or should the windfall be left as nature did it—felling the old and decayed and the weaklings, if one may call such iron-plated monster trees weaklings?

The ranger and I discussed that as our car hummed up the motor highway to Avalanche Creek. He was for leaving nature as nature is. I wasn't—at least not along a much-used highway. You see I am a private holder in another park—I was thinking of fire—the nuisance of a private holder—self-preservation—not a bird of passage transient. The beauty of this west side is that fires have never defaced it. And yet I wonder if the sequel a few weeks later didn't prove the self-preservation of the private holder a safer policy than the whim of the transient, who wants everything left a wild wilderness? The west shore of McDonald Lake is bordered by a National Forest on the other side of the North Fork of the Flathead. A fire did get in there—no one knows how such a fire starts. It may be a match, or it may be lightning. It did small damage to the beauty of the Park but it gave the rangers such a forty-eight hour fight with a red-eyed demon as will be a nightmare in their sleep for many a year. It left

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the private cabins untouched on the west shore but it sent the cabin dwellers out into the middle of the lake with their personal belongings in boats. The fire was conquered; but in a high wind when these big trees felled by April's Chinook have dried to punk and tinder, I do not believe any human effort, or all the fire fighters in the world, or all the best equipment of canvas tank and hose for two miles and gasoline engine pumps could extinguish the flame—no—not if they pumped McDonald Lake dry. Again, would not the private holder using these logs for building give back to the Park security for all the value he would haul away? I do not say clear the thicket back from the road. That would be a century's job; but I do suggest that the private holder give a quid pro quo for what he gets. A philanthropist in another park is giving a large sum to clear borders to the trails. There is a chance for some philanthropist here.

But the smoke can do more damage than the tale of flame tells; and again it illustrates what I have said and say again—*Never—never—never—absolutely never go off the trail*—especially above timber line on the bare rocks where you feel so safe because you can see over tree tops and be

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guided by the high peaks and your map. Again, I do not wish to injure any feelings, so I am going to disguise a little what I tell; and I only tell it to prevent similar tragedies. They occur in every National Park and they are so needless and so heedless of common sense. A young couple had gone up the passes between McDonald Lake and the east side just before or during the fire along the North Flathead. No one knows what happened, but one knowing mountains can guess. The fire was hardly over when the rangers were called out to find a couple who had not returned and had not registered at the next point. They found them both dead—either from starvation, or cold, or fright—within easy walking distance of shelters east or west. What happened? The smoke wiped out all landmarks of peaks in a haze. A bad snow-storm came on. Now on a wood trail in a bad snow-storm you couldn't very well go off the trail; for you would collide with trees. I have been so caught after dark at night with a Swiss guide, who was excellent on rocks and ice but useless and confused in forests; and I took the head of the rope myself and through darkness that you could cut with a knife led the way along the wood trail at an easy lope. I won't say my shins didn't suffer when I

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went off the trail. They did; but the bumps drove me back and by feeling my way like a mountain horse I kept the trail and got in at eleven at night. We had been up among the trilobites of Mount Stephen in the Canadian Rockies, far above timber line, when a blinding snow-storm enveloped us. The guide was for hustling down. I wasn't. I knew in a snow-storm you couldn't follow a rock trail. It is wiped out, and if you leave the rock trail you can't be sure to strike the trail opening into the big timbers. Then the real danger sign is up. We huddled under the rocks to the lee of the snow-storm and ate raisins and chocolates. The storm lasted from two till six. It was dark when we got down to the trail at timber line. It was pitch dark when we got down in the big timbers. I heard the old man colliding with the trees as he led the zigzag pace down. He was the same old guide whose neck I had nearly broken in the Asulkan. I asked him to let me lead and keep the rope tight so I wouldn't go head over heels if I tripped on roots; for you couldn't see your feet. He did; and we got out.

But the couple up above McDonald Lake had evidently lost their bearings in the smoke haze when the blizzard of the Upper Alpines struck

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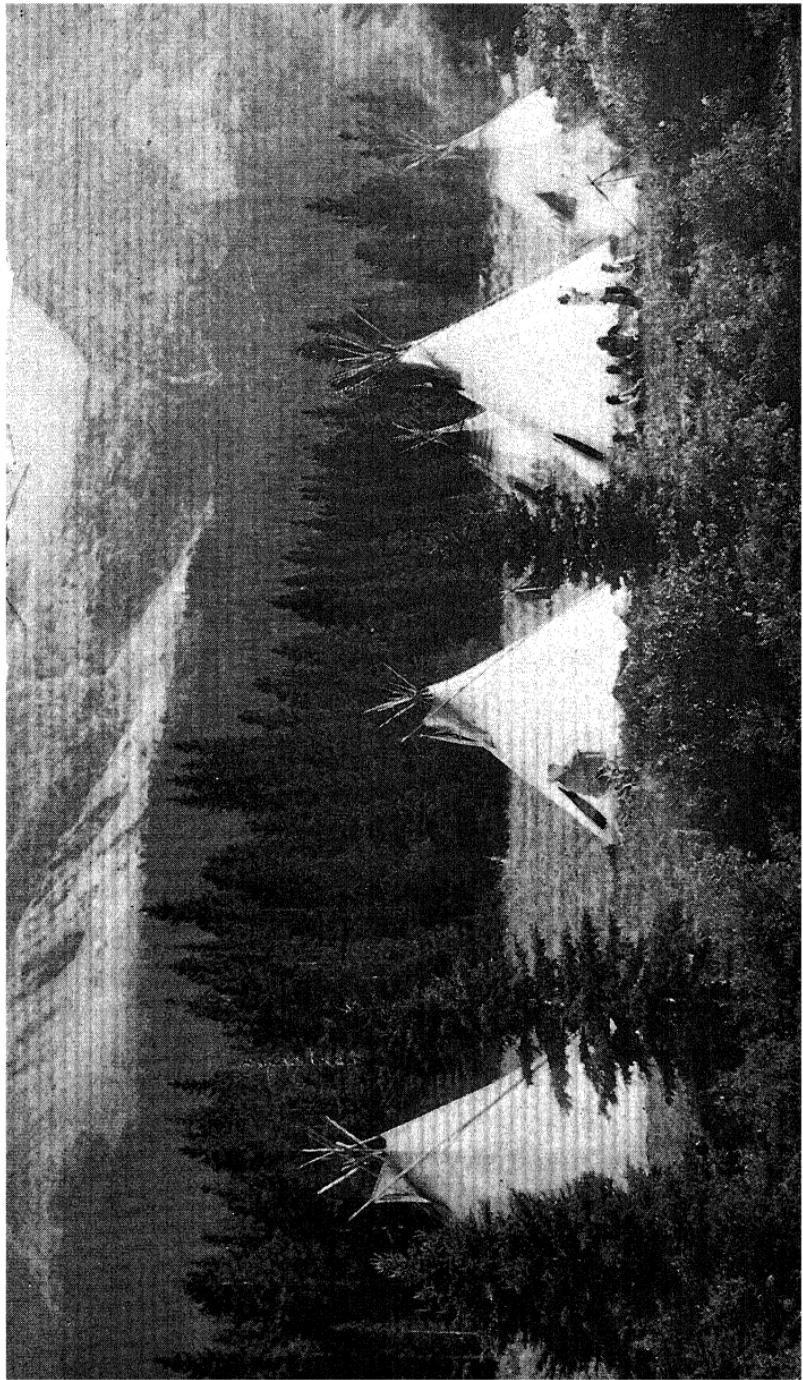
them, had evidently gone forward over the snow-blanketed rock trail, when they should have sat still; for snow water would have kept them alive for forty-eight hours and exercise prevented their freezing to death. They lost the trail, of course, and perished. I could tell of one of the most famous attempts to climb Mt. Assiniboine, which almost ended in a worse tragedy,—and would have but that the guides killed a horse for food,—and in every case the tragedy began in leaving the trail. In the last case there was some excuse; for the trail to Assiniboine at that time was an old Indian or game-path hard to follow over precipices and across rivers—not the broad highway of to-day. I was there when those climbers set out, and I was there when they came back; and I never saw in faces so much evidence of escape from death by starvation.

Keep on the trail; and with warm clothing, water-proof matches, a jack knife and a good alpenstock, you are as safe in Glacier Park as in your own home. Even a mountain colt knows that; but we humans are sad mules at times. I am one myself frequently. There is a place in the Rockies where you can cut the distance from six miles to two by leaving the trail; and you have the rail

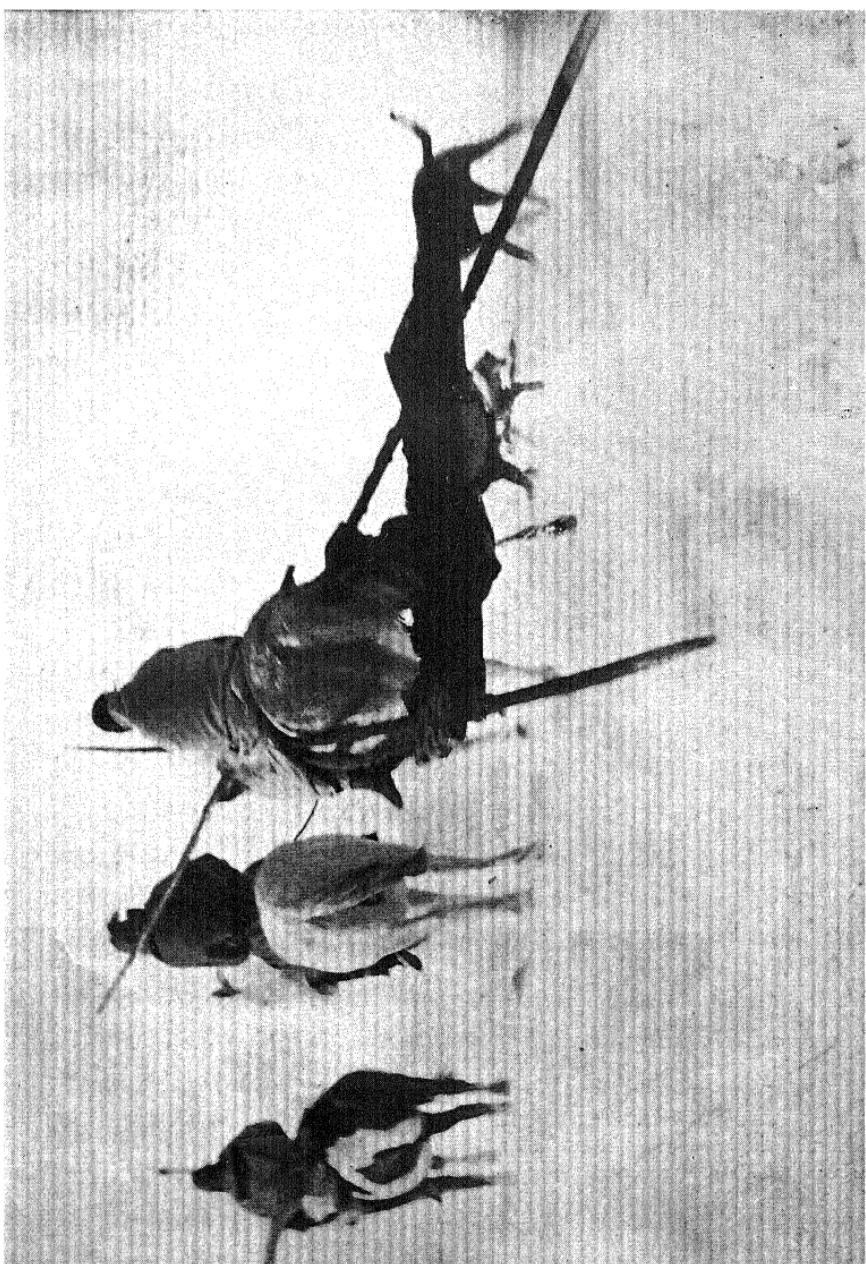
ENCHANTED TRAILS OF GLACIER PARK

track right below you to guide you. I have essayed the short cut twice and lost myself both times, and once had to wade, if not a swamp, then muskeg for a half mile, that took me to my knees, to reach the track. Then just as night was falling, we had to cross a rail bridge, when my city friend became suddenly dizzy from the gleam of water below the ties. I had to make her shut her eyes and walk the central plank to get her across at a run before the night train came. We were on the bridge at six-thirty. The train came at seven. *Never again off trails for me!*

In the Lewis Chalet at the head of Lake McDonald you will find one of the finest Indian and fur collections in the world; and as a lifelong collector of both, I want to add that you will not get "stung" on the price of either. They are the real western thing. On the way up to Avalanche Creek stop and see two trifles, if trifles tell you secrets. There is a big stone weighing tons and tons balanced as by a pin point on another stone. Where did it come from? When did it roll down? Did a glacier carry it? For no rush of waters did. Count the yearly whorls on the great trees round it. It came before the trees; for it couldn't crash through them. Then it must date back to the crea-



BLACKFEET SALUTING THE SUN IN THEIR CAMP IN CUT BANK



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tion period of this lake; but Sir Oliver Lodge says there is no creation period. Creation isn't finished yet. The gods are still creating here, there, everywhere throughout the vast cosmos; but if you count the whorls in the trees, or the wood rungs in the grain that give you certain dates, that stone is quite an old boy. What troubles one is that he doesn't wear the hoary head of much moss, which old stones wear; and the little lichens aren't very busy on him splitting him up as the germs split us up. He puzzles me. Look at him. He'll puzzle you. He would be a "medicine" or a "mystic" stone to the Flatheads. He is a bit of mystery to me. I keep wondering how long he'll stay balanced on one Pavlawa toe.

The other trifle is the pot-hole stones. You'll find them round as a cannon ball and hard as a diamond all along McDonald Lake. They were once pebbles in the great glaciers that carved out the bed of the lake. Got caught against a rock —bounced and bounced and bounced and boiled and churned till they grooved out the pot-holes in the hard rock bed you see shelving up Avalanche Creek. How far did they bounce? How long? Could I answer that I could answer half the disputes of science. Long enough to pockmark a

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stream bed with pot-holes. Then came some awful rush of waters and tossed them up; and there they lie, derelicts of æons when the water-sprites sang to the morning stars, and the little water-thrush or ouzel came and learned the dancing naiad song, and took it up and nested where the water-sprites leaped to the rainbow mists—and sang their song to us because our thick human ears and donkey brains are too dull to hear the divine seraph music, a creation that is always—always going on and on to higher, more beautiful spiritual forms.

If I believed in reincarnation and then contemplated how much of God's beauty I have missed in the glad pageant called Life, solely because I would not use my eyes and ears and would put my ego, the size of a cent piece, between the divine around me and my own registering sensory nerves—I should be afraid of coming back incarnated as a Balaam's Ass or a grunting porcine; for that little water-ouzel always gives me the humiliating sense of my having fed on the husks of materialistic swine rather than on the divine that surrounds us in a blaze of glory.

Come with me to the falls on Avalanche Canyon where you will see the little feathered water-

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wizard in his native haunts. I want you to see if he affects you as he does me. I want you to sit down for a good half day and study him. Then go home and make your confessional to your own tutelary angel, or alter ego, or whatever it is inside that gives us each and all secret lashings like a scorpion at times. We don't wear hair shirts in this age, and some of us explain conscience in terms of experience giving a "kick"; but has the smuggest materialist or cynic alive not times when he doesn't love himself? We may affect conceit and swank and smart cynicism in the public eye. It's quite the blasé pose just now; but honest to God, aren't there times when every dog is conscious that he has fleas, and every sensualist that he isn't just happy, and every materialist that he and the well-fed mule are feeding out of the self-same crib, and every spiritualist that he has been terribly slow and stupid in extracting the best out of Life both for himself and others?

Come up and hear that ouzel sing and see what you think about it! He is so glad he nearly bursts his little throat. What is it all about?

The Avalanche Creek road was not open to the public that year, but by the grace of a kind foreman and a ranger we were passed through the

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bars of the bridge and went on up the highway that this year will lead east to Many Glacier and Going-to-the-Sun. An aeroplane here would reveal the beautiful St. Mary Lakes east and McDonald southwest. That will be done some day and I apply as a first passenger; for in spite of air pockets and funneling, twisting storms above the peaks, if you use a sea-plane and can "land" on water, an altitude of a mile up gives you gliding area down to light on a lake for an area of one hundred miles. It needs a good pilot; but then a motor needs a good pilot here; and with a good pilot in the cockpit, I should as soon trust myself to a sea-plane as to the "hurricane deck" of a broncho that bucks; and I have tried both elsewhere.

Lewis Hotel at the head of the lake is a good starting point here. You can walk it or ride it easily in half a day.

I have called Avalanche a creek. It isn't. It's a torrent. It is white as snow with a succession of falls. It is blue as the sea where the falls create deep pools; and before each leap, how the wild naiads with their misty hair streaming to the canyon wind babble and shout and sing and chant their processional to the cathedral orchestra play-

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ing amid the harps of the pines and the deep organ boom of the big firs and spruces. These stately trees don't bow to the wind and clap their hands like merry dancers; but how they do thunder out their bass. There is an old *Psalm of David's* not included in our Bible, now kept in the British Museum, in which the Hebrew singer tells how he made his first harp with his own hands. At that time, he was a boy herding his flocks at Engedi among the evergreens of upper ledges; and listening to this mountain music, I can believe both the Greeks and Hebrews got their first hints of stringed instruments and pipe-organs from the wild forests, of which only scraggy remnants are left to-day.

Tennyson has sung the song of the brook, but who has sung the chant of these wild white pristine crystal waters flowing from the very Throne of the Creator—flowing, flowing, how many centuries, how many æons; flowing in gladness from the days when volcanic action heaved up these stupendous masses, and the sea receded, and the Angel of the Waters set its bounds; chanting as the Sons of God chanted to the Morning Star—chanting the pæan of a creation that is never finished?

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A dream—a fancy—you say? No, it isn't. Look! Listen! Shut out the ego for just one second and bathe in these floods of light and divine music! Not a dream but an enchanted world, only we must have the vision of little children, undimmed by bitter tears and the dust of conflict, to see it.

There is a beautiful panorama along this road seen best only in the morning or late in the afternoon, when the sun comes slantwise through the great trees. The shade of the thick forest is so dense that when the sunlight strikes through it comes in beams—real beams—of pure gold. I have seen those beams strike across the shadowy trail in such pure gold you wanted to lift up your hand and seize the translucent luminous bars as you would gold bullion. There is a peculiarly mellow soft yellow where this light sifts through the cedars and yellow pines. Why, I don't know, unless each tree has its own soul, as Dante thought; or its own dryad, as the Greeks thought; or its own particular resin which scents the air with invisible rays, as the radio fans think. Anyway, there it is and you can see it; and if you want a fact to back up your dream, it is a fact that no trees give more trouble to radios in statics than these big ever-

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greens. If you have big evergreens round your house, you'll find that out. I don't like to think that the souls of Dante's trees or the dryads of the Greeks are in fixed pain; but in radio, the statistics squeal from these trees.

We have left St. Nicholas far to the south above the Pass; but here is another Polar Star among the peaks, Mount Cannon, with the hoary snows in a nightcap, and the buff sea sands in a belt, and the rolling mossed forests at his feet. The old man seems to turn on a pivot, his eye on you, whichever way the trail leads; but it is you who are corkscrewing up in spirals—old Cannon stands fast as the Polar Star. He was in a calm mood the first day I went up Avalanche Trail, and in a stormy mood the second. Ragged snow clouds were waging a blizzard battle; but there he stood, majestic, somber, fixed. We listened. There was a wild ecstasy in that storm; as though storms were sent down on Life to make all things stronger by striking deeper roots in the rocks, or to prune out all weaklings—we could hear the brittle branches, dry-rotted at heart, the spindling sickly trunks crashing down in the surrounding forests, for which the foresters' proper term is—I think—natural pruning. Anyway, the winds

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had their shears out that day and were pruning away ruthlessly. Only the best could survive.

Then we struck off the motor trail and went up afoot along a forest-mold and rock-step climb through filtered sunbeams and resin incense. Old Cannon was now a marble god in his vesture of snow with the rosy glow of a slant sun on his jeweled helmet. I'll not describe the falls, though each cataract has its own color, its own music, its own rainbow mists; but I want you to sit down here and watch the water-ouzel. The Douglas squirrel is always cautious coming down a tree and always quick as a flash going up. He suspects man and beast till he knows they are friends; and few are. The water-ouzel fears neither man nor beast; for under the cataract of spray where he nests, he knows he is safer from man than is a grizzly. He must have a soul of fire; for he is as gay and sprightly in 40° below as in 86° above. He wears a waterproof coat of gray that sheds the moisture in beads. He doesn't just dash through the spray as though he feared a ducking. He lives in it, and as though that were not daring enough, he skims on the foam. He breasts the falling torrents. He dives under and comes up dry—and singing. You can't dampen his ardor. He is a hopeless little op-

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timist. He'd scorn to pick off fleas in public like the squirrel, but he will make a meal off a midget fly right before you; and I suspect he begins his state dinners with caviar fit for a banquet, for he is a great egg eater. I don't know whether he would eat frog's legs or not; but I know he does not scorn a tadpole's tail, and is the best scout to rout mosquitoes known.

The wilder the tempest of water and wind, the wilder he sings; because he carries the secret of "good cheer—good cheer—good cheer" that's what he says—in his own little dainty bit of fluff and feathers. I wonder how big his heart is. It can't be larger than a pea. Yet it pumps warm blood fast enough to defy chill of frost or damp. Does he play the flute for Undine? I suspect the little rascal steals the hairs of the wild watersprites for the lining of his downy waterproof nest. If all life springs from water, he is the incarnation of the spirit of water. Yet he is so small, you could fold him in the palm of your hand and not crush him. That is—you could if you could catch him.

Sometimes his note is a piccolo. Sometimes it is a flute—but what it says is—"Bubble—bubble—bubble—who said trouble? Let me at the hair

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of any water-witch who brews the bad broth of trouble here. Good cheer—good cheer—good cheer! I'm here—good cheer!—Why should there be any trouble in all the glad pageantry of such a happy world?"

And why should there?

Can you answer him?

He can be seen of all and sees all but never tells how mean other feathered and unfeathered bipeds are. The humming-bird is a beauty, but he is the most jealous fighter among all birds. He hates the humming-bird moth because that poor evanescent beauty of a day resembles his beauty; but whoever saw a water-ouzel fighting? Whoever heard him scolding? He doesn't know fear. Perhaps that is why he is so happy. He can't know envy; for he hasn't any rivals. He is a ray of Love and Light in the most somber canyon. In winter, when the grouse wrap in a blanket of snow and the chickadees crouch down on their toes to keep them warm, the ouzel is the same little spark of happy fire. Audubon and Wilson knew nothing of him; and though the modern ornithologists have studied him and love him, they can't study him at close range. As he himself is smaller than a wren, his babies must be about the size of bugs. Most

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bird babies need pollen dust from the flowers for a salad. Where does the little chap get his salad? From the maidenhair ferns that drape the piazza of his house? Who knows?

He is death on flies. He swats 'em and beheads 'em and twists their necks and eats their eggs and hurls their putrid carcasses to the fish pools. He has been heard singing at four in the morning and he has been heard singing at nine at night. And then, how does he teach his babies to fly in that tempest of water? Other birds have to get a tail for rudder and balance; and then have to be coaxed out of their nest and take their first flop with a gasp of terror. Other birds watch the weather before they begin house building; but be the spring late or early, this little chap builds in April. His song at mating is the low flute note of the blue warbler, but he sings only to the stream, not to other birds. He can breast the wildest current because his body is so light, and his coat sheds the water in beads, and his pace is half swim, half flight. He sings when he dives and he sings when he comes up showering the water beads from his wings. His quick eyesight is his sentry from other birds of prey and his quick motion his defense and his color his screen. And most curious

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of all, unlike other water birds, he is not web-footed. He is afraid of nothing on earth. He will nest beside the noisiest water-power machinery or right under the tourist's nose; but always it is also under the spray.

I suppose he does die, but I'll wager he dies singing and goes straight to that Paradise of birds who can hear seraph music for which our ears are all too dull.

PART V

A Woodland World

AGAIN if you will take a map of Glacier Park, you will see where the motor highway to the magic realm of the east side leads up to the Canadian border, or south to the Mexican border. Then the Roosevelt Highway along the south runs across to the Pacific Slope. Then up the entire west side of the Park are two parallel highways—one on each side of the Flathead. One goes through the Park. The other parallels the National Forests to the west of the Park. Both skirt a woodland wilderness wild as when Columbus first came to America.

I have already stated why though motor roads may supplant rails for short distances, I think they can never for long distances take the place of the rail car except for luxury travelers in limousines, who can afford to stop and rest and shake out cramped legs and get their eating apparatus back in whack. If you want to test that statement out, the run north through the Park and back through the National Forests will afford you a good op-

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portunity. As the crow flies the distance is five miles from Belton to Lake McDonald, eight miles to "the Camas Meadows" where, in Indian language, "mountain and valley meet," nine miles up past Dutch and Anaconda Creeks, marking the old prospecting days, ten miles more up to Bowman's Lake, where you have a vista into the alpine peaks yet untrodden by man and veiled in storm cloud and misty drapery, then about twenty-five miles more to the Canadian border—in all sixty miles as the crow flies. But the car does not travel as the crow flies—at least not yet. Here's a bad bit of black forest muck on the road. You wriggle 'round a detour. Here's another section that has to be regraded, rock blasted out to reduce the steepness of the climb. You detour again. Here's a lap of the highway at which my young stoic driver remarked—"I call that steep." So did I—steep as a telegraph pole; but I wasn't going to say so, for my life was no more valuable than his, and if there is one unwritten law in mountain travel, it is: When you hit a hard section, keep your mouth shut and don't distract the man at the wheel. But this steep climb, which seems to shorten the map miles, really lengthens them; for it leaves your

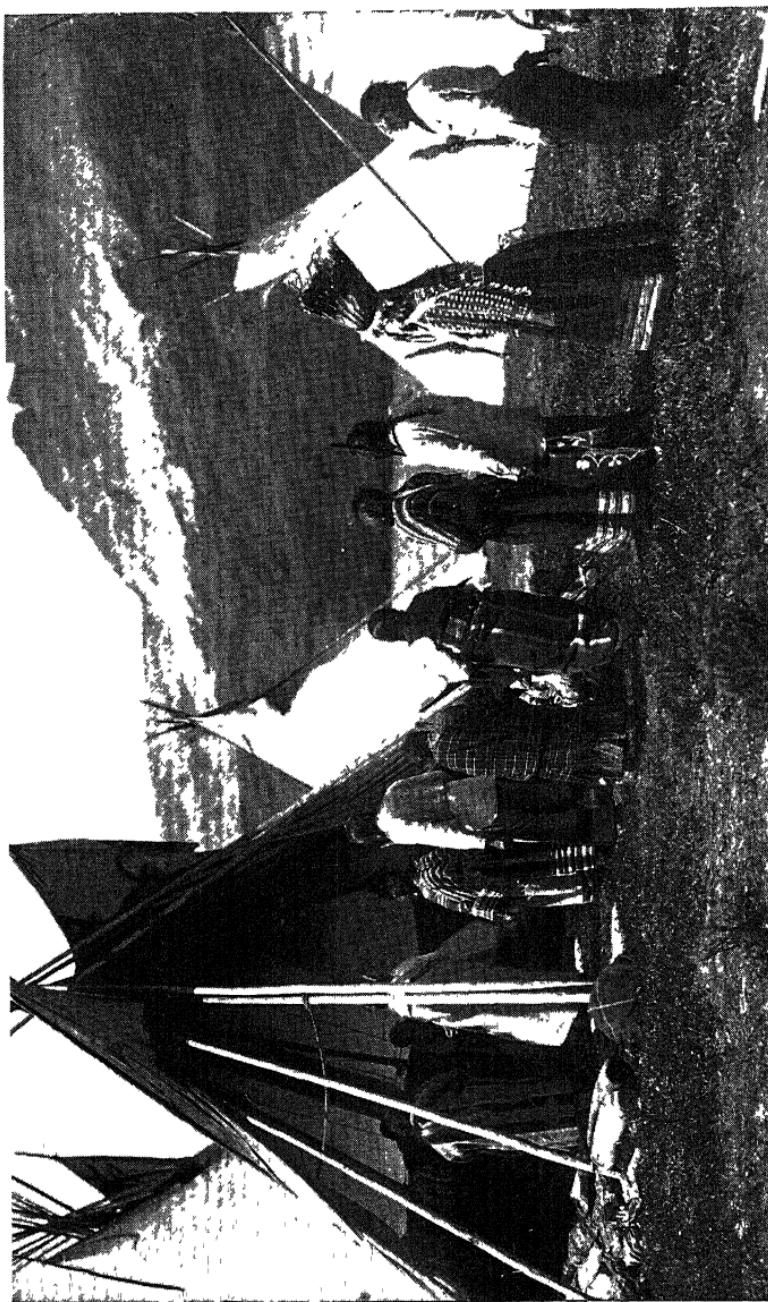
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engine gasping. It has to cool down and get a fresh breath and perhaps a fresh drink, which delays your driver running off down to stream bed for a pail of water. I should say if you reckon the miles from Belton to the Canadian border in motor car miles rather than tape miles, it is nearer to one hundred miles than sixty-five to seventy. Add to that the run back south through the National Forests on the other side of the Flathead, when you have to swerve southwest 'round Columbia Falls to reach Belton, and you will have totaled nearer one hundred and forty than one hundred and twenty miles.

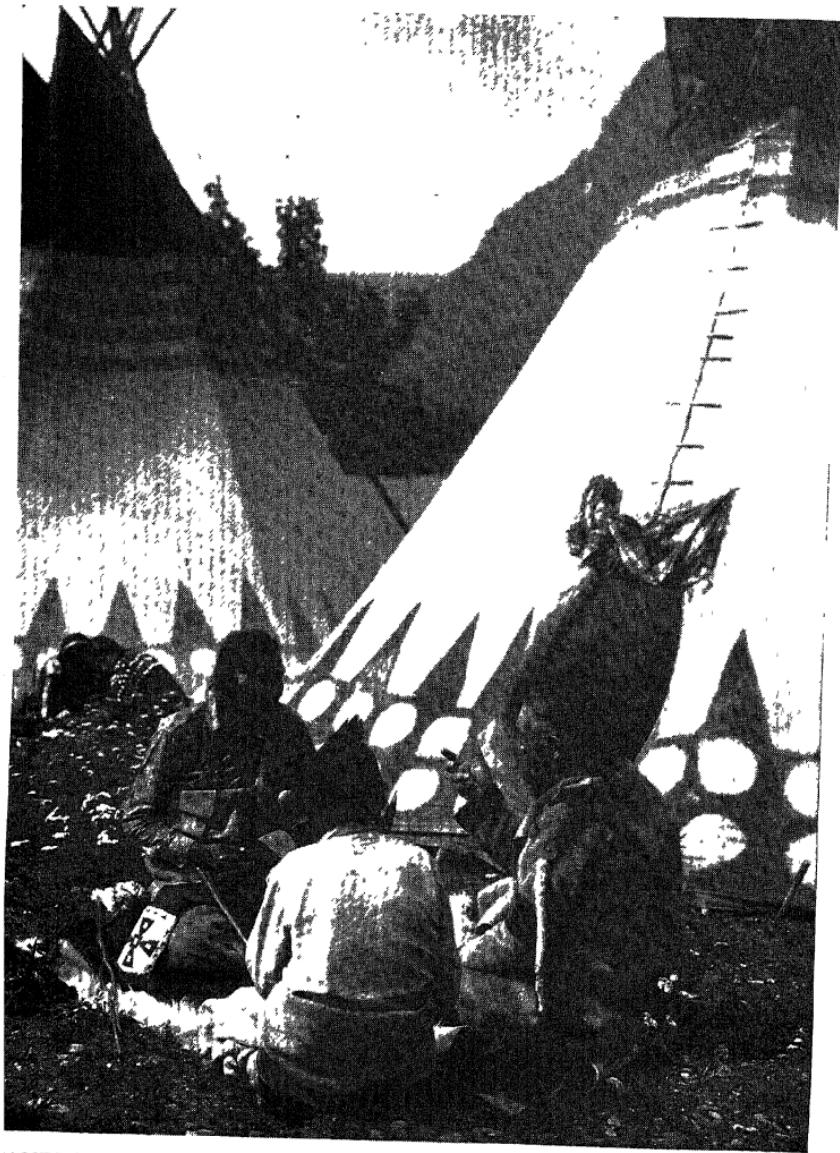
How do you feel after your day's run? Fine. Exhilarated! Walking on air! Wings to your heels, of course! Buoyed up! Glorious! You have been drinking aerial champagne all day! But when you tumble in bed to sleep the oblivious sleep of the dead, you know blessed well, if you had attempted and made twice that distance record—which the Park laws won't permit—you would have been hard on your car and harder on yourself. Why work when you play? Why chase yourself when out to rest? Why come out to see and then travel so fast what you see is a blur and you don't see half

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you pass? Even at the low record of one hundred and twenty miles, as you drowse off or waken from heavy sleep, you'll still see racing past your mental vision in the serried ranks of spearsmen on parade, the great pines, the drooping branches like great ferns from the enormous pillared and plated spruces and firs, the shy deer in its summer red coat that jumped from the road to the thicket and asked with its great wondering unafraid eyes—“What's the hurry, brother? Why this unseemly haste? There is a grave waiting at the end of every trail. Why hasten to it? Here's the sunlight! Here are gold-shafted beams! Here's joy! Here's freedom! Here's the gladness of carefree Life! Why not pause and drink it in, as I do, at the fountain springs of an eternal youth? Be glad, you poor hurrying fools! ‘What's the sweat and the fret?’ as Emerson says.” As to the Douglas red squirrel shining like brown oiled silk, and the gray squirrel with tail in air, and the chipmunks, whose name is legion—they have to scramble, or you'd run over them, and they do scold and bark; for they want to warn you there's a grizzly in there, or a lynx lying prone on a branch above your head, with amber eyes blinking open and shut to conceal his presence; and the squirrels scold be-



ENTERING THE ELK MEDICINE LODGE



AMES WILLARD SCHULTZ, TAIL-FEATHERS COMING
OVER THE HILL AND EAGLE CHILD IN CONFERENCE

A WOODLAND WORLD

cause you won't pause and join in all the merry forest gossip.

You know all that as you waken from your heavy drowse and turn and sink in restful forgetfulness after such a day; but you also know if you had doubled that distance you'd be too tired and hurried to see much; and each night you'd have wriggles in the soles of your feet, for motoring gives you stimulants without the exercise to work the fatigue poisons off.

So the rails have done a very wise thing in this belting of the sky line by motor car. For a few dollars you can hop on the railway train and rest, and your car will be shipped along with you. I am not going to give the figures, for they will change each year as the motor highways improve and lower the grades and find short cuts; but after eleven hundred miles by motor on the Pacific Slope this year, I don't think motors will ever supplant rails for ninety per cent. of the people who travel. They will become great feeders of rail travel. I am a very hefty traveler and I have found that myself. When I made three hundred miles by motor at a temperature that excelled itself to 106° , because the motor had to follow the easiest hot bottom of the valley grade, I was glad to come

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back by rail, and turn on an electric fan, and get a shower bath and—yes—I confess it—rest.

As you sheer away from the McDonald Lake road to go on up to the Canadian border, you pass a great group of private holdings on the shore, among which are the cabins of Charlie Russell, the Indian artist. Stop and go in and see the pictures. You'll find a lot in the studio that you don't see in the ordinary exhibit of Russell as the great frontier artist. You'll find a set of pictures where Russell has cut free from what the public expects of him; and such expectations are sometimes a great deterrent to an artist's best work. For instance, there's that picture of Père De Smet preaching his first sermon to the Flatheads. You won't find that wonderful picture of the Three Wise Men of Christ's Life—I am sorry to say. It is now in a private collection; but you will find proof that the west is terribly tired of being portrayed as a swashbuckling gasconade, or perennial ever-young cowboy sleeping in his boots. The last cowboy I know who slept in his boots, got them for an exhibition round-up. Presumably, he got into them like the old-fashioned footmen of England—by “greasing the calves,” but to get out of them was another matter. He slept in his boots that

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night all right and the next day the hotel people, who had heard his groans, had to borrow a boot-jack from a local museum and get him pulled out. This is funny; but it happens to be true. It explains why the west is getting a little sore over "old stuff" that is no more true of the west to-day than it is of Fifth Avenue. You will find that the very best "f. f. v's" of the east—the Astors, the Ramseys, the Flandraus, the Hills, the Kittsons, the Douglasses, the Gores (Gowers), the Hamiltons, (Wellington's family), the Snellings, the Sibleys, the Leavenworths, the Lamonts, the Garrisons, the Villards, the Dawsons, the Van Cleves, the Twomblys, the Bulfinches, the Gardners (of Boston), trace the beginning of their fame to foundations laid between the Missouri and the Columbia. That is why so much written and drawn of the west gives the west a weariness. If such stuff written and drawn of the west is for sub-moron idiots—why—says the west—not brand it "juvenile" and let it go at that? But you will not find that kind of thing in Russell's repertoire. You will find the true old frontier; but you will find the men leading the way—blazing that frontier—the same type as those who are leading the way and blazing new frontiers for us in the east.

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There is something almost divine in Russell's fiery colors. Take a look at his smoke-signal pictures, at his sunsets and sunrises with the flamy lights coming in lance shafts through the filtered mist and haze. Take a good look and you don't need to be told why all the Indian tribes of the uplands were sun worshipers like the prehistoric orientals. They couldn't be anything else, and even with Christian beliefs now engrafted on old pagan legends, they are sun-worshipers to this day. The whiffing of the peace pipe to the four quarters before feasts, with the stem held to the sun—the Indians' grace before meals—is ascription to the Sun God for all the good things the Indian knows in life: the grass, the buffalo, the trees, the defeat of the shrouded Winter wrapped in Death's white mantle, the laughter of the dis-imprisoned streams and cataracts, the joyous bird songs. Russell gets all that in his pictures without a word of sermonizing. The west recognizes that and has given him university doctor's degrees—not because he is the cowboy artist, but because he is the artist of humanity in the making. Didn't I hear a very fine sermon only yesterday apologizing for the patriarch's many wives? Russell would never apologize for facts. He would seek the why

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of the facts—plain as your nose when you know tribal life without law—a warrior must have many sons to grow up and defend the tribe. Many wives make many alliances with strong families to strengthen the tribe; and in times when killing was the chief vocation, women left unkilled had to be absorbed in the tribe, or thrown out on the ash heap for the dogs to eat, as you will find was done only a hundred years ago in what is now the State of Minnesota. (See the *Elder and Younger Henry Journals*.) When war stopped as a vocation, polygamy faded, both with Indian tribe and Scriptural patriarch.

Besides private cabins, you will find “Y” camps, and Scout coteries opened for four or six weeks; and I hope the day is near when all these National Parks are dotted with such summer schools and museums for tired teachers and preachers and professional folks, as the archeological schools of the southwest. When I was in the southwest first some fifteen years ago, such a suggestion elicited a deprecating smile in the southwest, and grave rebuke in the east. To-day, such a summer school is one of the great attractions in the southwest.

But we are missing the trail as we talk. On the east, you remember, we followed the great high-

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way for the Blackfoot warriors back—back—back to the Glacial Ages. Here on the west we are following the great prehistoric highway for the Flatheads and Nez Percés, from Utah Lands as far north as Yellowhead Pass; for through these forests, the Blackfeet could not follow; and over them, the tribes of the south traded with the tribes of the north; but it was not over the easy grades—“steep as a telegraph pole”—which we are now traversing, these tribes traded. Read De Smet’s description of these trails, or David Douglas’s. You’ll find, before De Smet set out he always fasted more or less for thirty days to reduce his weight and harden himself to the rough toil he knew he would have to face. “One false step,” he says, “would precipitate us to eternity.” David Douglas, the great naturalist, was in the prime of his manhood from twenty-eight to thirty-three years old; and he slept on a buffalo robe, wrapped in a blanket under the stars and often reached the fur posts with bare feet—his moccasins worn out because he had no Indian wife to make them as he traveled. Yet David Douglas records that he never saw such trails, such panoramas of beauty, such trees, such profusion of animal and bird life. Yet he came to no physical harm, except an in-

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jured knee, until the time of his tragic death in Hawaii, because of the ozone that filled his lungs, the ultra-violet rays that healed his aches—though once he was so stiff he had to crawl back to camp—the incense that came from cedar and pine, the roots and resins and mosses out of which he learned from Indians to make “balm of Gilead” to put his stomach right, when too strong a fish or dog diet had upset the white man’s department of the interior.

I am going to quote Douglas here only twice, though what he says of the Blue Mountains farther west and the Rockies farther north applies to the whole trail. Two journals have been left by Douglas, on the same itinerary. He was here from 1825 to 1827. I quote from both: “A dark cloud passed over me and a dreadful thunder storm commenced, with lightning in massy sheets, mixed with forked flashes and hail and large pieces of ice, the thunder resounding through the deep valleys. In the dying gusts of the storm, one of the most sublime spectacles presented itself. The sun had gilt the top of the snowy mountains and below a magnificent rainbow was nearly a perfect circle. The heavens were in a blaze. The wind was whistling through the low-stunted dead

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pines. As my clothes were all wet I stripped and rolled myself in my blanket and went soundly to sleep.” He notices how the rustling of the great conifers in the wind scented the air, and the streams seemed literally to “toss themselves” into the mountains. Maples, poplars, pines, larches, cedars, spruces, and the giant firs to which his name has been given—leave him dumb, almost incredible. He measures their girth again and again—“this pine one hundred and ninety feet high and girth forty-eight feet.” “This yellow pine two hundred and twenty feet high—cone sixteen and one-half inches,” “yellow lichen on rocks affords beautiful durable dye for natives.” “The aerial tints of the snow, the heavenly azure of the solid glaciers, the rainbow hues of their broken fragments; the huge mossy icicles hanging from perpendicular rocks with the snow sliding from southern slopes producing a crash like the shock of an earthquake—strike the mind with horror blended with a sense of the wondrous work of the Almighty.”

There Douglas has put it in a few lines—there is where Charlie Russell in the north and the new school of artists in the south—get their sense of the divine in color. It is with you always in this

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primeval woodland hyaline world of fiery lights and azure skies and jeweled lakes.

One day as I was motoring with the Russells a huge pike with head all bloody and torn fell, as if from the very skies, wriggling and floundering, still gasping, right in front of the car. We got out and ended its misery. We thought we had disturbed a huge eagle having a meal on its captured quarry; but Mr. Russell said—no—he had seen both the eagles and large hawks do that before—pounce on some huge fish too strong and big for them to kill, then clutching it in claws sharp as scissors, fly high in mid-air and drop it to clear hard ground to kill it. Sure enough, high overhead with outspread wings almost poised, balancing above us was the bird of prey; when we came back that way, the fish was gone.

Do birds reason? I can't answer. There is what we saw that great bird do.

It is when passing over the Camas Meadows to the west of the Lake you come on my favorite tree of Glacier Park—one of the two or three lone pines—bleached spars all but the tip top twigs flying their last flag of defiance to a thousand years' assault by summer hurricane and winter blast; and on its tip, a hawk or baldheaded eagle,

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which the Indians called the Nun's Eagle from its white headdress, uttering a lonely raucous cry for the days gone by. What days? The camas root and the yellow pine grow only on a peculiar soil. It is the sandy soil of a prehistoric sea, where the Glacial Ages have washed an overlayer of nourishing silt and mold. The yellow pine has no manner of natural right up here. It belongs to the sunny warm southwest. Was this area once warm and sunny as the southwest, or has some bird or squirrel dropped a yellow pine seedling here, and the warmer under-sand nourished the seedling? Science doesn't know. All it knows is, these Camas Meadows with the bear-grass and flowers now knee-deep like garden oases in a desert of forests are the grooved-out lake beds of former glaciers; and each of the beautiful lakes and meadows up this west side is such a dried-out lake bed. Because the soil is softer, the bed grooved and sculptured from the mountains is not so precipitous as on the east; and because the rains are heavier, the rolling slopes are dense forests.

Eagles you will see on these open meadows, whose wing span is so great I am afraid to set it down; and this brings up the question: How did the Indians obtain their eagle feathers for war

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headdress before the white man came with fire-arms? An Indian never shoots on the wing either with buckshot or arrow. When David Douglas did that, his Indian guide thought him little less than a god; but the baldheaded eagle, whose wing and tail feathers were prized most because hardest to obtain, is a solitary bird and seldom lights but on these one hundred- and two hundred-foot pines and spruces and firs. His vision warns him of enemies miles away. How did the Indian circumvent such a wary quarry? By the man-cunning beating the bird-cunning and using the bait of greed as Satan does with other unfeathered bipeds. A dead bird or mass of dead fish was dropped in an earth pit. Over the pit was spread a thicket of evergreens smeared with blood. In the hidden pit crouched a young warrior. The eagle smelled the carrion and alighted to reconnoiter. He probably meant to go back and call his mate to fly above as sentry; but a hand reached up and caught him by the feet and drew him under. Then a battle royal began, as any boy would know who examined the scissor claws and dagger beak of an eagle that could tear a fighting pike's head open awing. The Indian boy not only fought the eagle spurs but he won his own spurs and went back with a prize which he

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could trade to the warriors for ponies and robes; for each warrior was entitled to wear only as many eagle feathers as he had slain enemies, or won in raids, or killed buffaloes in hunting. From the grizzly killed, he could wear the claws. That proved his prowess; but the war eagle-feathers proved the tally of other feats.

Just before the Camas Meadows and just beyond them, you are again in the dense forests. The trail is a narrow shadowed aisle. You will see more animal and bird life here than anywhere else in Glacier Park. You will see the grizzly and the silver tip and the brown bear—all but the grizzly will get out of your way if you give them a chance; but you had better get out of the grizzly's way. Except for pork and carrion, the bears are not a carnivorous lot in summer if they can get full diet of berries and ants' eggs and roots and fish. In spring a hungry bear is not only carnivorous, he is omnivorous. You will see coyote and timber wolves, also harmless to man unless in the ravenous packs of midwinter. You will see marmots and rabbits and lynx and marten and mink. You will see the jumping deer and the elk and the others of the deer family whose slim limbs or heavy horns will take them through these forest

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thickets where neither man nor horse can follow. The buffalo never ranged here for reasons that don't need telling. The buffalo sees sideways best, not ahead. His horns are sharp to fight but not big enough to part a way through these forests; and his short legs could not jump these fallen trees with diameters from three to ten feet. The grouse and ptarmigan families here (and also the lynx)—wear winter stockings. That is, as the heavy snows come on the longer feathers droop down for warmth to the toes. You see the same in the great owls here. Is it cause or effect? In other words—do they choose their habitat here because they have the stocking habit; or has the climate developed the stockings? I don't know. There they are with stockings like fur. What I do know is—it is design. There is no chance in such universal conformity to surroundings. Nature kills off the chance gambler with her laws. The laws remain. The gamblers perish.

It is beyond the open meadow as you near Bowman Lake that the car begins to grunt and grind and you realize how the circling trail is climbing. You are close to the North Flathead here; and if you want to know whether young America uses this playground, count the parked cars and the

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fishing outfits; and never a fisherman needs to lie about the fish that got away, for he has the limit allowed by the law on his willow string, and he has, I regret to say, in many cases more than the law allows. Yet because the season is so short, I doubt if even the fish-hog can fish out these lakes and streams. Nature here can maintain her wonderful but Cruel Balance. Bear and coyote and wolf kill off the beasts that prey on fish in the three seasons when man is not here. Ice is armor plate to the streams against hawk and eagle in winter; and the marten and the mink and the pekan that survive beasts of prey are the fittest to survive and are magnificent specimens. As you passed through the boggy Camas Meadows you would see what brought the fur trader here, fighting his way through the snow-blocked passes to the east—remnants of beaver and muskrat sloughs in thousands, seemingly a firm sod surface but below it is the treacherous muskeg mire in which your car will sink if you go off the road. That was what brought Ross and Tulloch and Ogden and the McKenzies from the Missouri and Columbia here in the days when David Douglas was winding his way through these forests seeking new specimens of flowers and trees.

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No motor horn sounded through these wilds in those days a hundred years ago, though Ross used to "fiddle" his men out of surly moods, and Ermatinger played both the flute and the fiddle to De Smet and Douglas; and gave a range up in Canada the appropriate name of Fiddlers.

The problem of these gypsy families out in fishing squads may not deplete fish but they are a menace to the parks in another way. Don't grudge them the joy of sleeping under tents, or the stars. Much more, don't grudge them the joy of the crisp flaky trout cooked above a camp fire. One who has not tasted trout cooked fresh above a hot stone does not know the taste of trout that melts in the mouth.

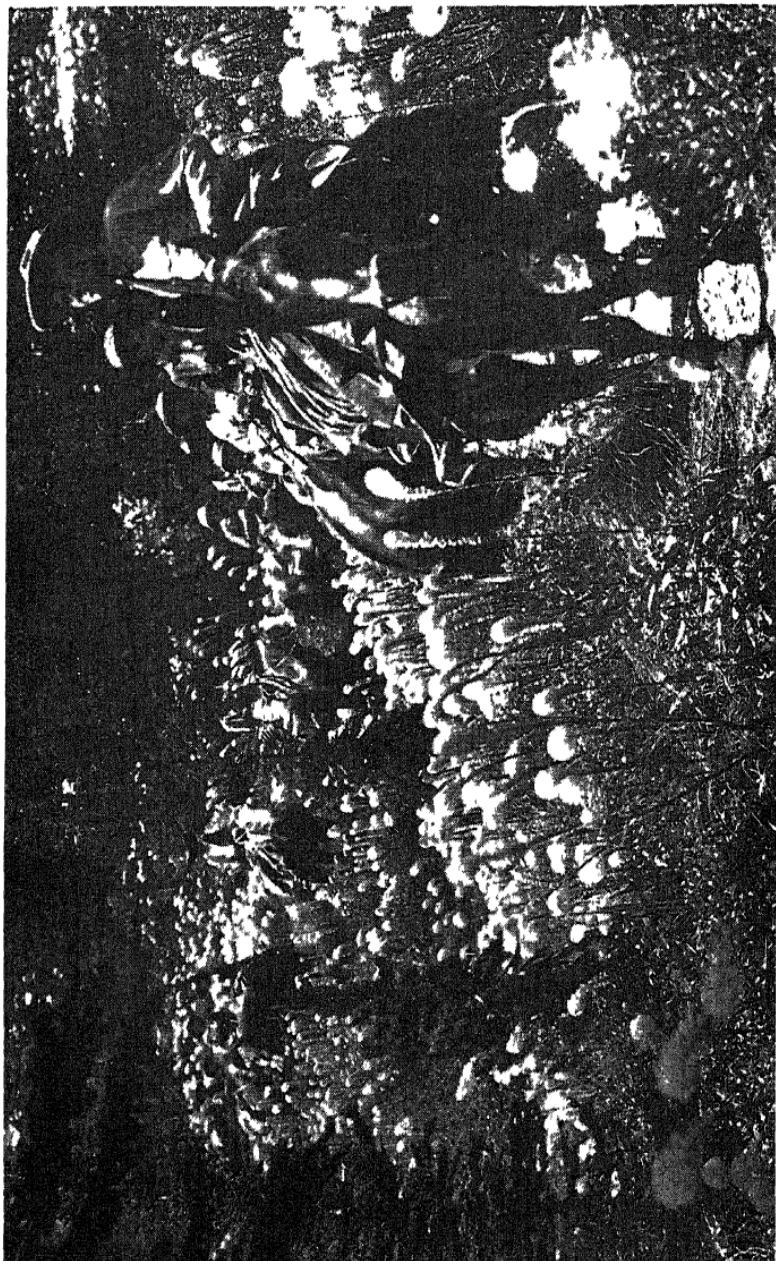
The danger is not too many people in the playground. The danger is fire and sanitation. The fish pools are in deep canyon rivers, or below waterfalls. The camps are beside fresh springs. While ranger cabins are at intervals of every twenty or thirty miles, in these dense forests it is harder to patrol than on the open highways of the east.

The springs must not be polluted and the fires must be put out. The forests are so self-evidently terrible fire-traps here that the selfish instinct of self-preservation will do much and the frequent

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rains will do more; but when tourists to Glacier Park swell from fifty thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand—as they have in a few years elsewhere—it seems to me the burden on the rangers' patrol will increase to provide more open cooking spaces with cement or stone bottoms, where seemingly dead embers cannot fan up in dry mold. As for sanitation, the rains again help, and flowing water purifies itself; but in spite of the universal desire to keep the Park as nature makes it, the day may come when, to prevent campers going above the springs, piping water down to the fire floor will avoid pollution. This is not a present problem but it is a future one. Two famous middle-western fishing resorts are to-day shunned because they have so often resulted in typhoid attacks. True, they have no springs, and campers must depend on lake water which drains from cabin and tent; and Glacier Park lakes are in hundreds with springs all about them; but when the Parks ask for larger and larger appropriations as tourist travel increases, don't imagine it is to squander on idle bureaucrats.

Up and up and up we grind; and though Ross's shrill bugle no longer calls beaver trappers back to camp, and the mellow Indian ram's horn no



BEAR GRASS ALONG THE TRAIL



AN ICEBERG PTARMIGAN AND A
COLUMBIAN GROUND SQUIRREL

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longer bays like a hound—you had better sound your own winding horn at every curve and keep sounding it; for I shouldn't like to meet a motor car coming down a telegraph pole when I was going up.

You see such a glory of flowers here as nowhere else in Glacier Park. There is the windflower or spring anemone with her woolly hair to protect her seedling from neuralgia in the chill off the mountain snows. There is the eidelweiss or live-forever; for its bristly florets survive winter cold and summer heat. There is the Jacob's Ladder with the lovely legend of a path to the stars flowering in the sky. There is the Venus' Looking Glass—how can she help shyly glancing at her own beauty where she fringes tarn and lake? There are daisies and asters and sunflowers of every hue. There are the purple fire-flowers, growing, the Indians say, where fires have run; but I suspect the squirrels and birds and winds have seeded the fire-flowers where no fire but the sun's ever ran; for you find it in the depths of forests and on the edge of lakes. There are azaleas. There are spireas. There are roses. There are fringed gentians of deep blue velvet with an embroidery to make my lady swoon of envy.

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There is that waxen fragile beauty—the mountain laurel, in great banks. There are buttercups holding up a chalice of dew to the sun. There are purple and white heath heathers to tear at the heartstrings of a Scotchman. There are shy snowdrops just peeping at you. There are blue-bells graceful of stem as a girl's throat, ringing a music only the birds hear. There are columbines trembling to the touch of every breeze. There are forget-me-nots—believe me, you couldn't forget them if you tried. There are mosses and lichens in a rug which no Persian ever wove; and the more you examine these mosses and lichens the more it will grow on you if you could understand "the flowers in the crannied wall" you would understand nature's "all in all." The Indians use the lichens coloring the rocks sage-brush green or pale gold for dyes, and the Spanish moss draping the great trees for medicine and salad and food; but take a pocket lens and examine the dank green wet forest mosses. Each is a miniature little forest in itself with tufted purple floret and heavy branching, and a thicket at bottom like green plush or fur. I'm not a bit surprised the Indians think the fays live in these

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forests. So do I. So did your Celtic ancestors and they called the fays "little people."

And wherever there are flowers in such meadows knee-deep, there are flowers on wing in the air—butterflies, in myriads, which you will not see in either hotter or colder zones; and then up at snow-line are the pale ghost-flowers growing on the very edge of the ice, of which neither you nor I nor any scientist alive knows the ancestry. Are they the frozen ghosts of the fays, or, more prosaically, frozen dwarf ghosts of tropical flowers, that were here before the glacial ages?

There are a lot of ghosts in these mountains, ghosts which you can't explain any more than you can the flowers. If you will read of one of Marquette's first trips up the lakes you will find he refers to the mystic huntsman's winding horn. I laughed when I read that rare bit in a publication of Marquette's trip up Lake Ontario and Lake Erie; and I had spent my youth in Indian land. Do you know I don't laugh now? I have heard so many things I cannot explain. Let me give one story. I have told it elsewhere but it explains so much of the Indian mystery- or medicine-man's

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power, I am going to repeat it in part. We called these things occult ten years ago. We call them radio to-day. Indians used to flee in terror when they first heard the tick-tick-tick of the telegraph. I wonder what they would do if they could hear the squeals and groans of radio statics.

This trader was one of the best known, a chief factor in the Pacific Northwest. He had married a descendant of the same Peter Skeene Ogden whom Douglas met in the mountain passes from 1825 to 1828. He had come round the Horn as a runaway boy, to Victoria. Because he hadn't the usual credentials, he was sent to the hardest station in the Northwest—the territory of the Babines in New Caledonia far north of the Flathead and Kootenay country. Being only seventeen, he was the only unmarried man in the fort on Stuart Lake, and became famed for his athletic feats. Within a year, he was the swiftest coureur and the best trail finder for far trips on snowshoe to neighboring forts. There was always the same terrible danger up here that there was in the Blackfoot forts of the upper Missouri—that delay of the incoming supplies from the Oregon Columbia or Canadian Saskatchewan that would leave the inland forts without articles for trade to out-

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fit the Indians for their winter hunt. The Indians knew when the traders were short of goods they were also likely to be short of powder and ball for self-defense, and the hostiles would clamor round outside the stockades, whining for liquor which the defenseless traders dared not give them, or rubbing the palms of their hands together as if powdering a dead leaf—the sign-language for “thus we wish to do to you.” You can see that sign threat in the Charlie Russell pictures, though the evil-faced, rascally old chief making the sign screens his motion under a blanket. That’s why the more you look at Charlie Russell’s pictures the more you see in them. There isn’t a detail which doesn’t tell its own story.

This year, supplies west of the mountains both from the Pacific and from the Saskatchewan brigades overland from Hudson’s Bay were terribly late in reaching the intermountain country. Snow had not yet fallen but the black clouds were brooding, and ammunition these forts must have if they packed it in by dog-train. When you read Douglas you’ll find at times he often reached Spokane and Okanogan and Ft. Colville when the traders were reduced to moccasins for soup. The boy was a good runner and good trail finder. Even

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the poorest trails through these thickets of giant trees now had ax "blazes" on the bark to guide the white man; so the boy volunteered to run out east and meet the incoming brigade from the Saskatchewan. He carried a blanket in which he wrapped his pemmican and lard. He was what the old fellows still called a "mangeur de lard," a pork-eater, a tenderfoot. On his blanket were strapped snowshoes in case storm overtook him; so he set out east, and found the brigade coming in with supplies stuck in a mountain pass because the ground had been so hard frozen and bare on the plains that it had worn the horses' feet to the bone; and the horses had to be rested before going ahead. The brigade urged the young coureur to hasten back to the mountain fort and send out dogs to get the supplies in by travois and toboggan sled.

He had made the three or four days' run so easily going out over an unknown trail, he was sure he could make it as fast going back west, and burdened himself with no extra provisions. Some hundred miles inside the pass, where the big trees stood in shadowy aisles like funeral watchers, snow began to fall, to fall in a thick wet blinding blanket that wiped out ax marks on the tree

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trunks; but the boy could still keep the trail, for it was the only open way in all that thicket of bramble and devil's club and dry pine spikes that ripped and tore his clothing as he floundered on-and-on-and-on. At night he kindled a huge fire to keep the wolves off and wakened with his feet sliding down to the thaw where the red logs marked where the fire had been kindled the night before. No danger of fire in this raging white darkness with the pendent firs and spruces shedding the weight of snow in slides across the trail; but he could make no swift pace on his snowshoes. They clogged like a motor wheel in sticky clay; and he could make slower progress without them for he sank in the slither of wet snowy mush to his knees. He lost count of time. He lost count of days. He outran the storm, or the storm had spent itself and was followed by a sudden dip to terrific cold hard brittle crackling frost. It was then he first realized he was down to his last chunk of lard and pemmican; and he was ravenously hungry and so baffled with fatigue, exhaustion, and a growing fear that he would not acknowledge to himself that his knees knocked under him. He wanted to lie down and sleep—sleep only for a few minutes;

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but in that cold such a sleep would be his last. He would never waken. He staggered on. He became so weak he began to pace himself by a tree just ahead. He would fix his eye on that tree—work dizzily to it, then he would rest—then he would sight another tree and make that and rest—but he wouldn't eat that last piece of pemmican and lard for fear he'd fall and couldn't get up, when he still had tinder matches to kindle a fire and knew he might possibly subsist yet a few days on the dank Spanish moss draping the trees. Then he did trip on an overblown tree and fell and hadn't the strength to get up. It was then he began to crawl forward. The air had cleared. He could see ahead all right now and the trail was opening to one of those scooped out dry glacial camas meadows, such as we have been passing. Somehow the traders hadn't told him to camp on the meadows. You'll find out why presently, and I wish you would explain the *why*. I can't. Neither could he when he told me the story in his old age; and he had not one streak of belief in the superstitions of the Indians. He began pacing himself from log to log as he crawled, when he thought he saw smoke ahead. Smoke meant either an Indian camp, or a relief party.

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from the home fort. Hope revived ebbing life. He sprang up and reeled forward. Then he saw it was an Indian camp—buffalo tepees, plains Indians perhaps on a raid to catch the brigade here and murder them; but it was a chance for life; and he uttered a whoop and bounded into a delirious run. The camp-fire was red in the center of a circle of tepees. The young bucks in war dress were passing and repassing between fire and tepees when he reeled among them—and almost fainted; for it was a dream camp, a delirium camp, a mirage of disordered vision and frenzied nerves. There was no smell to the camp-fire. He could see through the buffalo skin tepees as though they were films of blue mist, or dancing delusions. Terror nerved him to one supreme effort for life—he fled forward as if pursued by demons—and fell senseless. He awakened in his home fort. They had pumped him full of rum and let him sleep. Then when he wakened, they had pumped him full again and let him sleep. When he finally sat up in his right senses, he found a rescue party had met and brought in the supply brigade. He was shy about telling his experiences, for he still felt himself a little under the ban. Finally he plucked up courage to ask the men who had come in if they had

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seen that camp of plains raiders in the meadows. Of course they hadn't, they told him. You couldn't pay, bribe, bludgeon a brigade man to camp there or go off the trail near that old camp site. Why? Because the half-breeds and Indians always thought they saw things there—a ghost camp of a dozen or sixteen tepees that had been massacred to a man many years before when they came on a war raid against the mountain Indians. It isn't surprising such a boy rose to be a chief trader and married an Ogden; but he told me he never told that story till he was old and trusted enough to be believed. I asked him what he made of it. He said he didn't know any more in his sixty-seventh year than he had in his seventeenth; but he knew it was a fact, for the ghost fear nerved him to a supreme effort that drove him on and saved his life. I may add he was not a Celt with Celtic clairvoyance. He was a hard-headed Englishman, who despised psychic phenomena. I asked a radio man what he made of it, and I asked an ultra-violet ray doctor; and they both gave the same answer and it seems to me scientific. The terrible massacre had been photographed as on films, on the invisible ray envelope that science now knows does surround the earth. Keyed by terror and hunger and the immi-

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nence of death far above mundane vision, the boy saw what radio photography might catch to-day but ordinary vision could not. I can tell a similar story of a Boston ship, whose crew were massacred—massacred horribly—except two white men. The Chinook's son had been chief killer. He began to see the grinning heads of the murdered sailors around him, wherever he went, sleeping or waking. In vain, the medicine-man beat his tom-tom to drive the demons away. That chief's son died a raving maniac; and it was not from remorse; for the Indian has no remorse for murder. There are the facts! Make of them what you like.

So I no longer laugh at the feats of the Indian medicine-man's juggler tent. There are more ghosts in these lonely mountains than shy elfin ghost-flowers at the edges of the hyaline glaciers.

It is before you reach Bowman's Lake that you encounter another freak of the west side—that solid forest of yellow pine which really belongs to the warm southwest. There it stands somber in its majesty, like Spanish hidalgos in war rank with bark in the armor plating of the sixteenth century, free of underbrush as yellow forests always are, spearmen on parade down the countless centuries, resinous with incense as the censers the

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old Spanish padres used to swing before the altars erected in the hot forests of New Mexico and Arizona.

Why is it here? Yellow pine grows in deserts, on glacial beds and in heat. Was this once a hot, sun-drenched desert? If so, when? The gold cones literally smoke with perfume. The air is filled with "Balm of Gilead." Cinnamon scents are in every breath you breathe. The bark is furrowed with age, plated with stripes the Indians strip off for foot and saddle and bed pads; and where the ax has hacked a tree as ripe for fall or removal, the wood is that golden red which delights the timber cruiser's heart. I can't answer those questions any more than you can; except to say these huge erect trees are very, very aged. You get that in the grains of wood where a trunk has crashed and broken, and in the annual whorls of the branches. We didn't stop to count the whorls, though we did the grains of a sawn log the road builders were using; but without a pocket lens the inner grains eluded us.

It is where the big trees have been overturned, showing the root wood that you see how the Flatheads and Nez Percés were independent of the plains Indians and coast traders for household

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utensils. Spoons, pots, plates, cups, jars, candle-wood for lights could be carved out of these hard knotty roots. Pots for fire cooking? Isn't that a bad slip? No. The Indian put his pot in earth, filled it with water, dropped in the meat or camas roots and boiled the water by either plunging in sizzling hot stones or banking hot stones against the wooden pot. Poor white man, when he tried to imitate Indian craft! Wasn't it David Douglas himself who got such a pot, then, to be wiser than an Indian put a copper bottom on the wood, hung his pot above a fool-white-man big blazing fire and fell asleep? When he wakened ravenous, the pot had burned, the bottom fallen out and the food was in cinders. Douglas reefed in his belt and went on to the next camp much wiser in Indian craft.

Bowman Lake I shall not describe because I can't. It is McDonald Lake and St. Mary Lake on a huger scale, receding to mountains which are as unknown to-day even to the Indians as when white men first threaded these trails. Needless to add, where man is a stranger, big game abounds; but at Bowman's Lake are such land camps as you find right to the Canadian border—a central chalet, where you can get meals, then encircling

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the chalet a round pergola camp of bark slab and canvas roof; and if you crave a holiday far from the haunts of men where you may fish all you can eat and climb peaks untrodden, I don't know a better place to do it than right at Bowman's Lake. Or, if you are ambitious to map a new region in detail, go up and map it; for there is practically no detailed mapping available on this area. Some warnings—and I can't overemphasize them. *Don't go alone.* You can't kill game in the Park, and when you reach this No-Man's-Land if you climb you are beyond the help of the rangers. There is no mountain bad in the human sense, but these are bad mountains for a tenderfoot; and the Park people discourage tenderfeet going into the peaks where the upper reaches of Bowman Lake loose themselves in wild torrents. We are not all like the boy who escaped death by the intervention of radio ghosts. We are most of us more like the poor young couple who perished in the snow-storm on the rock trail. Here the motor highway ends. Though you can see the Canadian border only some twenty miles distant, if you go ahead, you must go on foot or horseback; but as we aren't all Père De Smets or David Douglasses, my advice to you is unless accompanied by an experi-

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enced mountaineer—not a graduate teamster, but a real mountaineer—don't. It has been done. It is being done every year and the trail will be an open highway very soon. You know your own mountaineering capacity; but unless it equals Douglas' to reach your objective barefoot, and sleep in rain, if you run short of food to shoot game on the wing—which of course is unlawful—discount your own opinion of yourself right here and end your foot or horseback trip at the Sky-land camps south of the Kintla Glacier.

You can return the way you came, or across the Flathead on a pole bridge—perfectly safe for motors—and motor through the National Forests.

This brings up the question—Should the National Parks be under the administration of the National Forests? It would not save the expense of the rangers, for the same number of rangers would be needed; but it would save the expense of duplicated administration. That's the only gain. Set over against it the possible and almost certain loss. The National Parks are for play—to be left as wild and primeval as possible with due regard to the public's playground. They must have motor roads, bridlepaths, foot trails. They must have camp and car and strict police regulation. They

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leave all game life unhunted in season and out of season. They conserve fish life because the play season is so short, and all the camp sites are fire protected and provided with sanitary, though crude, equipment. The National Forests are for the use of timber as it is ripe. The loggers largely provide their own roads. The patrols are chiefly against fire and timber thieves. Game can be hunted in season. Sanitation, fish life, animal life, are not the primary aims of the National Forests. As pulp wood and big timber and water-power become scarcer and scarcer in the east, more and more paper mills and lumber mills and power dams will go up, and rightly, in the National Forests, to take and use as ripe what would otherwise go to waste. I can't see the National Parks remaining playgrounds if they become National Forests. Every year there is pressure to shave off a National Forest here, extend it to waste areas there, make political concessions elsewhere. I am not saying these demands—for pasture in drought years outside the National Forests, for watering rights when streams outside scorch dry, for timber for hard-pressed settlers, for cattle and sheep ranges in years when Indian reservations are short of both, for water-power



MANY GLACIER CAMP ON LAKE McDERMOTT



CHIEF THREE BEARS BREAKING CAMP

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when coal is expensive or too far away for manufacturing plants—I am not saying these demands are not perfectly right and fair. The National Forests are the people's property to be used as needed; but I do say such needs are often faked for ulterior purposes that will not stand the light of day, for land and mine and timber jobber; and I would not like to see the National Parks tossed into such an arena of political controversy as has marked the National Forests from their beginning. Sometimes the friends of National Forests have been at fault through bureaucratic ignorance. Ofttimes they have been the target of pure—or rather impure—political assault. Frequently the best of people with the best of motives have done the cause of the National Forests more harm than good by charging ulterior motives and scaring out capital, sorely—yes, desperately—needed for local development. I took part in such a fight once as the defender of the National Forests and it was the most dishonest fight on both sides in which I have ever been involved. Each side played up whatever bolstered its argument and suppressed facts that didn't; and the funny part—looking back on it—is they each did it conscientiously. When politics come in at the door bold as brass,

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facts fly out of the window shy as doves; and the dove of peace broods no more.

The charm of the National Parks is in their peace, their aloofness from controversy. Keep them there in the No-Man's-Land of dreams and play and majestic calm. When you talk to a Park ranger he begins quoting Wordsworth on lakes or Bryant on the fringed gentian. When you talk to a Forest ranger he talks of some scoundrel rancher whose sheep "won't delay the lambing season" for removal to the high timber grasses; or whose cattle have a permit for a hundred head, which multiply when slipped through the gates at night to two hundred head. Let them fight it out; but keep the Parks playgrounds. We won't need them for food for a century or two yet. This nonsense of no more vacant land is study-chair stuff. There is good vacant land to-day from New England to the Pacific, which you can buy cheaper and at easier terms than you could homestead free land, get water and build houses and barns. When there are no more abandoned farms in the east, nor untilled lands in the west, we can howl about the people's National Parks letting good land lie useless. The Indians say when you are with the wolves, you must howl with the

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wolves. There is a good deal of that in the tirades now howled and hallooed against the National Parks.

But if you want to see trees that have not yet heard the woodman's ax which we implore to "spare that tree," you can still see them in all their glory back through the National Forests down the Flathead. Is there anything more majestic than these forests in all the earth, I wonder? There are the great cedars with fronds of giant ferns. There are the pines with needles long, needles short, needles sagebrush gray-green, needles dark olive green—all clicking their gay castanets. There are the tamaracks, gray-brown, somber, resinous, graceful as ladies in a mazurka. There are the juniper rock trees with a braided bark which the Indians use for mats. There is the taciturn, burly larch with delicate fringed foliage, steadfast, in a word Scotch, which is the only conifer I know which sheds leaves yearly, and yellows to the frost. Some of the other conifers keep their foliage in spite of the threshing winds for seven years. You don't see the rock dwarfs hanging on with their fingers and toes on the west side; for there is too much moisture. Dwarfs don't grow here. The firs are

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like pyramids blistered with resin; and the balsam firs make the best camp beds because the leaves are flat and not needles. You can recognize them by their almost black green among the other olive and bottle and sage green. Sage gray-green distinguishes the Englemann spruce seen best in Colorado forests. Lodge-pole pine gets its name from the fact the Indians use these spindly boles for tent-poles. To go back to the balsams, the limbs slope down like great feathers. They are in open groves and groups. They may grow two hundred and fifty feet high and the bark is in plates, or cinnamon scales. Red fir is a giant in length and breadth with a furrowed red velvety bark, a flat top, slender drooping branches, and pale red wood. Its shaft is a Corinthian pillar, its bark a favorite for tanning, and its timber the best in the world. Its forests are dark as night and its ranks like fields of grain. Its great fault is its hardness.

But the Douglas fir is the king of all trees on the Pacific coast, being exceeded in size only by the sequoias of California; and I prefer to let David Douglas, himself, describe it. He went almost mad with joy when he began to find these trees first down in the Multnomah and then up in the Cascades and finally in the heart of British

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Columbia: "The leaves are solitary, flat, blunt at the apex, dark shining green, about an inch long. The cone is pointed, pendulous in clusters at the extremities of the twigs, two to two and a half inches long. Scales soft and velvety to the touch, of a glossy reddish tint.

"The tree is remarkably tall, unusually straight, having a pyramidal form. The trees which are interspersed in groups or standing solitary in dry upland, thin, gravelly soils or on rocky situations are thickly clad to the very ground with wide-spreading pendent branches, and from the gigantic size which they attain form one of the most striking and truly graceful objects in Nature. Those on the other hand which are in the dense gloomy forests, two-thirds of which are composed of this species, are more than usually straight, the trunks being destitute of branches to the height of one hundred to one hundred and forty feet, being in many places so close together that they naturally prune themselves, and in the almost impenetrable parts where they stand at an average distance of five square feet, they frequently attain a greater height and branches do not exceed even eighteen inches in diameter close to the ground. In such places some arrive at a magnitude exceeded by

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few if any trees in the world generally twenty or thirty feet apart. The actual measurement of the largest was of the following dimensions: entire length two hundred and twenty-seven feet, forty-eight feet in circumference three feet above the ground, seven and one-half feet in circumference one hundred and fifty-nine feet from the ground." (I may add I have the stump of one such small Douglas fir as a dining table on my cabin porch in the Rockies.)

"Behind Fort George [old Astoria] near the confluence of the Columbia River, the old establishment of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company, there stands a stump of this species which measures in circumference forty-eight feet, three feet above the ground, without its bark.

"On a low estimation the average size may be given at six feet diameter, and one hundred and sixty feet high. The young trees have a thin, smooth, pale whitish-green bark covered with a profusion of small blisters like Balm of Gilead Fir, which when broken, yield a limpid oily fluid possessing a fragrant and very peculiar odor, and which after a few days' exposure to the action of the atmosphere, acquires a hard, brittle consistence like other rosins, assuming a pale amber

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color. The bark of the aged trees is rough, rotten and corky, the pores smaller and containing less rosin, and greatly divided by deep fissures. Often in the space or vacuity between the bark and the timber of standing dead trees a sheath may be flayed off in large pieces of several square yards, and from its texture and color might without examination be mistaken for sheepskin."

It is a pity that in modern forestry the Douglas fir has been mixed up with spruces; but there is his own description of the evergreen bearing his own name; and if you want to see it in its glory you must wander beside it and rest beneath its flowing drapery of branches and inhale its spicy garden scents as of sunlight imprisoned for centuries, and watch and listen to its little sleepless sentry, the Douglas squirrel, the seed-sower, harvester and bold robber of the cones as he scrambles down the trunks, holding grip only by hind claws, or bounds up in winged jumps using all four claws like fish-hooks. His whiskers are feelers, also moustaches of sheer male vanity. He is the sentry against all foes, at whom he barks and spits and chatters, whether a grizzly or an eagle. He is the gayest scamp of all the woods and will out-clatter the jays. He has told me to

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look out for a bear behind in the thicket, and for an eagle overhead, and for a snake in the grass. I wish I had him for a sentry in the city. He defies enemies each and all with a saucy whisk of his tail. There he is—and bless me—there he isn't. He is the prize long-distance jumper of the tree-top world and vain of it as a pampered athlete; and he is thrifty as a Scotch Highlander and lays up two cones for every one he will need. That is how he seeds the forests. He is a robber and hates robbers and betrays them with a shout; and he is a dainty epicure, too. He may eat fleas as men do cheese-grubs—but he mixes them with salad from the tenderest end-sprout of the youngest tip on a branch. Then he sits up on his hind legs with his tail round his feet to keep his toes warm and eats a nut so daintily you know he is saying—"You couldn't do it as gracefully as that, you clumsy big black-boot biped."

When David Douglas first came to the Pacific one hundred years ago, it took him eight months on the ocean and he ascended the mountains at the rate of twenty to forty miles a day. I met naturalists on the selfsame trail, who had crossed the ocean in five days, the continent in five more and traversed in motors the mountain trails he

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footed, at the rate of one hundred and sixteen miles a day; and they thought they were going slow to see things.

When he first came to America, he wrote down as a first impression: "Little attention is paid to anything but what brings money or luxury." I wonder what he would say to-day if he could see a Sacred Grove being arranged to his own memory, with museums and schools and art colonies where once he threaded the wilderness wilds. I wonder what he would say could he know that great groves of Douglas Firs are now being purchased by the transcontinental railways to prevent snow slides as safer than snow-sheds?

He wandered those wilds with Jean Ba'tiste MacKay, son of the Tonquin martyr; with Chief Comcomly of Astorian fame; with Ogden, whose Flathead wife more than once saved the fur trader's life; with Jaque Cardinal, who described the mountain streams as his "barrel of gin and always running." Peace to their memory! Each was great in his own sphere. Each was needed in the winning of the west; and we who go out over this old trail in luxury palaces on wheels are doing them a belated reverence at the monuments erected to their honor!

PART VI

The Old Oregon Trail

You will recall where, on the east side of Glacier Park, we traversed a section of the oldest and longest trail in history. It was a trail first made by the buffalo and other wild animals receding before the last Glacial Age. That trail can still be traced, worn into deep ruts by the padded tread of creatures countless as the denizens of our childhood Noah's Ark, pushing south—and south—and south in panic stampede before a blind evil force they could not fight. That force was the Spirit of Northern Cold, which Norwegian folklore enshrines in its fireside legends of the misty Loki enshrouded in ghostly death sheets of frost and snow; and North American Indian tribes chant of the same frost god, a fanged wolf god, the fabulous *loupgarou*, who, when he assumed man-shape, sat in his tepee of snow with beard and hair of icicles waist long, and breath of death frost and poisonous arrow tips to hurl at the lone hunter caught by storm, till there came a Youth clad in

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Light with the flossy yellow hair of the tasseled corn, who slew the old monster; for the Youth's name was Spring. You'll get that in your Schoolcraft legends if you read them.

And after the animals, down the same trail, pursuing the buffalo for food and robes, followed prehistoric man, the Indian tribes of the plains, from whence we do not know but can only guess, camping here and there in sheltered spurs of the mountains to become distinct tribes, or spreading out on the plains east and south certainly as far as the Great Lakes and Alleghanies.

And now west of Glacier Park we come to another trail equally marvelous, but marvelous in the fact of its Youth. Like Spring with the flaxen hair, who slew old Winter with sunbeams and melted his stony heart and disimprisoned all the frozen life of water and plant in the warmth of a new gladness that set the torrents shouting and the trees playing an invisible orchestra of pipes and reeds and harps in the winds—this other trail west of the Rockies is a golden trail, a trail of hope, a trail of heroism, a trail of non-stop dauntless advance, a trail of endeavor watered with tears but bearing home the sheaves with rejoicing—in a word the old Oregon Trail, which wasn't

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a trail in the old sense at all but a broad highway to an empire the power and wealth of which the world hardly yet grasps.

But unlike the old eastern trail, this trail is a trail of Youth. It is also a trail of such fruition in speed as the world has never witnessed. Within a century that trail has transformed the Stone Age to modern civilization.

Did it ever strike you why for the first time in United States legislation Congress was last year asked without any appropriation to designate the name of that highway in a great memorial as the Oregon Trail? People misunderstood the request. They asked: Where's the little Ethiopian on the fence? Who's got an ax to grind? Who are the manipulators pulling the strings? And why this honor to Oregon Trail; when there are just as good highways from Maine to Florida, or Baltimore to the Blue Ridge? Why shouldn't the Santa Fé have its trail immortalized? Why shouldn't the Mormons have their trail duly named in a Congressional baptism? You remember there was a little scrap over it. Santa Fé claimed the tail of the trail and the Mormons the middle body; but after the scrap was over, and the tail and the middle had been scissored off, there was still the

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old Oregon Trail immortalized and enshrined in so many hearts that by actual count last year there passed over it either setting out or coming back five hundred thousand touring motors with from three to five passengers.

There are just as good highways elsewhere. What drew myriads over this trail? Adventure, you say. Oh, no! You can get more unexpected thrills, just as sudden death, crossing New York streets in the rush hours, or going up and down a paved New England corkscrew highway glazed with an icy snow, when your brakes don't hold and you have forgotten your chains and the car without one toot turns turtle. I had some friends whose car turned turtle twice and landed on its head and all the inmates on their heads and didn't hurt a soul; but they got thrills all right.

Something else took multitudes over that old Oregon Trail. Scenery? Yes. There is no scenery surpassing it in the world; but if you watched those cars from every State in the Union shuttling over it as I did last year, the most of them traveled too fast to see any scenery. Climate? Yes perhaps—the Youth called Spring holds sway here for nine out of twelve months of the year; but you have to go through a pretty varied assort-

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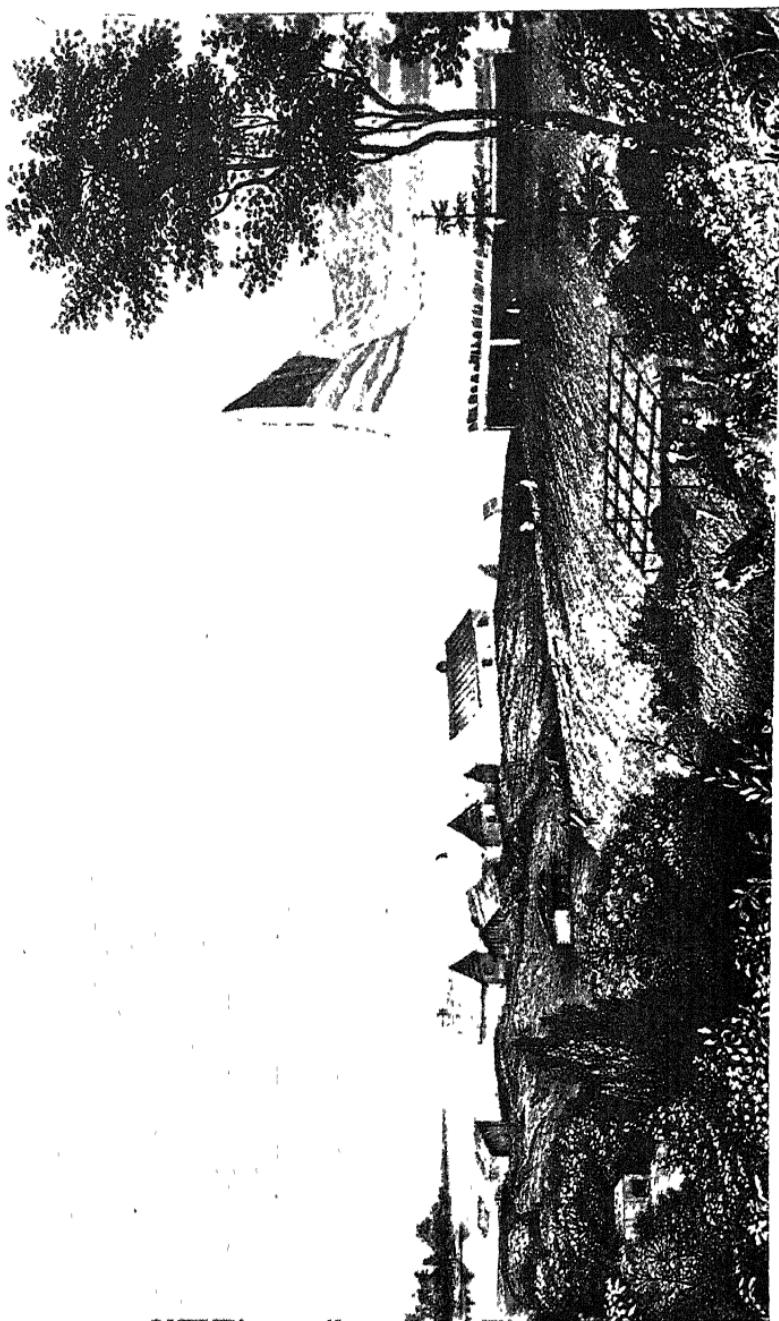
ment of other climates going there; and the “sun-kissed zephyrs”—I believe is the way they describe that climate—are so ardent in their wooing they sometimes leave you with a tan the tint of the Shulamite’s “tents of Kedar” and arms and hands the complexion of a red stovepipe or fresh sausages.

There is a lure deeper than scenery and climate to that Oregon Trail. The public is a curiously vociferous but inarticulate thing. It can’t always say—*why*—but it feels and does; and the lure of the Oregon Trail harks back to every subconscious instinct of adventure and heroism in the human heart.

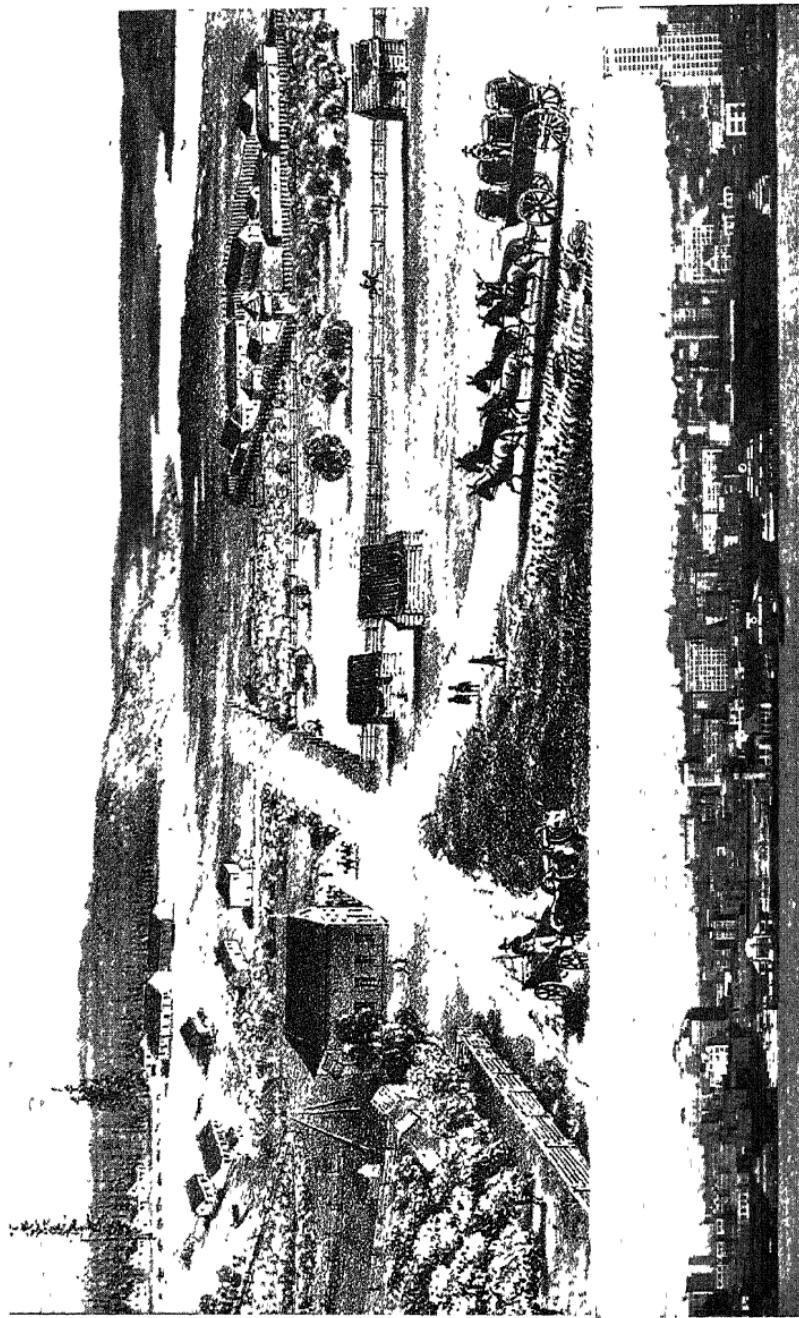
Go back to your little map of Glacier Park. On the west side where you came down from the Canadian border along the Flathead through the National Forests, you see arrow signs pointing to the Columbia River Highway and to the Pacific Coast Highway. The Columbia River Highway is the section of the Oregon Trail which the scissors couldn’t snip off for the Santa Fé nor for the Mormon Trail. That section of the trail stands undisputed and uncontested. It goes out westward and meets at right angles the great Pacific Coast Highway, which runs between the ocean blue as

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the sky and the Coast Range green as that Spring Youth's suit of fresh leaves, a direct sixteen hundred and sixty-five miles from Vancouver to the Mexican border. It forms a T-elbow with the Pacific Coast Highway. Portland says she's the T of that elbow. Seattle says she is. Longview says she is. Anyway, each spot is a stopping place for the great caravan of gypsies on wheels; and the gypsies are sometimes in limousines, and sometimes in big lumbering buses, which the Indians may well call speed-devils—for everything gets out of their way—and sometimes little battered puddle-jumpers with home-rigged two-wheel trailers behind in which may be piled bedding the worse for wear and kids with unwashed faces and uncombed hair, but happy as little Indians on cayuse ponies. The khans provided for these caravans of gypsies awheel range all the way from four and five million dollar hotels such as you find at Spokane and Seattle, to box camps, where you can camp and eat for the night, or tent cities, where you can lie up and rest and cook your own food and shake out your cramped legs and apply your monkey-wrench to your donkey of a car's legs if she has taken to kicking up, or give her a dose of oil and pasteurized drink if her digestion



ASTORIA ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER IN THE 18TH CENTURY



SEATTLE IN THE 1850S (*above*). THE WATER FRONT OF SEATTLE TODAY (*below*)

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has gone on a rampage, which it sometimes does on a steep climb, when she smokes and grunts and says things, and you smoke and grunt and say things. "I could kick the old rip," said a man who got up off his back under a car which had balked. "Won't do a bit of good," said the other man, who stood in a torrent of rain holding a leaky umbrella over his wife, "send for the doctor"; and the doctor is only a few miles away on these trails, where garages are at each camp. I am not going to bore you by adding if each car measured twelve feet from stem to stern, five hundred thousand cars multiplied by twelve feet would equal a continuous caravan longer than from Vancouver to the Mexican border, which I venture to say no caravan of elephants and camels from India to Egypt ever measured, in all ancient history. I am not going to expatiate on that idea because the number of gypsies awheel traversing this new Marvel Trail are increasing by thousands each year—by so many thousands that it has become a problem how to police and govern populations greater than all but half a dozen cities in the world—now wandering awheel where fancy lures.

"Somehow I wondered as I watched the passing pageant of joyous colorful carefree life, did the

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old caravans that plied on camel and elephant from India to Egypt present greater diversity of class, mass, race, wealth, poverty, or a more picturesque panorama of great adventure speeding from whence to whither, glad with the gladness of life, heedless of the Norns of death and fate as the children who followed the Pied Piper? I'd like to live to see the end of this trail. So would you; but we shall not. No one living to-day will. It's a new thing in history—the conquest of space by man. Whether it will end in the ditch or the stars, no soul can foretell. It has pulled up the racial roots of a thousand years. It has converted home to wheels. It has made a continent *one* for the first time in history. It has pretty nearly shuttled a warp and woof in the commerce of the whole world; for the oils of Shinar Plain meet in the motor car the rubbers of Africa and South America, and the steels and irons that are the foundations of prosperity in countless American and European cities. Take out one single factor and the wheels stop going round.

Instead of following the little arrows along the highway from Glacier Park west, let us jump to the coast and begin our journey from the Pacific Highway. You can jump by train or you can

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jump by car. I have hinted elsewhere why I am sure the rubber tire will never supplant the steel rail. These reasons don't need repeating. One is weather. Another is age. Another is youth. Another is the plain fact that you have a stomach; and civilization, like the army, has to travel on its stomach, though you may abolish legs with rubber and rail. Another is sleep. Even speed maniacs have to have sleep. It is a long story and this is not the place for it; but if you think it out yourself, you will be forced to the conclusion that before many years, motor and railroad will be interlinked in a great common system, in which the motor will pour a thousand rills of passenger and freight into the main stream of the rail. There is no such thing to-day as a shipping point distant from rail. There is only the road between; but the rail pays taxes to build the motor road. The motor doesn't pay taxes to build the rail's road. The motor taxes pay only the repairs on the motor road. Now we'll suppose expenses go so high on the rail that they can't afford to keep going—what happens? Just what is happening on hundreds of suburban rails—freight and passengers join the gypsies awheel in the motor caravans. Labor is laid off the rails, off the coal mines, and

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takes a job in the motor caravans; but the man who owns his own caravan can't be forced into any fixed wage. He's going to run that caravan cheaper than the rails—or "bust" financially on his farm, his truck garden, his strawberry patch, his orchard, or his poultry plant.

"The machine, which we have created, is devouring us," said an honest old Radical Red of the Pacific coast to me, "and no one can foresee the end of the trail"; and, hot talk aside, the man spoke the truth. There is no use running our heads against facts. The motor has revolutionized more than industry. It is revolutionizing both capital and labor. It is forcing them together; and they have to hold together if they are going to survive. It's a long Marvel Trail and it opens new vistas unreckoned ten years ago.

Having jumped to the Pacific coast by rail or motor, let us see to what memory harks back, lurking multitudes along these trails every year! I stood above Lake Washington, Seattle, and watched a sea-plane skimming the blue surface of the waters like a gull, half swimming, half flying, and up it rose—a beautiful silver-winged thing among the white wind clouds, up and up and away and away till no larger than a bird on wing;

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and I thought of the plans to fly to Hawaii, where only a little over a century and a half ago Cook's ship first came to grief circumnavigating the globe. Behind me the chug-chug of a steam derrick was leveling a hill that in the east would be called a mountain. What is it the Bible says about "faith removing mountains"? That is what it has done in the west on the Oregon Trail. Twelve years ago I stayed at one of the best hotels in Seattle. This time, I tried to find it. I couldn't. They had torn down the hotel and then they had torn down the hill on which it was built; and in its place stood a better hotel on a better grade. I looked back over the city girt by hills like Rome, like Athens, like Ephesus. Motors were hurrying up hills and down hills that would have tried a good pack-horse a century ago. A century ago, two centuries ago, three, yes, four centuries ago, let us see—who and what were here? For centuries are only pin pricks in the history of race or nation.

Viking ages, Viking ages in very truth, with the shout of the wild Cape Horn storms ripping the rigging and tearing the sails to tatters, and a drench of sleet-storms boiling down from the snowy Coast Range that iced the hulls of high decked vessels with such absurdly small body that

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the spread of sails gave them more the appearance of great white-winged birds than human craft. Is it that Viking call in all Norse blood that lures so many here? Maybe; for when the old Norwegian farmer retires from the plains of the Dakotas and Minnesota to let son and daughter carry on, he hies him to the Pacific coast as a sea-gull hies her back from land to tide. Also you meet among seagoing folk—seamen and shipmasters—a surprising number whose ancestry is either Norwegian, or British Devon folk.

Devon folk! It was Devon folk who defeated the Spanish Armada; and as the Spanish don claimed everything in heaven and earth in the realm of the South Seas, into those South Seas now known as the Pacific sailed Sir Francis Drake, a Devon man, in the fifteen hundreds “to singe the don’s beard.” And he did it so thoroughly, with such a reward of pirate loot in gold plate and emeralds and pearls that he dared not go back by the Atlantic but plowed for England “a silver keel around the world” and breasting the storms of the Horn ran up the coast to California which he named New Albion and claimed for Queen Bess. And that brings up other racial memories. We Nordics were all ancestrally pirates and in our

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heart of hearts we love Drake. But there you are back to Drake, on the Pacific Highway. And what a magnificent pirate he was. "He carried with him," said the Spanish reports, "one hundred men, ten gentlemen, cadets of high families admitted to his table, served with much plate with gilt borders and all possible kinds of delicacies and scents. They dine and sup to the music of violins." I'm blessed! Is this out on the Pacific coast? It is and in the years 1577-78. When Drake reached San Francisco Bay, he had so much loot he could carry no more. How much farther north along this Highway did he sail? Where they met "the frozen nimpies," or icy northern blasts—some accounts say to 43°, others to 48°. Drake says from 38° to 48°, but chronometers were no more reliable in those days than speedometers are in these days, especially if a highway policeman is after you; and the enraged Spanish don was after Drake keen as a mad dog after a jumping hare, though Drake called his ship the *Golden Hind*. Let us accept the compromise of disputing diplomats and say Drake came as far north as the southern bounds of Oregon. He describes the war-eagle headdress of the Indian chiefs as like "the feathers of a black crow" and

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says they puffed something from their mouths called "tobah."

But don't think for a moment that the Spanish don lay down, a whipped dog. You'll find his name dotting this whole Pacific coast from Alaska to California. The Spanish don nailed his title down right up to Oregon, spiked it right down on top of Drake's; but Russia was busy in the north. Vitus Bering, the Dane, under the world conquest plans of Peter and Catherine the Great nailed down their Russian title from 1700 to 1743 all the way from the Aleutian Islands to old Baranoff's feudal castle at Sitka, which you can see to this day.

But those two titles were extinguished in conquest and purchase by the United States, leaving from 40° to 54° a No-Man's-Land, till Sir Alexander MacKenzie came overland by canoe in 1793 and nailed down as English title, New Caledonia or Upper British Columbia. Now remember, Louisiana did not extend beyond the Rockies. From British Columbia to California was still a No-Man's-Land—Oregon; but England was not asleep. Captain Cook had missed Oregon on his voyage of 1778; for the roaring breakers and landward gale kept him off what seemed to be a

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harborless rocky coast till he reached Vancouver Island, where he, too, spiked down an English title to Lower British Columbia. Still Oregon remained a No-Man's-Land; but with Cook had sailed a young English middy, Vancouver, and a young New England boy, Ledyard. Both had their eye on that strip of coast from California to British Columbia. It was Ledyard who first interested Jefferson in what resulted in Lewis and Clark coming overland in 1804-6; but Oregon would not have been American had something else not happened. The young middy, Vancouver, was sent out by England in 1779 to 1794 to chart that unknown coast; and he did. Stand on the hills round Seattle, or Portland, or Longview, and you can count the names after his naval friends which he gave to mountains and harbors inland for a hundred miles—Whidby Island, after his lieutenant, Puget Sound after another young lieutenant, Mount Hood and St. Helen's and Rainier after friends. Vancouver (U. S.), Vancouver (B. C.), have taken his own name. *He charted the No-Man's-Land for England; but he did it just two weeks too late though it was twelve years before Lewis and Clark had come overland.* Was it luck or destiny drove him from the coast of roar-

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ing breakers as it had driven Cook and the Spanish dons before him? Torrential rains had wiped out the coast like a washed slate, but the roaring crash of thunderous breakers sounded their own danger siren; and Vancouver with his great navy vessels and apprehension for the safety of his crews went on up north to Cook's old landfall in Nootka. At six in the morning of April 29, 1792, as he glided into the Straits of Juan de Fuca, a little American vessel named the *Columbia* commanded by an unknown Boston captain, named Robert Gray, had courteously saluted Vancouver's big navy ships with a cannon shot, which Vancouver, as the courtesy of the sea demanded, answered with a roaring charge from his big guns. A jolly boat under Lieutenant Puget went bouncing over the waves to ask Gray about this cruise. Gray frankly said he had seen the mouth of a great river down in that No-Man's-Land about $46^{\circ} 10'$. Pause a moment here as you course the Pacific Highway and read Vancouver's comment: "This we passed on the forenoon of the 27th; and if any inlet or river be found, it must be a very intricate one, inaccessible . . . owing to reefs and broken water. . . . I was thoroughly convinced, as were most persons on board, that we could not possibly

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have passed any cape . . . from Mendocino to Classer (Flattery)."

Now come back to Gray. You can pause and do him honor as you course down the Pacific Highway at Tillamook Bay where his crew had an ugly brush with the coast Indians in August of 1788, or Astoria where the Columbia rolls out to sea the waters of a mountain world. It is interesting to note there was a brave Coolidge man as first mate from Massachusetts under Gray on the *Lady Washington* on that first voyage; and it is still more interesting to note that the first lady in Washington to-day is the wife of a Coolidge man. So do racial memories and racial blood hark back to old heroism. So does old heroism come down in modern strains to descendants of the same cool dauntless nerve. It was that mate Coolidge who saved the wounded sailors in Murderers' Harbor from massacre under a shower of spears by the treacherous thieving Chinooks. All the men had landed but Gray and two others from the main ship, when Gray's negro valet noticed a Chinook snatch the cutlass which the colored lad—Lopez—had carelessly stuck in the sand. When the boy pursued the thief, down on him plunged the Chinook mob stabbing him to death. Coolidge was

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first to rush to the rescue offering ransom for the boy and the sword; but the mob then advanced on him. He drew his pistol coolly, signaled his men to rush for the little boat on the shore as the big boat could not fire cannon without injuring its own crew; and when the Chinook would have raced round and cut the crew off from the small boat, it was Coolidge put himself between his crew and the pursuers amid a shower of poisoned arrows, spears and stones, shot an advancing warrior dead and held the rabble at bay till his men gained their little boat. Then, keeping his face to the foe, he backed to the boat, jumped in and all rowed for dear life. It was only when they were back on the *Lady Washington* that the rescued crew learned their defender had been wounded as he held back the raiders. That Coolidge, too, was a silent man. There is a nice point, here, on which you can speculate for yourself. It was in a Coolidge Building opposite Revere House that the Gray trip had been planned in 1787; and the next few years find Coolidge out trading furs with the Spaniards on the *Gertrude* and the *Lucy* for himself. From 1802 to 1811, he is trading with the Russians as sole owner of the *Catherine* from Bos-

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ton. There he drops from history; but he was a typical Boston Coolidge.

But we are now down to Gray's second voyage of 1792. It is May. Gray fortunately is on the little vessel—*Columbia*—which can dodge over shallow bars and miss the roaring surf where the big vessel *Lady Washington* couldn't. He and Vancouver had exchanged views as already told.

Old Bruno Heceta, a Spanish don, had recorded in 1775: "These currents . . . cause me to believe that the place is the mouth of some great river. . . . I did not enter and anchor there because . . . if we let go the anchor, we had not enough men to get it up. (Thirty-five were down with scurvy.) At the distance of three or four leagues, I lay to. I experienced heavy currents, which made it impossible to enter the bay, as I was far to leeward. . . . These currents, however, convince me that a great quantity of water rushed from this bay on the ebb of the tide." Gray had had another ugly collision with raiding Chinooks in Gray's Harbor. On the 10th, heading south, he heard the tide rip colliding with a river current in a cannon boom and saw the breakers crashing over a sand reef like Kipling's White

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Horses, or Diana's stallions galloping out to sea. The waters were milky. That meant inland mountain snows and glacial silt. Surely this was the great unknown River of the West. Again destiny, or luck, or whatever Angel of Design it is that carved land from seas and nations from races—a gentle wind bore inshore; and Gray had a little sloop of shallow draught. He could take the risks which neither Cook nor Vancouver dared. The tide seemed to lift and heave in mountain billows over the reefs. Gray watched and watched all that silver-starry clear night, and at eight in the morning spread his sails like a gull and rode the rolling billows of foam straight across the sand bar into a broad inner bay more than ten miles across, it seemed, which received the tumultuous waters of a vast river—*the Columbia*.

Gray ascended the river about thirty miles. The shores were lined with hostile Indians. They sold him big salmon for a nail or spike, and four sea-otter for such copper sheets as would make bottoms for wooden pots, and beavers for two spikes to nail the cedar planks of their rude houses. It was May, remember, and the mountain snows were melting and the Columbia swirling at flood tide, and, torn from its banks, tossing

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on the tumultuous waters were huge oaks and giant firs—which David Douglas thirty-two years later named—any one of which might have rammed his little vessel, the *Columbia*. You can see those great trees yet along the Columbia in May; and they always give you the impression of giant corpses driven out to hide their defeat in the sea.

On the 19th, Gray drifted down with the tide, went ashore, took possession for the American Flag and planted coins under a tree which may some day, like the La Verendrye plate found at Pierre, South Dakota, establish the exact point of Gray's landfall.

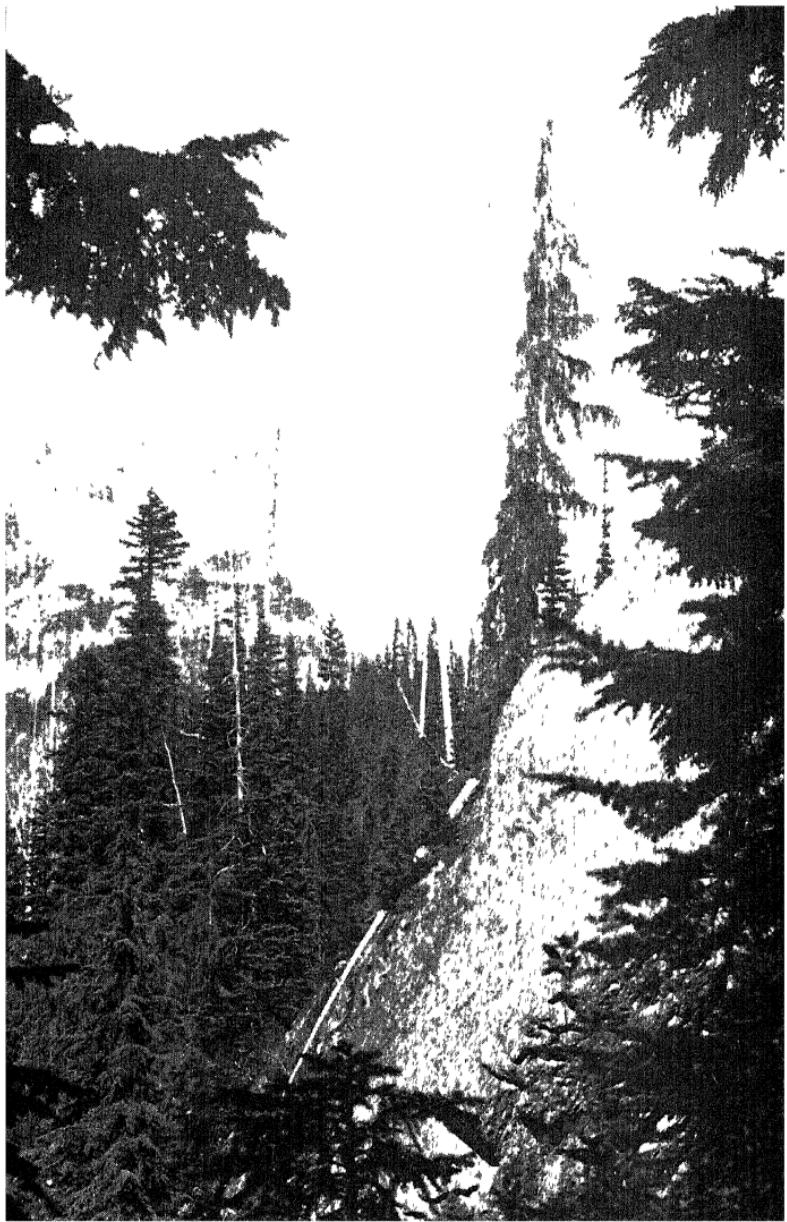
That was the beginning of the western end of the Oregon Trail. That, if you like to put it differently, is the Pacific terminus of the great Columbia Highway.

Do you wonder the west wanted that highway dedicated, and didn't care particularly whether the eastern end was snipped off as the Santa Fé, or the middle as the Mormon's Highway? When Louisiana was purchased, the Lewis and Clark Expedition had to explore the connecting links from the Missouri to the mouth of the Columbia because when Vancouver learned what Gray had

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done, his chagrin knew no bounds. He sent Broughton and Puget down with small boats to chart inland for a hundred miles; and you'll find their charted names all up the Columbia Highway as far as Portland. That is a sore spot with some westerners to this day. They want the names, which Lewis and Clark did not rechristen, changed to purely Indian names. Heaven forbid one should get between the cross-fire of these disputants; but I like the old names, for they lead to the next chapter of the old Oregon Trail, the most heroic of all.

Drake and Cook and Vancouver had nailed down definite claims by real discoveries; but in Oregon their claims were shadowy diplomatic subterfuges. If Spain's claim was good to California and Russia's to Alaska, then Gray's was good to Oregon; but what did the eastern diplomats care for the west? Alaska was called "an ice box"; California, "a desert"; Oregon, "a wilderness"; and the diplomats arranged for joint occupancy because when Astor established his trading post near Lewis and Clark's old wintering fort, though it was captured or treacherously capitulated in the War of 1812, it had been restored in the Treaty that ended the War; and that set up



THE TOWERING MASS OF MOUNT RAINIER



THE CASCADES OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER

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a presumption of ownership by the United States, which the diplomats solved by compromise in joint occupancy.

At this time, I do not think Great Britain cared one hoot whether she retained Oregon or not; for when the Hudson's Bay fur traders took possession, the British Government refused to back up Sir George Simpson's efforts to buy Alaska and California, and when Rae, the son-in-law of Governor McLoughlin, went down to dicker with Mexican viceroys for California and a revolution caused enormous losses to his Company for advances to the viceroy, Rae blew his brains out. "Pah," said Captain Black, when he was sent round in the War of 1812 to capture Astor's fort at the mouth of the Columbia, "is that the fort I've heard so much about?" (It had already been turned over to the Canadian traders.) "I could knock it all down with a four pounder"; and when the "54-40 or fight" presidential campaign was in full hue and cry, and a brother of Aberdeen was sent out in a Royal Squadron to survey the situation, he reported that "all Oregon was not worth a damn," chiefly because his bed in the Fort now moved up to Vancouver at the mouth of the Willamette was not soft, and the fish would

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not rise to the fly (salmon were taken by weirs, nets and scoops), and the deer could not be shot Scottish fashion by stalking.

And if the English cared little what became of Oregon, the eastern States cared less; and that brings up the next chapter of the Oregon Trail.

Sweeping past the Cowlitz Plains on November 6, 1805, where the city of Longview now stands, Lewis and Clark had noted the knob-like rock which Vancouver had seen. All hearts quickened, for an Indian had been encountered who could speak a little English and tide and rain had roiled the river; but signs of the ocean were growing plainer and plainer. A pilot had been picked up on the 7th with a white sailor's jacket. The river suddenly widened. The fog lifted. The roar of the surf could be heard—and there lay the sea! The record does not say that the men beat the paddles on the gun'ls or shouted, for it is the most stilted narrative of a great national epic ever penned; but it does concede "this cheering view exhilarated the spirits of all the party" and "we went on with great cheerfulness" in spite of drenching rains. You can see the site of old Fort Clatsop as you motor the highway; but long before Lewis and Clark came

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—in fact soon after Gray's voyage—John Jacob Astor had had a vessel scouting for fur trade with the Russians; and Astor, who knew the Canadian plans of Montreal traders where he had been their guest at the Beaver Club,—was keen to send a vessel—the famous *Tonquin*—round the Horn to the mouth of the Columbia and an expedition overland to found Astoria. This story has been immortalized by Washington Irving in *Astoria*; and however the Congressional Committee scrapped over the first section of the Overland Astorians going west by the Oregon Trail, there is no disputing that going down the Columbia they did follow the Oregon Trail. If you glance back to Part V please note Lewis and Clark had left Ft. Clatsop just a few months before the two surviving members of that murdered ghost crew escaped down to this abandoned camp site. What an untold epic! What an unphotographed film! What an unplayed drama surpassing in thrills any escape ever related on the stage!

And now comes the most dramatic story of all the Oregon Trail or the Columbia River Highway. In only four sections of the United States did feudalism—the one-man rule of a benevolent despot—ever persist—in the Presidio of San

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Francisco, in the Palace at Santa Fé, in Ft. Union under MacKenzie, and under John McLoughlin, Hudson's Bay governor at Fort Vancouver. McLoughlin ruled an empire by dint of leadership and wisdom and justice and courage for a quarter of a century, an empire larger than all Central Europe. He was the first governor sent west of the Rockies after the union of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Nor'westers, and his rule lasted till American settlers and missionaries set up a government of their own.

I am not going to describe the Fort. You can get descriptions of it as you motor from the Pacific eastward. McLoughlin had moved it up from Astor's old site ninety miles to the east on the Willamette for two reasons: to escape the heavy coast rains that molded provisions and furs; to avoid the free-lance outlaw ocean traders, Japs, Russians, Boston men—who bedeviled the coast Chinooks with rum. Whole shiploads of liquor McLoughlin bought and destroyed to prevent disaster with the Indians. Vancouver resembled other Hudson's Bay Company forts—but was stronger, eighteen foot pickets round an area of two hundred feet by two hundred feet with two-story corner bastions mounting cannon, a main

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residence for the governor, a bachelors' hall for the clerks, and a dining-room which could seat several hundred, where McLoughlin dined in state, garbed in the gentleman's broadcloth with brass buttons and high white choker and floating black tie. A Highland piper stood behind him and a Hawaiian boy waited on him. McLoughlin was every inch a king, over six feet in height, straight and spare as a lance, emphasizing his arguments with a whiff of snuff or a rap of his gold-headed cane, brooking no insubordination but benevolent as a prince royal and generous to destitute rivals. He believed that the Indian must fear first and love afterwards; and the law was an eye for an eye, a life for a life; if theft, restitution three and four fold. He had married the Indian widow of that McKay murdered on Astor's ship and his widow's son was the most fearless trader and surest shot in all his fur brigade. He always sent Indian wives along with his trapper brigade of two or three hundred men, not only to keep his men in buckskin clothing and moccasins but to avoid lawless raids by his own men on alien tribes with whom they traded; for the Indian rarely raids when his family are with him. Before every brigade set out, he kneeled and prayed for their safe

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return and personally shook hands with each man mounting a cayuse for the Burnt Rocks region of the south, or embarking in canoe for the far voyage up the Columbia and down the Saskatchewan to the rendezvous at Fort William on Lake Superior.

Four years from the time he came into the most murderous lawless region of the fur trade, the treacherous Chinooks were docile, and even the thieves of the Dalles and the Falls on the Columbia thought twice before raiding a flotilla of canoes at the portage.

"Shall we kill—shall we kill 'um Boston men?" asked the Chinooks, when rum traders came inside the River Bar and made trouble. A wreck was loot to these raiders. McLoughlin kicked the questioner from the fort and bade him go tell the Chinooks and river pirates for every hair of a white man's head they harmed, they should pay with an Indian life, and the cowed Indians shrank from issue with the White-Haired Eagle. He always kept his word.

Down the Columbia from Montreal at race-horse speed came Sir George Simpson with the swiftest paddlers ever known, shouting as he dipped his hand to judge the pace through the

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wirling water, "Up—up—up—my men, faster—faster!" And Colin Fraser, his piper, would strike up the Highland bagpipes and their shrill skirl would be heard by the wondering Indians in the lonely canyons. Leveled spears or gun would lower as they watched the big canoe flash past with the Hudson's Bay Company flag flying from the prow and a little curly-haired man amidships with the red satin lining to his cloak flying in the wind. On a couch in the room where I write lies the old tattered lynx skin robe of Colin Fraser's son; and it was he told me the story of Sir George's voyages. Indeed, it is a tradition that the name Dalles came from the French voyageurs' word *d'aller*, "to go." Up to Fort Vancouver came the little Hudson's Bay Company ships that had belted the Horn; and again tradition has it that the fine peach orchards that to-day are found along these Highways began with peach stones picked up on Robinson Crusoe's Island as the boats paused there to take on water and wood. You'll find an account of that and the lonely caretaker on the Island who used to recite "I am monarch of all I survey and my right there is none to dispute" in Douglas' *Memoirs*. You'll also find that the beginning of the apple orchards which shade these Highways

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with a glory of bloom in spring, traces to seeds which young English girls poked in the waistcoat pockets of young Hudson's Bay Company clerks before they embarked on these ships. Can't you see the satin-breeched gallants and the demure tight-laced, hoop-skirted demoiselles exchanging their vows over last dinners in the old taverns of the Thames, little realizing that they would never again see each other in spite of lovers' vows, or if they did, it was to meet bearded frontiersmen, tanned by the sun, with Indian wives. East is East and West is West; but what was Oregon? A No-Man's-Land of amazing adventure that took every soul that came to it into its maelstrom and so transformed him that his own mother would not recognize him, and he himself was never content elsewhere. I don't need to add—weaklings perished. Men had to be strong or die. There were no fig leaves over wickedness or weakness, which are so akin. Even the sons of good men sent to St. John's—Red River, or Paris, for an education—often fell back to tepee life and became outlaws, of whom McLoughlin's educated son was one. It is a question yet when Rae, who had married McLoughlin's daughter, blew his brains out in the Presidio of San Francisco, whether it was because

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of the Company's losses, or because he had lost his heart and head to a Spanish Señorita and dared not face the White-haired Eagle.

Romance! There is not a foot of the Pacific Highway or of the Columbia Highway running east from it that has not ten romances for one sung by old Border Land minstrels; only our minstrels haven't yet tuned their harps to it.

South from Vancouver went Tom McKay with his horse brigades up the Willamette across to the Umpqua and Rogue River tribes and on down to the Sacramento. This was the country of the hostiles and David Douglas tells of an encounter here with the old Chief Center Nose. (Where else could his nose be; but as he had fifteen wives, one of whom was his own mother, his nose may have been out of joint at times?) Douglas nearly lost his life among these rascals and from his trappers' party one wife and five children were captured and never again heard of. Out from Vancouver set off little roly-poly Peter Skene Ogden with his brave Flathead wife, threading south and south to Utah and Salt Lake, where his brigade almost perished from lack of fresh water, confiding each day to his journals curses on the ill-fated land and vows that never again would he lead a dog's

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life amid a band of ragged beggars; but year after year, the lure called him like a siren and out he went over scorching sands which were, had he but known it,—sands of Nevada gold. Eastward from Vancouver went Ross for those Piegan Passes to Montana, where we find place-names marking his fights and struggles. Ermatinger with his fiddle and flute, Laframboise and Cannon and mad John Day of the old Astor era—were all old worthies, whose traditions tinged the very atmosphere of the feudal stronghold at Vancouver Fort. Do these heroic conquests of the impossible leave an atmosphere magnetized with a something that descends to the race? You can answer that yourself a little later. I am not superstitious but I am radio fan enough to believe that no human energies fiercely directed to overcoming the impossible ever leave the sheath of the spheres untouched by what they have done. If you don't believe that, please explain some hard-boiled facts a little later!

And now came Governor McLoughlin's violent collision with the policy of the British directors. Elsewhere old voyagers and trappers could be settled round the forts of Red River (Winnipeg), or Lake Superior at Fort William, or in Glengarry

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if they were Scotch Highlanders, round modern Ottawa. You find their descendants there to this day; but it was too far to send them to these fur trade settlements from Oregon; so McLoughlin settled them on the beautiful parked prairies south of modern Portland at Champoeg. Stop and see it as you motor either highway—there is an old memorial park there. You can drink from the very springs from which they drank. You can camp and cook your supper under the great oaks where Lucien, Laframboise, and Jaques Cardinal, and John Grey, that villain at whom Ross prayed and swore crossing to Montana, got out their fiddles and danced in the fur storehouse from dawn till daylight and daylight till dawn again, under pitch-pine flaming fagots for torches with the same old “tai-i-i-i” you heard back in “The Big Tree Lodge” of Glacier Park. It is tiring at first, then it is hypnotic, then it is almost as trance inducing as the dance of the dervishes among the Arabs. I know now how white men succumb to the wilds; but I did not know till I heard that dance once in a two-day camp on Cedar Lake at the east end of Saskatchewan River. “What’s the use-use-use?” the tom-toms drum out. “We’re pawns of fate-fate-fate;—eat and be merry-

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merry-merry;—drink and forget-get-get”; and round they whirl like tipsy tops, or canoes going over the breakers to watery deaths.

Now we'll go back and pick up the thread of the story where the crash of tragedy tossed Oregon into the Union willy-nilly; and don't forget when the decision came for “Union, or Wait,” it was the vote of two Canadians from Champoeg that made the slim deciding majority. Canadian people with a sore spot over Oregon's not being a part of British Columbia forgot that. Two Canadian votes did it. I'd like to repeat that—*Two Canadian votes did it*—for the fact would stop a lot of chauvinistic nonsense that is written about it to this day.

Suppose we set out at Blaine on the Canadian border to follow the Pacific Highway down to where it joins the Columbia Highway going east. There on the right are the San Juan Islands—one hundred and seventy-two of them—named after the old pilot who first set the world agog with the yarns of a strait leading from the South Seas to the Atlantic. The waters are blue as the St. Lawrence amid the Thousand Islands or as the Bay of Venice. You are never out of sight of islands. Some are patches of black rock where you can be

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a Robinson Crusoe all by yourself if you want to. Some are fifty-eight square miles with mountains and forests and waterfalls and just as wild game life as when Cook and Vancouver and Gray and Don Quadra came poking their cautious prows amid reefs and surf. There are two thousand miles of coast line here in Puget Sound. Do you wonder it took three hundred years to chart it and that boats still bump into hidden unknown reefs? You can park your car and go across if you want to, for ferries run from Vancouver and Victoria, British Columbia, and Bellingham and Seattle; but on down the paved highway you go past such tulip and seed farms as you might see in Holland or Belgium, and between Bellingham and Everett past such strawberries as you will see nowhere else on earth. I know the west is accused of dealing in hyperbole; but when I say one strawberry has to be taken—I won't say bitten, it melts in your mouth—in two or three instalments, I am not exaggerating by a hair. You can get it in one bite if you have flexible jaws, but you won't emit any hyperboles immediately afterward. In a famous phrase which was never said, but I say it now—You'll have a mouthful; but if to that I add that from Bellingham to Everett are canning fac-

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tories, which should be called barreling factories, which by a chilled process send those June berries fresh as when picked for your strawberry shortcakes in New York in January—I know my reputation is gone. Nevertheless, it is true. Write to the mayors of the cities, or the ship agents and find out. From Bellingham to Seattle, you see the same great uprooted trees that terrified the little jolly boats of long ago drifting out to sea. You will also see lumber fragrant with the resin of imprisoned flowers from dank dark forests of snowy peaks waiting for shipment to the Orient, or Hawaii, or by Panama to the Atlantic coast and Europe. Do you know the beginning of that lumber traffic? When the Grays and the Coolidges and the other traders' ships failed of a fur cargo for China, they began shipping spars and mast poles to Hawaii and China. You will see schools fine as New York or Boston. Yet exactly a hundred years ago, when David Douglas, the naturalist, wished to avoid the dangers of the Columbia, having footed it across from Puget Sound and canoed down the Cowlitz, the territory was so wild and dangerous from grizzly and Chinook that again he nearly lost his life. The trip took him twenty-five days. Now you do it by motor or train with

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ease in a day. Down at Everett and Seattle you are opposite that Whidby Island which Vancouver named, and if the day is clear, you can see off to the right (west) the opal Olympic or to the left (east) Mount Rainier—which deserves a book to itself.

Of Seattle and Tacoma, what can any one say that will not be discounted in ten years? A century ago, this was wilderness. To-day are twin cities of almost half a million people, with banks and towering skyscrapers that might be in the heart of New York; with a university numbering eight thousand students; with a women's club in exquisite, chaste, almost Spanish architecture, surpassing anything in New York; with ships calling at every harbor in the known world; with a church numbering the largest membership in the world; with a hotel that is a second New York Plaza; and with a people who live amid rose gardens all the year round. Russian refugees of royal blood, descendants of old fur traders and those Salem and New Bedford men whose clippers cut the waves of the Seven Seas, Americans, Europeans, Canadians, you meet whether in Yacht Club, or Golf Club, or at Chamber of Commerce dinner; and you jerk yourself up suddenly. Why are they

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here and what brought them? The same subtle lure that brought you. Only they anchored and stayed; and you wish you could and can't. But the thing is subtler. You feel it as you move among those people of all classes and stations. Here is a melting-pot that has melted. These places are more purely American than any great city on the Atlantic coast. They have built up an empire on foundations of British and American stock with all that implies of freedom and culture and an ancestry of worth. It amazed the east when an eastern professor's wife visited the coast for the first time last summer and went back and issued a book declaring that to meet the real aristocracy of America to-day one must go to the far west. The old stock is unpoisoned here.

But spare time if you can to haunt the water front where the ships come in from the ports of the world and you'll discover such quaint old shops as I never found in Old London, and I am a pretty good sleuth. There you'll get the tang of the salt seas and the fur trade still in its prime up in Alaska or northern British Columbia. You'll find mastodon and walrus tusks of Eskimo and Aleut carved with the same insignia of ancient Babylonian seals. You'll see ambers (not syn-

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thetic) from the Deserts of Mongolia. You'll finger Hindoo and Chinese statues of Buddha. You'll rummage through native hand-craft of Australia and the South Sea Islands till you think you are coasting the legendary world of Hak-luyt's or Marco Polo's famed wonder tales.

But here we are tarrying when we should be hurrying back to catch a train or speed up a motor car; and that is in the very atmosphere of the Pacific coast. It gets you willy-nilly. What is it? I don't know. An electrical engineer called one morning to prove to me by charts it was the ultra-violet rays of the atmosphere. He had proved it mathematically—so many days, so much sunlight, so many calories, so much dynamic instead of static. I'll admit it is dynamic and not static, and that crisp fish diet mixed with abundance of fresh fruit makes for an active liver and a clear brain; but I was thinking of other kinds of rays—fish and fruit and sunlight didn't make the Chinooks an ideal race. They were about the lowest racial type found among American Indians—and that before the white man had contaminated them. I have an idea the white man got worse than he gave here; but we all give out all our lives intangible influences—physical, mental,

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spiritual—and nothing given out comes back void. Back it comes with a wallop or a blessing always. Is the coast what it is because of the influence coming back from those old pioneers?

When you set out from Seattle to course on down the Pacific Highway and connect with the Columbia River section of the Old Oregon Trail, you are passing through the region where less than a hundred years ago Sir George Simpson tried to colonize settlers from Red River, Manitoba, as a sort of buffer state between the Columbia and the modern Canadian boundary. Of course, the attempt was a failure. Why should Orkneymen from Red River, where you turn a furrow in the naked prairies and reap a crop that same year, tackle the felling of trees from three to ten feet in circumference, and then spend another year prying out and burning the huge roots, and yet another year turning up the sour humid soil before an acre patch would be ready for crop? The newcomers were furious. Some went back to Red River. Others went on up the Willamette to join the French-Canadian voyageurs retired at Champoeg. You find the place-names all over Oregon of these brave pawns in diplomatic games from that

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of Cannon Beach (an Astor man) to Gervais, a French-Canadian. And then as the City set on a Hill—Seattle—recedes, you are passing through fruit orchards scenting the road with apple odors, and your mind goes back to those gay gallants on the Thames, whose tight-waisted, hoop-skirted demoiselles poked apple seeds in the apprentices' spotted waistcoat pockets and sent the seeds for the first orchards in Oregon.

Then stock farms where Ayrshires and Guernseys stand knee-deep in brook-watered pastures; and the blood of the English and Scotch strains in humans and animals again tells. The rum-laden tramp vessels might cross the bar of the Columbia to sell "squeaking" cats to kill off pack-rats, and fire-water to kill off Chinooks, and Mexican long-horns for stock farms; or Ewing Young might go up the Willamette and down the Sacramento and bring back herds of Spanish horses and cattle. These were soon supplanted by the stock of the retired Hudson's Bay men from the lowlands of Scotland and the milder Channel Islands. Wheat waist-high, heavy headed, weedless lines each side of the road; and if you want to know what held and rooted down settlers here in spite of trees forty-eight feet in circumference,

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let me tell you what one seed of this wheat does in Oregon sunlight and Oregon soil. I had brought the rootlet from a single kernel up to the lunch table of a dozen big commercial men. It seemed impossible so many strands could have grown from one seed. We all guessed the number of seeds. The guesses ran from seventy-nine to five hundred. We shelled the heads and counted. They totaled between three thousand six hundred and four thousand seeds. In all Washington and Oregon I later met only one native-born who guessed correctly. She was over eighty years of age and had become an Oregon settler as a bride and had counted the seeds. Do you wonder she stayed? Do you wonder they tore down these big trees and uprooted them and spent and broke their strength and their youth preparing such soil for such crops?

Yet only a hundred years ago, this was the fur traders' realm, where John McLoughlin ruled from his rude feudal stronghold as far south as the Sacramento, as far north as Yellowhead Pass, as far east as the Rockies, as far southeast as Salt Lake. And here were meadows trim as England's groomed lawns, little towns fresh as toys out of a bandbox at intervals of every few miles, motor highways south for 1665 miles, east for 2000

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miles, and a world of five hundred thousand gypsies awheel from every corner of the continent.

And all in a hundred years. How had they done it? How had they done it? And my only answer is—"According to your faith be it unto you." How great that faith was, you will learn presently. He that goeth forth weeping bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again with rejoicing bringing in his sheaves. (I do not know whether I am quoting the hymn or the Psalm; but it is true.)

And then we were bouncing over a bridge and some one was saying, "This is the new city of Longview at the junction of the Cowlitz and the Columbia." I confess I am not given to gasps. I gasped out my last gasp over mountain scenery long ago; but I felt as if I were in a trance seeing a dream come true. Was this the Cowlitz, where Vancouver charted a high sharp rock? Look—you can see it! Was this the river—one hundred and fifty yards wide—which Lewis and Clark learned the Indians called "Coweliske," where they halted for dinner on an island amid pine and alder and ash and beech—"such a thicket the hunters could not penetrate"—with the solitary

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knob like a cone above the waters, which they recognized from Vancouver's chart? They noted the beautiful open park and the huge timbers beyond and the ancient villages, abandoned, "all but two small dogs and a prodigious quantity of fleas," which Douglas twenty years later had to drown in buckets of water before he lay down on his buffalo robe to sleep. Wise Douglas! He had learned always in an Indian camp to sleep on fur thick as a thicket. It impedes the assault and battery of Lilliputian foes—fleas and other *whats* on your tender white hide. I have learned the same and never brought back with me as much as one specimen to prove I had scalped an enemy. It is infallible. Try it! What Lewis and Clark say about fish applies to these foes. "The natives do not appear to be very scrupulous about eating them." It was March when Lewis and Clark came back this way and the Chilcoots were in camp and the thickets full of deer. Boats were beached, baggage spread to dry and a grand barbecue held on fresh venison. This was on Deer Island. Geese, ducks, swans, and cranes flattered and cackled and beat the air with their humming wings.

Again I asked myself—Was I in a trance? Had that yellow wine atmosphere gone to my

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head? Two years ago, this was plowed ground. And now, where Lewis and Clark camped, rode at anchor seven great lumber vessels, heaving to the tide in a hypnotic sing-song. On the shore was one of the largest sawmills in the world, which yearly turns out lumber enough to build exactly forty thousand houses of five to six rooms; and there were two other plants going up almost as large; and yet we of the east had been talking of the west as bankrupt. How thick our heads are, how foreshortened our vision; for the west—like Paul Jones, has only begun—and Panama has turned it into a front door instead of a back door.

We were speeding round a community library, a hospital, a school equal to any structure in Boston or New York, and on up a great central thoroughfare, broad as Riverside Drive or the Thames Embankment, with trees lining each side, roses in bloom over the concrete footways, double traffic lanes with aisled footpath between and every foot abloom with roses. Here as usual was a hotel that might have been transplanted from Baltimore or New York. Of the city, itself, one could write a book; for it is working out some of the greatest puzzles in modern industry—in a word, how to take the curse off labor. I can't go into this. I have

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elsewhere. Mr. R. A. Long has been the genius of the place. Because only skilled, and I might almost add highly-educated, labor, is employed, strikes are unknown; and there is not a higgledy-piggledy, helter-skelter spot or structure in the place. It is the nearest to a Utopian city in America. There is no use setting down its population; for the population is increasing so fast it has gained 33 per cent. in the three months since I was there. It is a third nearer the sea than Portland and is linked up already with three great transcontinental rail systems and occupies a strategic point on the Columbia, where the rush of the vast current through rock channel acts as a self-dredger and gives draught of forty to forty-seven feet. There is no use predicting the population of these coast cities, and there is no danger of exaggerating, because you can't. The blessed spots jump faster than the Indians' fleas and grow faster than your pen can go. You come out one year and think you have "done" the coast. Don't! It has "done" you. You can come out the next year and feel like Rip Van Winkle sitting on the curb trying to wake up. All I can say is, if I wanted to hatch one dollar into fifty and not have my little egg addled, and had patience to watch it

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for ten years, I'd hie my little egg out to Longview, and whether I put it in a lot, or a shop, or a garage, or a truck garden, I would know that by simply sitting on it and not burying it—in ten years it would be fifty dollars; for a city that has multiplied from one to ten thousand in two years is a pretty safe bet for fifty thousand in ten years. Only you don't *sit* anywhere west of the Rockies. Everything speeds in high gear. I can't go into the resources of Longview, or what is behind the amazing growth of the place. You will see it for yourself. Only, please note—Longview is not yet well known in the east for the simple reason that it is not filled with a lot of vultures trying to pick the bones of outsiders. People who have a good thing don't try to pass it over "for the public to hold the bag." They are too busy prospering to brag.

At Longview, your Pacific Highway forms a T with the Columbia Highway, or the Oregon Trail to the east.

Here you can speed down to the sea and ramble over the old sites where Astor's fur traders held high carnival—too high for the good of Astor's interests; or the site of Comcomly's old Chinook village; or where Lewis and Clark lay those first

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weeks they reached the mouth of the Columbia, in soggy November rains that soaked their camp and over-washed their beds till they built and moved into winter quarters at Clatsop. Where the wild waters of the Columbia clashing with the incoming ocean tide once engulfed Donald McTavish and Alexander Henry, the jealous rivals for the barmaid Jane Barnes' smiles, thousands yearly come for the surf bathing and play of a great seaside resort. Where Kipling's White Horses and Diana's Sea Stallions galloped with manes flying to wind and foam, a breakwater or jetty has diverted the river current so that it literally washes its own sands out to sea and leaves a deep safe passage in for the ocean liners. Where the shouting surf of incoming tide billowed high in triumphant refrain over wreckage, and frightened away all the famous old seadogs—English navigators and Spanish dons—and then receded with a moan sad as a threnody—stands a shaft like Alexander's famous lighthouse pillar to commemorate those heroes of the long ago. You can see where Gray's little *Columbia* rode in full sail like a silver-winged gull, and came to anchor in the great river of the West that nailed down America's title to Oregon for all time; and if you

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covet a tiny niche in the crypts of immortality, and have a little spade like George Washington's little hatchet, you can get out of your car and stretch your legs and dig and see if you can find those coins Gray buried at the root of a tree. You'll only have to dig every tree for thirty miles up almost to Longview; for that was the farthest Gray came up the river. But the man who finds those will get his crypt all right. When governors' names are forgotten his name will go down in history.

Portland isn't on the Columbia, but it is on the Oregon Trail and also the Pacific Highway. Slip up the Willamette and see it. Go during the Rose Festival when Portland isn't Portland at all—it is Roseland. It is the old Daphne Gardens of ancient Antioch, with all its sunny joys and none of its sordid vices. They don't worship Venus here but they do worship Beauty; and I have an idea Cupid is busy with his little barbs shot from the bow of ruddy lips; for they say if you ever accept a rose from the Rose Goddesses of Portland and go away and don't praise Portland, the rose will prick your conscience. Not praise Portland? How can you help it? It lies nestled like a jewel amid the opal setting of snowy peaks swimming in a

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rose-petal golden sky. Again I am not going to say that Portland's population is bigger than Seattle's and its shipping stands this, that, or the other in the rank of world cities; for the lure of Portland is something finer and better than Big with a capital B. It is sheer Beauty—beauty of climate, of verdure, of river, of mountains—and best of all—Beauty of Soul. But did climate and verdure and river and mountain evolve this Beauty of Soul? It didn't with the Indian. Those Willamette Indians were human devils in their pristine state. Let us see where the population comes from! Of three hundred and fifty thousand people, only fifty thousand are foreign born; and of the foreign born one-fourth are British stock. The rest are pure American—the purest American stock on the coast—from New England in the '30's and '40's and the middle west in the '50's, '60's and '70's.

How came they to scale mountains and cross arid plains before there was any trail? That is the story of the Oregon Trail. They made it—made it with the first wagons driven through the mountain passes by the missionaries, Whitmans and Lees and Spaldings; made it with caravans of cattle and horses and tented prairie-schooners,

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when settlers followed the missionaries in such surging multitudes that as children and women died by the way the graves were dug in the center of the hard-beaten highway so the wolves could not dig up the bodies; and when a great railroad came over the trail almost half a century later, they found the little graves and diverted the tracks so that "Rebecca Winters" might lie in peace. Though book after book has been written on the Overlanders, the epic of that trail has yet to be written—written with a pen tipped in fire; for the trail was baptized in tears and blood from Snake River, Idaho, to the Willamette in Oregon.

When the old fur traders settled at Champoeg and the missionaries came in the great missionary outburst of enthusiasm in the 30's and 40's, Governor McLoughlin of Fort Vancouver urged them not to risk the treacherous pirate Indians of the Columbia Dalles, or the hostile Cayuse of Walla Walla, but to go and minister to his own people up the Willamette at Champoeg. The Lees did, but the Whitmans went to the Cayuse of Walla Walla and the Spaldings to the Flatheads and Nez Percés near the site of Lewiston, Idaho. McLoughlin has been accused of trying to divert the missionaries and the settlers bound to follow,

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by side-tracking them among his own traders at Champoeg; but the frightful massacres of 1847-48 more than justified the White-Haired Eagle's warnings. The Whitmans were shot, clubbed, cut to pieces. Converts among the fur trader's half-caste children and the white teachers were carried off to untold horrors among the Burnt Rocks of the desert country to the south, whence Peter Skene Ogden rescued them. The missionaries, on the other hand, have been accused of never having made a single genuine Indian convert outside the peaceful Flatheads and Nez Percés; and to the fourth generation, facts prove that this was true.

Was all the blood then shed in vain? Had the seeds sown with weeping brought nothing but a harvest of horrible death? The eastern mission boards were on the verge of shutting down the missions because the results were so meager; but if you want to rally a world to a flag, dye that flag in martyr blood. Oregon became the flaming Red Cross that aroused the whole nation from its smug indifference; and almost kindled a war. Joint occupancy must end in permanent American sovereignty; and when the vote was taken down among the settlers of the Willamette by Joe Meek, the trapper, it was the vote of two

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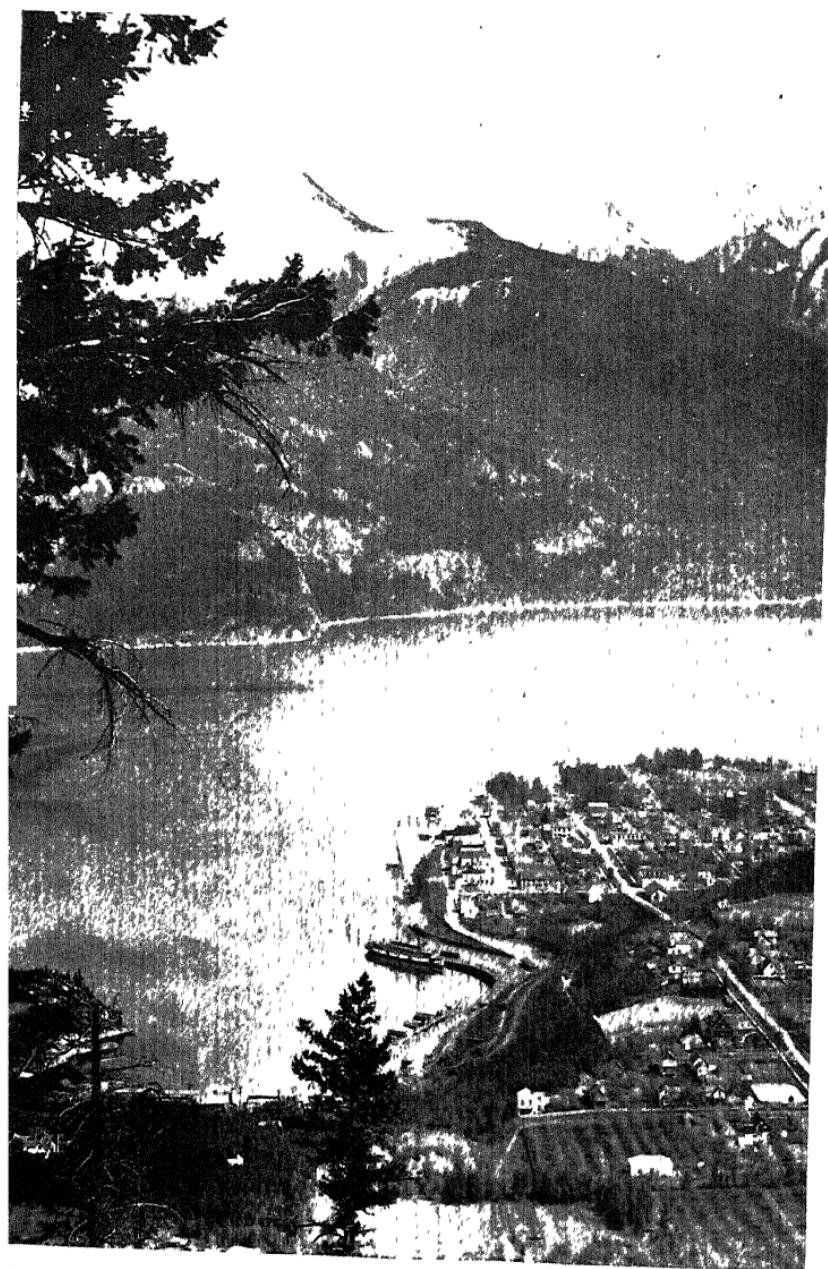
Canadian settlers that decided for American Government.

And again I ask myself, was it not the character, the pure Americanism, the courage dauntless to martyr death of missionary and settler that left its impress of inexpressible charm like the mellow tones of an old violin on Portland? People who follow the ideal of a faith greater than self, in times of stress, are apt to build better than they know. The impress is left to descendants following "the light never seen on land or sea." What was an ideal dyed in blood a century ago is to-day an ideal aflame with the glow of hope and faith unbounded. What was an ethical lure in the 1830's becomes an esthetical lure in the 1930's. The paintings, the carvings, the music that have made the cathedrals of old Europe a glory and inspiration to art for all time, followed the wars that had made Europe a shambles. So we find in Portland, the hinterland of the far west, musical festivals that draw visitors from all the world, and rose fiestas that shower the very atmosphere with a rosy glow and promise of finer fruition as the years grow; and back amid the snowy clouds smile the opal crowned majestic mountains that long ago menaced faith and hope with such tragic

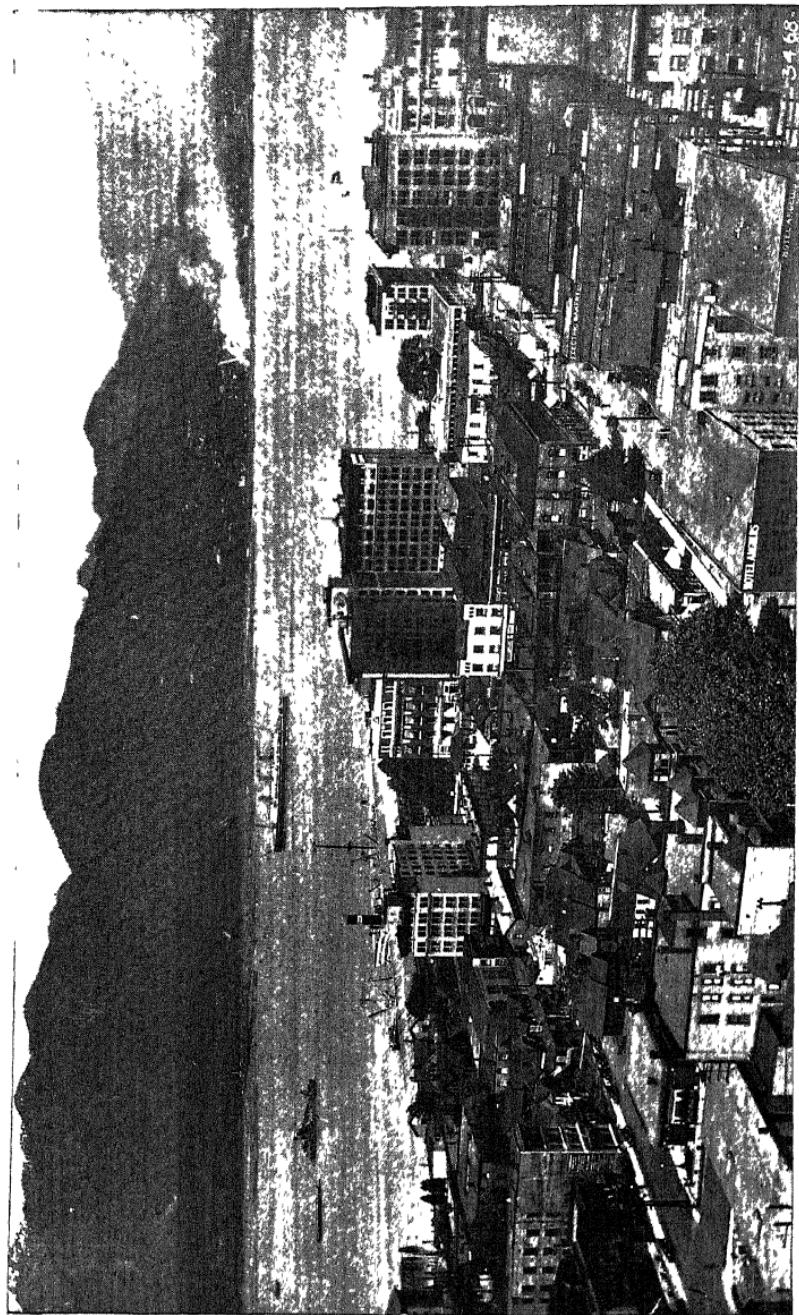
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threats. We all have to win our Paradises past the edge of a flaming sword over trails cemented with blood and tears. Portland has won hers.

Back up the Oregon Trail or Columbia River let us hie eastward; and forget for a little the tragedy in the beauty of the panorama. It is out at Crown Point you get a first staggering blow to your eastern view of the west as still a No-Man's-Land of "round-ups" and "cowboy heroes" and "shootin' irons" and "Injuns." You have been meeting and passing motors numerous as on Riverside Drive, New York, or the Lake Front, Chicago, with license plates from Alberta, Canada, to Florida. They are a happy-faced throng not hounded with the care of the big cities, for the most of them are on holiday. The Columbia goes surging many feet below more like a lake than a river; and the perpendicular walls crowd the broad highway so closely, you forget there is a hinterland of fertile fields behind on both banks till you begin to meet the huge truck-loads of crated berries and lettuce and cantaloup and melons, hurrying to the morning markets. You are beginning to figure that a country that has built a highway costing many, many millions even as a paved floor wide as two Broadways, can't be



KASLO ON LAKE KOOTENAY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A PORTION OF MODERN VANCOUVER

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flat "broke" and bankrupt, in spite of the politicians' howl of woe, when your pilot at the wheel begins to figure something else in audible count—one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight hairpin turns below massed rocks under overhanging trees amid sylvan dells to the tinkle of waterfalls countless when there rises right across your way the domed scintillating roof of what might be an Asiatic Temple to the Sun God. It is the monument to the Overlanders or Pioneers —architecturally much after the lines of Grant's Tomb on the Hudson, which is supposed to be the finest piece of architectural sculpture in America; and here is its replica to the Pioneers of the West.

I have been in Grant's Tomb countless times. I never heard a laugh of levity or vulgarity there. I never saw a man go in who did not doff his hat, or a woman who did not lower her voice. The hand of the sleeping hero seems to lay a finger of silence on our loud noisy materialism, to lift a veil on the unseen in the Past and the unguessed in the Future.

It is the same here at Crown Point on the Columbia. At first I thought it was the domed roof that smothered harsh-keyed voices. Then, I looked at the faces of the visitors. It wasn't. It

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was the white ghost hand of the Pioneers whose blood and tears cemented this Trail, lifting the veil for just a moment on far vistas back to the Past and farther vistas on into the Future. Like Flanders Field, they seemed to say—Take up the Torch; and I don't believe there is a visitor to that beautiful mausoleum who does not go out with that feeling articulate, or inarticulate, the better for having been there. Then you pass falls and dells where the poplars quiver in the breeze, and cataracts countless through gorges draped in Spanish moss, so narrow that a mountain goat could not pass, and so vertical you must get out of your car to guess the height.

On this section of the Oregon Trail, most of the settlers came down the river by raft and scow; but many drove their stock with hoofs worn to the bone. I do not know which suffered most; for the Trail must have been a goat path at that time not a hair's breadth from the Cascades which begin to toss and race and boil in white foam at your left. Douglas, the naturalist, tells how up this trail his feet used to be "one blister." What, then, were the feet of the Pioneers on a two thousand mile tramp? Children were born on these tossing rafts amid drenching autumn rains. Indian

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pirates at the portages higher up shot at and wrecked the invading hosts and murdered and stripped the castaways. Sir George Simpson's own daughter is said to have been drowned between the Cascades and the Dalles; and always between the Dalles and the Falls lurked those pirate river Indians, and always at the end of the terrible Trail down at Fort Vancouver, where the Willamette comes in, rain or shine, daylight or dark, when the destitute exhausted travelers swerved under the protecting folds of the Hudson's Bay Company flag, the old White-Headed Eagle was out, gold cane in hand, to welcome them, to assign them shelter in the fort bastions, to feed the starving, to sell provisions to those who had money to buy, and advance provisions on credit to those who had not a dime in the whole world; and for so doing, he was dismissed by his Company, for many of the debts were never paid and the debtors were never sent to "the butter tub," or jail.

At Walla Walla, you will pause to examine the relics and memorials of the old Whitman Missions; and here you must decide whether to go over the Oregon Trail southeast, or on up the Glacier Park Trail through Spokane.

In Spokane, you will find the same spiritual

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atmosphere as in Portland—I can't enlarge upon it. It is indescribable but it is inescapable. It envelops you whether you wander through the rotunda of the most beautiful hotel in the world—it is like the patio of an old Spanish don's mansion with its sparkling fountain and its goldfish and its banks of flowers and chorus of tropical birds bursting their throats with glad song—or whether you follow up to the crest of the rim rocks and gaze down on the filtered fire haze of the canyons fragrant with the incense of the great pines.

Don't hurry through Spokane. In fact, you can't. First, it is too hot. You want to rest there. Second, it is too fascinating. I didn't see any of the fatal lotus flowers of the Greek dreamers there, but they must have been hidden in these banks of roses and angel's breath; for I never knew a place where one could as easily lie back and rest and dream all cares away.

I came a total stranger to Spokane, though some of my collateral ancestors helped to settle there. Perhaps I came to a Spokane a little hostile to me; for Panama's low freight rates are giving Spokane some bad problems to solve and I cannot see that turning the back door of America into a front

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door will ultimately hurt Spokane. In fact, I foresee a great tidal wave of coastal prosperity sweeping Spokane to greatness as capital of an Inland Empire, which will leave her without a peer in an area vaster than Central Europe; but whether Spokane agreed with me or not, I had not been there one hour in a stay of a week, before my room was banked with gifts of flowers; and I am only one of tens of thousands who experience the same exquisite hospitality; the same sense of a mellow music in the very atmosphere too fine for any but spiritual ears.

Whence comes it?

Again I ask, isn't it a strain of that old almost feudal primeval life, when, once bread had been broken and salt shared, host and guest were bound in honor by ties finer and stronger than bonds of blood or "hoops of steel"?

I have no other answer. Go and work out the answer for yourself.

Just one more point of all this northwest belt, which has become the drama of a new era in American life.

The most cursory reader of history must know that from prehistoric eras before Time's dates, the North Star was the Star of Destiny. You can't

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read history and not see that. When men moved with herds and tents up from Ur of Shinar Plains guided by the stars in night travel over the hot desert—what compass guided them over the chartless sands to Babylon, from Babylon to Nineveh, north and northwest to Palestine and Egypt and Greece and Rome? When the purple sails of Tyre blew to the winds over ivory rowlocks with silver prows west and west to the Pillars of Hercules, what star guided them over the chartless seas where the Mediterranean opened out to a wild unknown world peopled by dragons? And when rough sailor pirates from the Tribe of Dan fled from slavery by Persian and Greek conqueror up the northwest coast of Europe in slipshod craft so frail the hull had to be “trussed” round and round by ropes till Ireland was reached, or Cornwall, whence came the tin of Carthage traffic, or Lud (London), where blue-eyed slaves from Crete could be bought—what star pointed their prows over the billows, which geographers said would roll them over a flat earth into the abyss of eternity? And when the navigators defying the geographers set out from Portugal and Spain and England, and later from Boston, to circumnavigate the globe—the globe of which

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the prophets had sung, "His dominion should extend from the rivers to the ends of the sea," and the Gentiles should enter into the heritage of God —what star proved better than a pilot compass that jumped to magnetic variations?

Again I was back on the east side of the Rockies. Again the sky-blue lakes mirrored white peaks above, and somber motionless forested shores, and a cold sickle moon; and the Dipper with its seven torchlights was a diamond thing in the lake below and the vaulted blue above.

Where were we going in this march of Empire?

I looked where the Dipper pointed his diamond torchlights through a sky filtered in silver gauze.

He seemed almost to toss his flashlights into a Future too dazzling for very hope. He was signalling some unknown semaphore to the North Star—the Star of Destiny.

THE END

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